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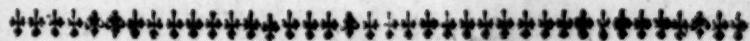
THE

Æ N E I D

O F

V I R G I L.

Translated into BLANK VERSE.



къ Унгелью Маро

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дѣниж

ио

лиса

записка въ откъзъ

THE
ÆNEIS
OF
VIRGIL.

Translated into BLANK VERSE,

BY

ALEXANDER STRAHAN, Esq;

*With the first page & a Letter on Translating
By Dr. Bp VOL I. Mr. Atterbury.*



LONDON:

Printed for A. MILLAR, and T. CADELL, in the
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АПЕИД
ЛГИЧИ
УЧИ
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1804

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DEDICATION



Young Person's Application for
Lessons Proficiency in all the Branches
of English Literature as well as History
and Politics Professional and Private
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE EARL OF BUTE.

of whose Father, ^{in memory of George}
his ^{late} ^{father's} ^{reverence for}
^{his} ^{advice} ^{and} ^{acquaintance} ^{set} ^{forth}
MY LORD,

* * * OUR Condescension in per-
mitting me to dedicate this
* * * Translation of Virgil's Æneid
to your Lordship, has induced me to
exert my utmost Efforts to render

DEDICATION.

it not unworthy of the Acceptance
of so great a Man, and so great a
Judge. *See if Great Expectations of your self
for many years.*

Your known Application to, and con-
fessed Proficiency, in all the Branches
of polite Literature, as well as useful
but much more your King's favour
Science, constitute a very shining Part
of your amiable Character, and have
very justly excited a Desire in some
of our ~~most~~ accomplished Writers to
shelter their Performances under your
Patronage. *and I v/r M*

probably
at Eton School
Having been a Witness of the early
Dawn of that Genius which has since
ascended to such Perfection, how sen-
sible must I be of the honour you
have done me, and how happy in
that

DEDICATION.

that Resemblance of my favourite Author, in having found a Mæcenas like his own. I am,

Mæcenas true character is very
doubtful; in many respects
his Country & his private Life
^{and many faults.}

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most humble

- And obedient Servant,

Alexander Strahan.

DEDICATION

This Dedication is my second to
the Reader of my Works.

I have done it,

because I am now

more desirous to have it

done than ever before.

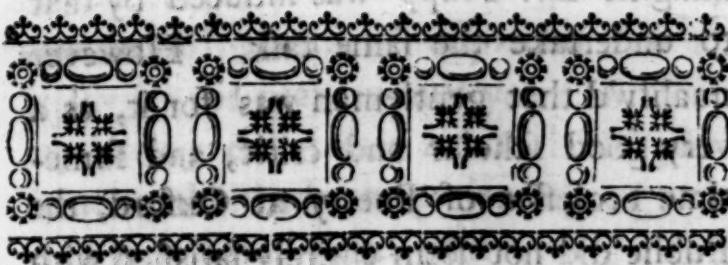
I have done it,

because I have done it

before, and I have done it

A. An oblique German

Alexander Saspis



P R E F A C E.

AN attempt to translate VIRGIL,
in a way that has been tried before, will probably be thought to stand in need of some excuse; but instead of a laboured apology, I shall set before the reader the motives that led me to this attempt, and leave the judgment he is to form of them, and of the Work, to his own candour.

The ÆNEID has been already twice translated into Blank Verse. First, by the late Dr. Brady, of Twickenham, and afterwards by the late Dr. Trapp. The first performance was so mean, that I

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imagine Dr. Trapp was induced by that to undertake the same task. However qualify'd that gentleman was for it, as a very good scholar and critic, and sometime Professor of Poetry at Oxford, the Public did not seem entirely satisfied with his performance ; and it was from the unsuccessful attempts of these gentlemen that I was first accidentally led to begin part of the present work. For having been from my earliest youth, so captivated with Milton, that I preferred him infinitely to all our English Poets, I tried, for my amusement, many years ago, what I could do, by way of imitating the stile and manner of this my favourite author ; and one of my first essays was a translation from the beginning of the first book of the *AENEID* to the end of the storm.

I was previously encouraged to this by the attempts of these two gentlemen, which shewed that Milton's manner, under proper restrictions, was the only true method of succeeding in a translation of *VIRGIL* ; and therefore I shewed this specimen to several

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several of my friends and acquaintance, who seemed not to be displeased with it. It lay by me near twenty years, without my having entertained a thought of prosecuting the work, or presuming to proceed in so bold a task. But having shewn ^{printed} this specimen ^{"accidentally to two friends,} ^{"in 15^o D.} ^{Lewis'} ^{Melville's} ^{Poems.} ^{C. 16^o} upon their publishing something of the same nature, I was encouraged to resume the attempt, through their persuasions. I then finished the first book, which on their perusal was approved by both, and afterwards by several others. But that I might still have the candid judgment of the Public, with regard to its real merit, as making some allowance for the partiality of friends, I was induced to commit it to the press, being anxious to know, whether I ought to proceed, or not; although, perhaps in prudence, I ought not to have risked it so soon. I entreated my most intimate friends, to acquaint me ingenuously with the character they heard of it. The report was more in my favour than otherwise; and I have gone on. It has been objected, that the Public has been already

bac

a

too

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too much loaded with blank verse. Such as have no relish for that sort of verse, have a right to think, and to say so. But surely if ever blank verse is peculiarly proper in any kind of poetry, it is in the Epic; as it is the opinion of some of the best judges, that the majesty and dignity of those poems visibly sink in rhyme. Besides, the translators are often forced to omit part of the original, and sometimes words of great energy and import; as well as to give, in many places, another cast and form to the original. In blank verse the translator can follow his author, even to the imitation of his phrases, and manner of diction, and weigh every word and expression, as in a scale; and considering the inferiority of the English language, and disadvantage of its verse, he may endeavour to bring it as near the original as possible. To effect this, without sinking into a low or prosaic style, has been my aim through the whole work, and I have found it much more difficult to make choice of apt words and phrases for expressing the sense of the original concisely and

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and clearly, than I should have found to render it by a loose paraphrase, in which the spirit and energy was lost.

I have kept as close to my Author as the late Dr. Trapp, in respect to his sense, but have taken a little more compass, for the sake of harmony. How I have performed is submitted, with all due deference, to the Public. I have spared no labour to make it worthy of their acceptance, although there may still remain many mistakes, and it may fall short of that perfection which true judges might require in such a performance; nevertheless it is hoped, when they consider the difficulty of the undertaking, they will decide with candour. How much soever I may sometimes have flattered myself with hopes, I own I have much oftener sunk into despondency. And as VIRGIL says the competitors in the naval sport, in the fifth book,

as it must
always be

*exultantiaque baurit
Corda pavor pulsans, laudumque arresta
Cupido.*

I have

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I have often intermitted my labour, and sometimes resolved entirely to relinquish it. But from time to time still going on, after finishing the fifth, I was desirous of trying my abilities upon the sixth book. I set about it with fear and trembling, as being incontestably the most finished part of the whole work; but have now the pleasure to find it approved of by some of the best judges.

As to some of the difficult passages, concerning the sense of which even the Learned themselves differ, I have consulted most of the commentaries, and looked into our own, and I believe all the Italian and French translations, and have taken that interpretation which appeared most reasonable, upon a comparison of the whole. So that if any of my learned readers differ from me, I would not have them rashly to condemn me, before they have taken the same pains.

Having in my hands the copy of a letter from a gentleman universally allowed to be the finest critic, and the ablest judge of polite literature, which accompanied

Dr. John Dryden

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panied a translation of part of VIRGIL, I thought I could not do better than give an extract of some passages, that, coming from so great a hand, will more amply, and with greater authority, express in what manner a translation of VIRGIL should be attempted.

" This Eclogue of VIRGIL has been
" attempted in English verse an hundred
" times already, and will be attempted
" as often hereafter, but never equalled.
" The original is imitable, and for that
" very reason will always be imitated;
" because the defects of former transla-
" tions being obvious, every one, espe-
" cially in such short pieces, is willing to
" try whether he cannot do better, and
" does by that means only set a new in-
" stance of imperfection to those that
" come after him.

" This reflection has not, however, hin-
" dered me from making the experiment
" to which the solitude I am in, the want of
" books, and something particular touch-
" ing in the subject of this Eclogue, have
" inclined me. In my version of it, I
" may

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" may perhaps have fallen into the same
" expressions which some of my predeces-
" sors, in this task, have already employ-
" ed ; if I have, 'tis by chance ; for 'tis
" long since I saw any one of their per-
" formances.

" What I may have in common with
" former translators, will be found, I be-
" lieve, among those of 'em who have
" followed VIRGIL most closely, and al-
" lowed themselves as little liberty in ren-
" dering him as was possible. Indeed
" where the force of an author's words,
" and the turn of his thoughts are care-
" fully attended to, they that put him into
" another tongue, must light equally on
" what most nearly expresses his sense ;
" and consequently speak the same Lan-
" guage.

" Though I proposed to myself to copy
" VIRGIL with exactness, yet I am sen-
" sible that I have added here and there
" something to the text, which may seem
" rather implied than expressed in it, and
" to be in some measure a comment upon
" it. This superfluity of words is a fault,
 into

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" into which the nature of our rhyming
verse must always, less or more, lead
those that make use of it.) Even my
Lord Roscommon, the strictest and just-
est of our translators, is sometimes
guilty of it. But Mr. Dryden more
often and more remarkably so, as to
give us now and then his own thoughts,
instead of those of his author: as if he
intended to make amends for what he
omitted, by what he inserted in the
room of it. This is a freedom not to
be allowed to any but to great masters;
and though they may do well, even
when they indulge themselves in it, yet
they certainly do better when they for-
bear it. Nothing of that kind will be
found in this version; wherein I propose
to make VIRGIL, as Sir John Denham
speaks — my great example, as he is my
theme — And to imitate him, in the
same manner as he himself imitates
Theocritus and Homer: whose turn of
thoughts and words he always traces as
School b nearly

P R E F A C E.

“ nearly as is consistent with preserving
“ the genius of the Latin tongue, and the
“ spirit of poetry. Can a man, who has
“ any reverence for his judgment, doubt
“ whether the strict manner of translating
“ be not preferable to that which is more
“ loose and diffused, in which we too
“ often indulge ourselves? won zu ovig”

“ What I have done in this case, was
“ written purely to please myself; if it
“ pleases any one else, it is more than I
“ hoped for, or aimed at. I am now
“ thirty-six years older than Virgile was
“ when he writ this Eclogue; which
“ would not perhaps have been altogether
“ so perfect as it is now, had he himself
“ been of my age at the time of com-
“ posing it. If, therefore, I should have
“ failed in my endeavour to express the
“ *molle atque facetum* which distinguishes
“ the characters of his Pastorals, it is not
“ to be wondered.

“ My own disadvantages, added to
“ those of our tongue, which is too much
“ loaded

P R E F A C E.

" loaded with consonants and monosyllables, will sufficiently plead my excuse.
" If there be indeed any excuse for a
" man's attempting to do that which, in
" itself, is not to be done.

" The person, however, to whom I shall
" transmit these verses, will, I hope, look
" upon 'em as a testimony of my friend-
" ship, though they should be no proof of
" my poetry: and when he cannot value
" the present, will at least relish the good
" meaning of him that makes it."

We see here the difficulties of translating
in rhyme, confessed by one of the most
consummate masters, which indeed so con-
strained and embarrassed him, that his
performance does not answer expectations.
There is one thing, which I believe has
generally misled translators, and it is their
misinterpretation of that verse of Horace,
in his *Art of Poetry*, commonly quoted
upon such occasions.

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres

P R E F A C E.

Father Simon*, in his "Lettres Choisies," observes, "That Henry Stephens long ago took notice, that ellipses or particles to be understood, was familiar to Horace, and that here, *tanquam*, or *cey*, was understood, before the words, *fidus interpres*. He finds fault with those, who pretend to prove from these words of the poet, that an exact translator is not obliged to attach himself to the words of his text."

The translators have since rendered it in that manner. Besides this precept of Horace is directed to those who borrow,

* Sans même qu'il soit nécessaire d'avoir recours au génie de la langue Hebraïque, cette même ellipse, ou manquement de la particule, comme, se trouve dans les autres langues. Il y a long-tems que Henry Estienne a montré, qu'elle est familière à Horace. C'est sur ce pied-là qu'il a expliqué ce vers de "la poétique," *Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fides interpres*, Il reprend ceux qui pretend prouver des paroles de ce poète, qu'un Traducteur exact n'est point obligé de s'attacher aux mots de son texte. Vol. IV. Letter 43, at the end.

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or imitate from other authors, advising them not to follow them so closely, as if they translated them; and the expression *fidus interpres*, would rather seem to inculcate the contrary of what is generally understood from those words, which is, that Horace was of opinion, a translator should be faithful.

In another of father Simon's * letters he quotes the famous Mons. Arnauld, in these words.

“ One must be wholly ignorant of the
“ nature of literal translation, to believe
“ that it only consists in giving word for
“ word : whereas what ought to be par-
“ ticularly endeavoured in a translation,
“ to render it literal and exact, is, to find.

* Mons. Arnauld, Liv. V. ch. ix. p. 418. Respond ainsi à son confrère. Il faut ne savoir ce que c'est que de traduire littéralement, quand on croit que cela ne consiste qu'à mettre mot pour mot : au lieu que ce qu'on doit rechercher dans une traduction pour la rendre littéraire & fidelle, c'est de trouver des mots qui donnent nettement les mêmes idées que ceux de l'original. Vol. IV. Letter 51.

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" out words which clearly express the same
" ideas that are in the original."

Monsr
Huett
Bp of
Durranshire

With regard to translation in general, the learned Huetius, in his *Dialogue de optimo genere Interpretandi*, hath left us such excellent rules concerning it, that, I flatter myself, the generality of my readers will not be displeased to see some of the most material of them, although it may not contribute to the recommendation of my poor performance, to set so complete a delineation before them of a perfect translation; yet, so far as my abilities would permit, I have endeavoured to follow it.

* " I say, therefore, that this is the best method of translation, when first the translator

* Optimum ergo illum esse dico interpretationis modum, quum auctoris sententiae primum, deinde ipsis etiam, si ita fert utriusque linguae facultas, ^{huc 2} ~~ut Huetius~~ verbis arctissime adhaeret interpres, & nativum pos-
3 tremo auctoris characterem, quoad ejus fieri potest, adumbrat; idque unum studet, ut nulla eum detractione imminutum, nullo additamento auctum, sed integrum, suique omni ex parte simillimum perquam

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1. " translator most strictly adheres to the
" sense of his author, and after that even
2. " to his very words, if the genius of each
" language will admit of it, and deline-
3. " ates the natural character of the author
" in such a light, that it may be known
" to be his; and only aims most faith-
" fully to exhibit him, neither lessened by
" any omission, nor increased by any ad-
" dition, but entire, and the very image

perquam fideliter exhibeat. Cum enim nihil aliud
esse videatur interpretatio, quam expressa auctoris
imago et effigies; ea autem optima imago habenda
sit, quæ linamenta oris, colorem, oculos, totum
denique vultus filium, & corporis habitum ita re-
fert, ut absens coram esse videatur; inepta vero ea
figura sit, quæ rem aliter effingit atque est, pul-
chriorem illam licet, & aspectu jucundiorem ex-
primat: id profecto efficitur, eam demum præsta-
biliorem esse interpretationem, non quæ auctoris
vel luxuriem depascat, vel jejunitatem expleat, vel
obscuritatem illustret, vel menda corrigat, vel per-
versum ordinem digerat; sed quæ totum auctorem
ob oculos fistat nativis adumbratum coloribus, &
vel genuinis virtutibus laudandum, vel, si ita me-
ritus est, propriis deridendum vitiis propinet.

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“ of himself in every part. For as translation seems to be nothing else than an express figure and picture of an author, that certainly is to be esteemed the best picture which represents his features, complexion, eyes, the whole air of his visage, and deportment of body, in such a manner, that being absent he may seem present; for that is a bad picture which exhibits a thing otherwise than as it really is, although it is painted more beautiful and more pleasing to the sight. It is therefore fully proved, that such an interpretation is to be preferred, which does not prune the luxuriancies of an author, or supply his defects, or clear up his obscurity, or correct his faults, or bring into order his want of method; but that which presents the whole author before us, expressed in his natural colours, and either to be praised for his genuine virtues, or, if he deserves it, exposed to ridicule for his faults.”

Some

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Some pages afterwards he proceeds thus :

* " The scattered parts of this disputation I will review again with you, and place

* Dissipatas disputationis hujuscemque partes vobis-
cum recognoscam, & sub unum veluti aspectum
collocabo. Omnino tria sunt, quae ad veram in-
terpretationis laudem necessario requiruntur ; reli-
gio in exponendis sententiis ; fides in referendis
verbis ; summa in exhibendo colore solicitudo.
Absque illis tribus, inanies quippe sint interpretum
conatus, & vana industria. Sententiae igitur ita
exponenda sunt ut verbis includantur iisdem ; ver-
ba ita consecienda sunt, ut ex iis efflorescant sen-
tentiae ; ita congruere debent sententiae, & verba,
ut ex utrisque forma, sapori, & charactere exurgat.
Omnis in iis rebus vis est interpretis exprimenda.
Quisquis ita sententiis dat operam, ut verba ne-
gligat ; vel ita studet verbis, ut sententias labefaciat ; vel ita demum sententias & verba perse-
quitur, ut saporem pessundet, is boni interpretis
laudem ac decus amittit. Tria ad haec alia sunt,
quae ab interprete non exigam quidem, expectem
certe, & exoptem : ut summa insit in interpreta-
tione perspicuitas ; ut elegans sit & concinna ; ut
opus *αυτοφυς*, non alieni interpretatio credi possit.
Tribus hisce prioribus addideris postrema haecce
tria,

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“ place as it were in one view. There
“ are, in all, three things necessarily re-
“ quisite to obtain the praise of a true
“ translation; strict adherence to the sense;
“ fidelity to the words; and the most
“ careful observance of the manner. With-
“ out these three, all the Endeavours of
“ translators are vain, and vain their in-
“ dustry. The sense therefore is so to be
“ rendered, that it may be comprised in
“ the same words; the words so closely to
“ be kept to, that the sense may seem na-
“ turally to arise from them; the sense and
“ words ought so to correspond, that from
“ both the natural form, spirit, and cha-
“ racter may appear. In these things the

tria, omnibus nimirum absolutam numeris inter-
pretationem procuraveris. Ita sit ut omnis interpre-
tis virtus sex e rebus existat, sed ex his tribus præ-
cipue, religione in sententiis, fide in verbis, solli-
citudine in colore; tum ex illis deinde etiam tri-
bus, eximiâ perspicuitate; venustate; et eo quod
Hieronimus, vernaculum, nos *αρτοφοις* appellamus.
Quæ si quis universa fuerit complexus, punctum
is omne tulerit.

at utmost

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“ utmost powers of the translator are to be
“ exerted. For whoever is so attentive to
“ the sense, that he neglects the words; or
“ is so careful about the words, that he
“ weakens the sense; or so closely pursues
“ the sense and words, that the spirit is
“ lost, he misses the glory and reputation
“ of a good translator. There are three
“ things besides these, which I do not
“ strictly require indeed from a translator,
“ but would certainly expect and wish;
“ that there should be the greatest perspi-
“ cuity in his translation; that it should
“ be polished, and elegant; that it may
“ be thought an original, and not a tran-
“ slation. If to the three first you add
“ these three last, you have a translation
“ complete in all its parts. Thus it is,
“ that the whole merit of a translation
“ consists in six things, but chiefly in the
“ three first; strict adherence to the sense;
“ fidelity to the words; and the most
“ careful observance of the manner; then
“ in these other three; great perspicuity;
“ elegance; and that which St. Jerom
“ calls vernacular; and we original. All
“ which

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" which whoever has carried into execu-
" tion, has acquired the utmost perfection
" of the Art."

And having now, I think, sufficiently fixed the idea of translation in general, it will be proper to add something with regard to this particular work. I have made some few alterations in the first book since it was published, and if these six books meet with a favourable reception, it will encourage me to proceed in finishing the other six, two of which are already near done.

I have often wished that, since this labour was to fall to my lot, I had set about it some years earlier, lest the same observation may be made upon me, that my late [#]*an Unfor-
tunate Clergyman* ingenious friend, the Rev. Mr. Layng made upon Mr. Dryden, in the copy of verses he honoured me with, for having undertaken this task in his latter stage of life. Notwithstanding I am sensible that these verses are far above what my performance deserves; yet as custom has authorised, and thereby taken away all im-
putation

P R E F A C E.

imputation of self-conceit for authors to publish the favourable sentiments of their friends, I have taken the liberty to prefix them before this translation, as the verses in themselves I think have great merit. And hope the reader will here indulge me to lament the loss of that ingenious and worthy clergyman, who died about five or six months after the writing of these verses, when our acquaintance was in a manner but just begun. 1749.

As the foregoing Preface to the first six books, which were published some years ago, and dedicated to my worthy friend the late Hawkins Browne, Esq; contains some observations on translations in general, and some particularly relating to Virgil, I was advised to reprint the same; and having now, beyond my expectation, lived to see the work

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completed, I think I am bound in justice to acknowledge the assistance I have had. My good friend the late Mr. Mallet, was so obliging as to revise with me the translation throughout, and compare it carefully with the original, except the fifth and sixth books, which his death prevented, and by that accident they will appear less perfect than they otherwise would have been; however, I have given them both a very careful revisal. The tenth and ¹⁷⁶²
~~X, XIIth~~ twelfth books were translated by the late reverend Mr. Dobson, (the translator of Milton's Paradise Lost into Latin verse, the same who is mentioned in Mr. Layng's verses, which were likewise very carefully revised.

The copy of a letter from a gentleman, alluded to in the first Preface, was from the late Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, accompanying a translation he had made of the first Eclogue of Virgil, which, as it never has yet been published, I shall give a copy of. And here it may be proper to take notice of a remark, ~~ccc,~~ in

P R E F A C E.

in the notes of the article Francis Atterbury, in "the General Dictionary, historical and critical," which says that the Doctor translated Virgil's Georgics, and sent them over to a friend, with some Latin verses by way of introducing them. As the letter plainly mentions this Eclogue, I take that to be a mistake, and that he never translated the Georgics; or, if he did, it must have been at an earlier period of life, since he imputes it to his age that his translation was not better.

Two late unsuccessful attempts in translating this author, have not prevented me from submitting this to the candid censure of the Public, flattering myself that it may have a better fate, and hoping that my readers may favourably excuse any inaccuracies that may have slipped unobserved in a work of such difficulty, and so great a length.

THE PAPER

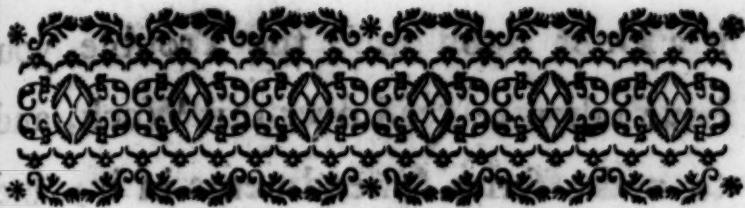
is the paper to be used in
the printing of the *Georgian Magazine*,
and it is to be printed by the
same printer who has been engaged
in printing the *Georgian Magazine*.
The paper is to be printed
in the same manner as the
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it is to be printed by the
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T O

Isaac Hawkins Browne, Esq;

Dear SIR,

INSTEAD of having Recourse
to some great Name to pro-
tect this Attempt of mine, I
judged it much more proper to address
myself to one who, by his Knowledge
of the Original, must be allowed to be
an adequate Judge. Besides, there were
other Reasons that in a manner made

DEDICATION.

it a Debt upon me; the Trouble you have taken to read over this Work, and to make some Amendments in it; and the favourable Opinion you was pleased to entertain of it: This I must confess contributed to lessen the Diffidence I had about its Success, which in some measure must affect every Man who ventures into the World as an Author.

Although your good Opinion cannot ascertain the public Approbation, yet I look upon it as no unfavourable Circumstance tending to procure it, when it is approved by one of disinterested Judgment, far above the little Motives that influence inferior Critics.

I am

DEDICATION.

I am farther induced to the present Address, that I might at the same Time declare to the World how much I value your Friendship. I am, with the most, perfect Esteem and Regard,
(French phrase)

Dear SIR,

Your most faithful

And obedient Servant,

Alexander Strahan;

THE DEDICATION

I am further informed by
one of my friends that it might
be better to have the book published
from our side, as I am quite
desirous of bringing out my
own edition.

Yours very truly, — D. C. M.

John H. Greenleaf Whittier.

Dear Sirs,

Yours truly, — D. C. M.

Alexander Strahan, Esq;

On his TRANSLATION OF

VIRGIL's ÆNEIS.

CEVIIAS T length our vows prevail — and what of
A & old The Delphic tripod durst not have fore-
told,
Time has atchiev'd. These from the banks of Thames,
Ye British swains, these are Virgilian themes,
And list'ning fame shall catch the rising sound,
To spread it o'er th' applauding world around.

**† Quod Divum promittere Nemo
Auderet. volvenda Dies en attulit ultro.**

Great

VERSES addressed to A. STRAHAN, Esq;

Great Maro, like his own Æneas, long
Involv'd in mists escap'd th' inquiring throng,
'Till by the queen of beauty broke, the cloud
Retiring shows him to th' astonish'd croud.
How firm he moves! how awfully he nods!
Each gesture proves the offspring of the gods.
Ambrosial airs, such as immortals grace,
From heaven translated bloom upon his face.

Grav^r Drugh
Tun'd on his reed uncouth the courtly strains:
Strong were the tones, but neither sweet nor clear,
When they should charm, they grate the nicer ear.
Who but must laugh to hear the Tyrian queen,
which Make love, or rave like "Moggy of the green."

Sons,
Next Dryden, mighty master of the song,
Affum'd the toil that he deferr'd too long.
Why was the task declin'd in Charles's days,
When fresh the verdure on his glossy bays?
We know his prowess, but decay'd his force,
We tremble for him on the Mantuan horse.
NQ Slow climbs the senior up his lofty side,
And what was graceful stiffens into pride.
Yet envy owns that in his years are seen,
A lasting vigour, and autumnal green;
And when well warm'd the heav'nly blade he shakes,
Up to the hilt the flaming faulchion quakes;
The manag'd steed he turns within his length,
And godlike skill displays, and giant strength.

But

VERSES addressed to A. STRAHAN, Esq;

But practis'd long in every pleasing cheat,
He found can give for sense, and light for heat :
On his lean † sides too loud his arms resound,
Whilst unconfin'd he traverses the ground.

Behind, we see a younger bard arise,
No vulgar rival in the grand emprise.

Hail, learned Trap, upon whose brow we find

The poet's bays, and critic's ivy join'd !

Bless'd saint, to all that's virtuous ever dear,

Thy recent fate demands the friendly tear.

None was more vers'd in all the Roman store,

Or the wide circle of the Grecian lore ;

Less happy, from the World recluse too long,

In all the sweeter ornaments of song ;

Intent to teach, too careless how to please,

What he might boast in strength, he wants in ease.

How justly Pitt translated and how well, *his brother*
For me let Spence, or Lowth, or Dobson tell ; *Wintonians*
Who jointly quaff'd the fam'd Wintonian spring, *& Collegians*
In the same grove by Phoebus taught to sing.

'Twas not in envy to these sons of fame,

That Strahan to the field of glory came,

But chose his master's greatness to display,

A diff'rent route, the high Miltonic way.

Poets, like stars, their radiance should unite,

And cast in constellations purer light.

† This image is taken from Dryden's character in Swift's Battle
of the Books.

VERSES addressed to A. STRAHAN, Esq;

"Tis thus the sun, revolving in his sphere,
By various seasons constitutes the year;
Thro' the broad zodiac more benignly shines,
In the bright influence of combining signs.
'Twas his to finish what the rest begun:
The last, so heaven ordain'd, the prize has won.

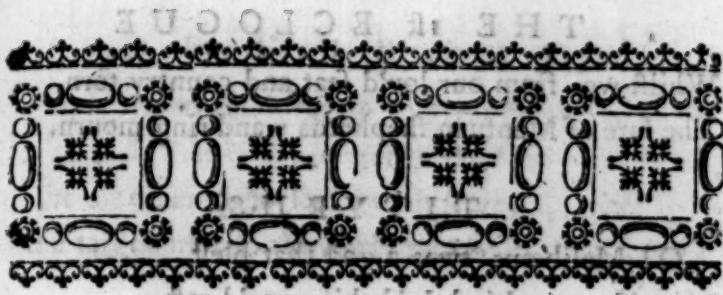
So where some castle, as our bards declare,
Rises by necromantic charms in air,
Gigantic phantoms watch the brazen door,
And guardian dragons hiss along the floor;
To prove their force a thousand champions come,
Disgrac'd, a thousand leave th' enchanted dome.
But when the knight arrives, by fate design'd,
To break the spell and magic force unbind,
Each yielding monster shrinks at his approach,
And the valves burst spontaneous at his touch.

October 20.

1718

H. L A Y N G.

T H E



THE
FIRST ECLOGUE

OF
VIRGIL.

by John Dryden in Exile, 1670.
Hoc ego tuis et Paris

Ad sequane ripas, Tamesino a flumine longo
Jam fractus, seniorque, sed ipsa morte meorum
Quos colvi, patriaque memor, neque degener usquam.

Sent by A. Whipple, D. of Argyll and A. Wynn
EXALTED HOU happy Tityrus, supinely laid,
T Tun'st thy sweet pipe beneath the beachen
shade,
And mak'st the echoing groves and hills
around
With beaut'ous Amaryllis name resound;

Whiles
In note died of frost & stone

THE 1st ECLOGUE

Whilst we, from our lov'd seat and country torn,
The fate of Mantuan shepherds wand'ring mourn.

TITYRUS.

O! Melibœus 'twas a god that blest
My wishies, and indulg'd this envy'd rest.
Godlike his grace to me : and in return
Oft my vow'd lambs shall to his honour burn.
He bid me thus tend my fair herds, and play
What pleas'd my mind, secure of harm as they,

MELIBŒUS.

Not mov'd by envy, yet I wond'ring see
How all around is vex'd whilst thou art free.
My fainting flock, as faint myself, I drive,
And scarce preserve this drooping goat alive ; }
Who two fair kids, the hope and pledge of more
As thus we pass'd, amidst the alders, bore, }
There left to perish on the flinty floor.
Oft these disasters (had my heedless mind
Attended) by plain omens were design'd.
When darted light'ning riv'd the hollow oak,
Or from its blasted boughs hoarse ravens spoke,
On past remarks what boots it now to dwell ?
Do thou the god that bless'd thee, Tityrus, tell.

TITYRUS.

The city Rome I innocently thought
Like that to which our fatten'd flocks are brought;

As

O F O V I R G I L T

As simple swains small things to great compare,
Kids to their dams, the lev'ret to the hare :
But she on other cities looks with scorn,
As the tall cypress to the lowly thorn.

M E L I B C E U S.

And what the cause that mov'd thy wav'ring mind
To visit Rome, not so before inclin'd ?

T I T Y R U S.

'Twas liberty—which long I strove to win,
Till the hair whiten'd on my hoary chin.

In vain I sought the good which never came,
Till Amaryllis grew my real flame,

And Galatea nothing but a name.

For truth to tell, in Galatea's reign

No hope of liberty was left, or gain.

Tho' to my craving mistres ample fees,

The fattest weanlings and the richest cheese,

Did from my folds and dairies constant come,

The bringing hand returned empty home.—

M E L I B C E U S.

Whom mourning Amaryllis long'd to see,

For whom her fruits ripe on the loaded tree

Still hung, we wonder'd—Tityrus, 'twas for thee :

For thee, when absent, did these waters mourn ;

These pines, these shrubs :—and chid thy slow return.

THE 1st ECLOGUE

TITYRUS.

What else remain'd ? propitious pow'rs in vain
I sought for there ; nor could I break my chain :
But there that youth I saw, of form divine,
For whom each month my lighted altars shine.
He gracious answer'd, what sustains me now :
Go feed the flock, as erst, and urge the plow.

MELIBEUS.

Thrice happy man ! possessing, free from harm,
Thy little, but to thee proportion'd farm.
What tho' the barren and unsightly ground,
Does here with flags and there with flints abound ?
No noxious herbage tempts thy burden'd ewes,
No mingling flocks their venom'd taint infuse.
Thrice happy man ! who under fav'rite trees,
By well-known streams, and sacred springs, at ease
Canst shun the heat, and catch the cooling breeze. }
Here, on the flow'ry fence which bounds thy right,
The bees, that riot on the blossoms, light, }
Whose murmurs heard sweet slumbers shall invite. }
Here, on a rocky height, with rustic lays,
His voice the dresser of thy vines shall raise.
While thy lov'd turtles in their mournful strain,
And Ring doves from the airy elms complain.
When therefore deer shall quit the earth, for air ;
Fishes the sea for land, and pasture there :

When

O F V I R G I L.

When Parthians and when Germans, by exchange
Shall those to Soan and these to Tybris range,
Then shall his image, who, by pity prest,
Indulg'd sweet favours, vanish from my breast.

M E L I B C E U S.

But we, alas ! distress'd, and driv'n from home,
O'er Lybian sands or Scythian plains must roam ;
Must see the troubl'd wave Oaxes pours,
Or Britain's other world, remote from ours.
Shall ever I, when many years have roll'd,
My much-lov'd native soil again behold ? ✓
And in my homely (ah the wish is vain)
My turf-built cot, to me a palace reign.
Shall yon fair lawn be the rough soldier's lot ?
Shall foreign landlord's mow that fertile spot ?
Behold ! the blessings civil discord yields !
Behold ! for whom we till'd and sow'd our fields !
Now graft the pear, fond swain ; now plant the vine,
The fruit shall others be, the labour thine.
Go my lov'd goats ; my flock, once happy, go ;
No more shall I, from verdant grots below,
See you steep rocks and rugged mountains climb ;
No more, while fallow tops and fragrant thyme,
You brouze,—shall meditate the shepherd's rhyme. }

THE 1st E C L O G U E, &c.

T I T Y R U S.

Yet here, this night (I ask no longer) stay,
On leaves repos'd expect the coming day.
Ripe apples, chesnuts, softned by the coal,
And cheese, of various sort, shall please thy soul.
And now from village tops the smoke is seen,
And length'ning shades stretch o'er the darken'd green.



E R R A T A

E R R A T A
FOR THE
Æ N E I D.

B O O K I.

~~LINE~~ 65, *read will, for with*
Line 379, *dele in heavens*
Line 1026, *read Achilles, for Achillæs*

B O O K II.

Line 613, *read and, for an*
Line 650, *dele . at the end*

B O O K III.

Line 184, *read white, for while*
Line 470, *dele (*
Line 651, *dele , after lasque*
Line 690, *read the, for th'*

Line

E R R A T A.

- Line 882, *dele*, after inhabit
Line 950, *dele*, after stagnating

B O O K IV.

- Line 365, *read* huts, *for* hurts

B O O K V.

- Line 31, *read* for, *at the end*
Line 120, *read* Tyber, *for* Tiber
Line 219, *dele*, *after* behind
Line 228, *read* helm, *for* healm
Line 241, *read* Sergestus, *for* Sergestics
Line 321, *dele*, *after* Cloanthus

B O O K VI.

- Line 194, *read* : *after* Juno
Line 210, *read* corse, *for* corps
Line 413, *read* , *for* . *at the end*
Line 1022, *read* All those in long array who fronting
stood

B O O K VII.

- Line 93, *read* appeared, *for* were seem
Line 236, *end of the verse, read* ; *for*,
Line 284, *read* , *after* all
Line 598, *read* scoffing *for* in his turn
Line 658, *read* spied, *for* spid
Line 750, *dele*, *at the end*
Line 795, *after* war, *read* ; *for*.
Line 804, *read* foam-spred
Line 843, *read* At length, *for* even then

E R R A T A.

- Line 915, read Omole, for Omolen
Line 926, read Gabinian Juno's, for Junonian Gabiae's
Line 942, read Fescennines
Line 985, read Massic
Line 987, read From Sidicinum's shores, and Cales
leave: who come
Line 1010, read And from her airy mountains Nurfia
thee
Line 1012, read Aequicoli
Line 1030, read Hippolytus, for Hypolitus
Line 1049, read confign'd, for confin'd;
Line 1099, read admiring much what, for at the

B O O K VII.

- Line 52, read has ceas'd, for is ceas'd
Line 89, read while, for both
Line 103, read horn'd-river, for great
Line 210, read Salamis
Line 292, read haggard
Line 438, read Carmentis
Line 457, read smit, for smote
Line 616, dele, after surrounds
Line 742, read Arcadian
Line 695, read for his further aid, for promis'd in his
aid
Line 828, read confirm, for confirm'd.
Line 838, read lively painted, for counterfeited
Line 807, dele, after spear
Line 933, read Leleges, for Lelegi
Line 908, read after fight for.
Line 910, read turn, for turn'd

B O O K

E R R A T A.

B O O K IX.

- Line 445, read jaws, for throat
Line 668, read fight, for flight
Line 683, read best, for well
Line 740, read Privernus, for Priverne
Line 752, read Palicus, for Galicus
Line 875, read Hæmon, for Hæmæn
Line 982, dele, after muses
Line 838, read th', for the

B O O K X.

- Line 144, dele, after surrounding
Line 348, read ship, for bark
Line 374, read And then the Latians slaughter'd; Then
Teron first

B O O K XI.

- Line 312, read fated, for fatal
Line 331, read shew'd, for show'd
Line 383, read and, for yet
Line 402, read Echo with thunder of the roaring tide,
Line 959, read Aunus, for Annus
Line 1024, read his, for bis
Line 1079, read Soracte's, for Socrate's
Line 1136, dele, after Trojans
Line 1205, read barr'd, for bar'd
Line 1208, read inspiring, for inspires them.
Line 1211, dele, after steel

B O O K

E R R A T A.

B O O K XII.

- Line 46, *read* frenzy, *for* freezy
Line 52, *read* woes, *for* woes
Line 117, *read* Ignipotent, *for* ignipotent
Line 194, *read* league, *for* leagu
Line 195, *read* aught, *for* ought
Line 213, *read* after snow
Line 226, *read* on, *for* o'er
Line 228, *read* land, *for* earth
Line 723, *read* arm, *for* arms
Line 726, *read* foe, *for* arm
Line 822, *read* Saces, *for* Sages
Line 293, *read* assimulating, *for* assimilating
Line 499, *read* Japis
Line 587, *read* Tolumnius, *for* Toluminus
Line 660, *read* Lerna's
Line 690, *read* Eolus, *for* Eolus



T H E

卷之三

ІІІ. ЖОЛОД

Line 260, *Many thanks to the people*
Line 261, *Many thanks to the people*
Line 262, *Many thanks to the people*
Line 263, *Many thanks to the people*
Line 264, *Many thanks to the people*
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Line 297, *Many thanks to the people*
Line 298, *Many thanks to the people*
Line 299, *Many thanks to the people*
Line 300, *Many thanks to the people*

A faint, embossed circular library stamp. The outer ring contains the words "CITY LIBRARY" at the top and "NEW YORK CITY" at the bottom. The center of the stamp features a decorative floral or leafy pattern.

三五七

卷之六



ÆNEID.

BOOK I.

R M S, and the man I sing, from Trojan shores
Who first, condemn'd by fate to wander, came
To Italy, and the Lavinian strand ;
After long toil sustain'd, and perils great
By land and sea ; forc'd by celestial powers,
And cruel Juno's unrelenting rage.
Much too in war he bore, ere he could found
The promis'd city, or his guardian gods
In Latium fix ; from whence the Latian race,
And Alban fathers, and imperial Rome.
Say, muse, the cause : who was the Deity
Provok'd, or what incens'd the queen of heaven,

VOL. I.

B

A man

A man t' expose, for piety renown'd,
To such adventures hard, such various toils?
Can anger rage so fierce in Heavenly minds? 15

Far off, in counter-view of Italy,
And Tyber's mouth, an antient city stood,
Carthage, a colony of Tyrians, rich,
And savage by their ardent love of war.

This region far beyond all other lands
Was high in Juno's favour, and prefer'd
Even to her own lov'd Samos. Here her arms,
Here stood her chariot: this the goddess nurs'd
Even then, and cherish'd, with design to raise,
Would fate permit, to universal sway. 20

But she had heard, there would a race arise,
In time, of Trojan blood, that should subvert
The Lybian state; should by its ruin grow
Renown'd in war, and spread their wide domain
Wide o'er the conquer'd globe: so had the fates
Decreed. This Juno fear'd, nor was forgot
The war, she foremost against Ilion wag'd 25

In favour of her Grecians; uneffac'd
The causes of her wrath and pungent griefs
Remain'd; and deep within her mind was fix'd
Th' award of Paris, the resentful sense
Of slighted beauty; all the hated race, 30

And ravish'd Ganymede's ennobled shame.
By these incentives fir'd, from Latian shores
The Trojans far she drove, thro' all the seas
She drove, the sport of winds; the thin remains,
Who scap'd the Grecians, and destructive sword
Of fierce Achilles; many years they roam'd
The ocean wide, driven by decree of fate. 40

So vast the toil to found the Roman name!

Scarce losing sight of Sicily, elate

With

With prosperous gale they gain'd the deep, and plough'd
With brazen prows the foaming waves ; when thus
Spoke Juno, bearing her eternal wound
Deep in her heart. Shall I o'ercome desist 50
From my fix'd purpose ? nor have power t'avert
The Trojan king from Latian shores ? For why ?
The fates forbid. And could Minerva burn
The Grecian fleet, and plunge amid the waves
The Greeks themselves, for one man's fault, for crimes
Oilean Ajax only durst attempt ? 56
She from the clouds could lance with potent arm
Jove's dreaded thunder, scatter wide his ships,
And from th' abyss upturn with furious winds
The surging waves : himself in whirlwinds snatch'd, 60
From his struck breast expiring flames, and chain'd
Upon the pointed rock : whilst I, who walk
In awful pomp, the queen of gods, of Jove
Sister and consort, with one nation war
So many years : who, henceforth, with the power 65
Of Juno e'er invoke ? or suppliant bend,
And grateful honours on my altars lay ?

All this, with heart inflam'd, the furious power
Deep in her mind revolving, sudden seeks
Æolia's stormy isles, the native land, 70
Of tempests fierce, with furious south winds fraught.
Here Æolus, in his unmeasur'd cave,
The struggling winds and hoarsly-sounding storms
Arms with his power, and in strong fetters binds.
They round the rocky vaults, with tumult loud, 75
Impatient rage. High on a royal throne
Sits Æolus, and calms with scepter'd sway
Their madding minds, and moderates their wrath,
Lest they, in wild confusion, earth and seas,
And heaven with her unnumber'd host of stars 80

Should sweep together thro' the void immense.
This to prevent th' almighty fire in caves
Iimmers'd them deep, and with the load oppres'd
Of weightiest mountains ; and a king impos'd,
Who at command, and by fix'd laws, should know 85
When to restrain and when relax the reins.

Him Juno thus in terms submiss address'd :
Thou Æolus, to whom the king supreme,
Great fire of gods and men, hath given to swell
The boiling deep, and to asswage at will : 90
A race by me detested, wandering sails
The Tyrrhene waves and into Italy
Bears ruin'd Ilium and their vanquisht gods :
Add impulse to thy winds, with billows huge
O'erwhelm their sinking ships, or drive dispers'd, 95
And strow the sea, with floating carcases.
Twice seven bright nymphs I have of beauty rare,
But all the rest surpassing far in grace,
Fair Deiopeia, firm in marriage rite
I'll bind, and make thy own ; her number'd years 100
Shall for this service all be spent with thee,
And with a beanteous offspring she shall grace
Thee, happy sire. To whom the god reply'd ;
Thy dread commands, O queen, in charge to give
Is yours ; and mine implicit to obey. 105
Whate'er of power I have to thee I owe :
To thee, my patroness with mighty Jove :
By thee on bed of state at solemn feasts
Of gods I sit reclin'd, and claim by thee
O'er storms and tempests the dominion sole. 110

This said, with spear uplift at once the rock
He struck : at once from its disparted side
Forth rush'd the winds, as in embattel'd rank,
And shook with tempest, all the region round.

The

They fell incumbent o'er the deep, upturn'd 115
Even from its lowest seat the watry plain.

Together east and south, and black with storms
The rough south-west, tumultuous, rush along
And roll huge billows to the frightened shores.

Mix'd cries, and rattling sound of ropes ascend. 120

Fast-gathering clouds, of heaven's resplendent face

Bereave the Trojans; o'er sad ocean spred

Thick night broods terrible; from either pole

Loud thunders roar; all Ether is on flame;

And each thing round them threatens instant death. 125

Chill horrour now Æneas' joints relax'd:

He sigh'd, and with his harts uprear'd to heaven

Sad silence broke: happy, thrice happy they,

Who under Troy's proud walls fell by the sword,

Even in their parents fight! O Diomed, 130

Of Greeks most puissant, on the Trojan plain,

Why could not I beneath thy mortal hand

Pour out this soul? where, by Achilles' spear

Lies warlike Hector, where Sarpedon great:

Where Simois, fwln with carnage, rolls along 135

Unnumber'd shields, and helms, and heroes slain.

Thus while the chief exclam'd, the stormy north

Against the sail bore fierce, and to the stars

Impel'd th' uplifted flood; the oars are broke;

The ship then turns her prow, and to the storm 140

Her side presents. Mountains of water rise,

And fall with their own weight: on the high surge

Those hang; to these, with horrid chasm, the waves

The lowest deep disclose. With rolling sands

The tumid surges rage. Three ships, the south 145

Afflicting sore, drove on the latent rocks:

Those rocks which o'er the deep emerging bare

And broad, are by th' Italians altars nam'd.

Three of the fleet fierce Eurus from the main
On flats and shallows forc'd, a fearful sight ! 150
And lash'd with waves, and girt with mounds of sand.
On one ship fraught with Lycians, and their chief
Orontes faithful, ev'n before his sight
A whelming sea now vertical descends :
Headlong the pilot fell ; thrice round the wave 155
Involving turn'd her, and the whirlpool, quick
Within her rapid eddies, deep ingulf'd.
O'er the wide ocean floating thin appear
Men, planks, and Trojan wealth, the sport of waves.
Now o'er the ships which bore Ilioneus, 160
Achates, Abas, and Alethes old,
The storm prevails ; their firm compacted sides,
Gaping with leaks, admit th' invading sea.

Neptune mean while perceiv'd his realm disturb'd
With great uproar, the storm sent forth, the deep 165
Rais'd from its lowest caverns. Greatly mov'd,
And careful of his charge, he o'er the waves
His placid aspect rear'd, Æneas' fleet
Thro' seas dispers'd he saw, the Trojans saw,
O'erwhelm'd with floods, and heaven's collected rage. 171
Nor lay his sister's wiles or hate conceal'd.
He call'd, and thus the raging winds bespoke :
Is such presumption suiting to your birth,
That heaven with earth, ye proudly dare confound,
My leave unaskt, and raise these big-fwohn waves ? 175
Whom I—But chief it now imports, to calm
The troubled deep ; henceforth ye shall not thus
With punishment so slight your crimes atone.
Add wings to flight, and greet your king from me :
The trident dread, and empire of the main 180
To me, not him, by lot were giv'n ; his claim
Are desert rocks, the place of your abode ;

There

There let him reign, and in his empty hall
Assume imperial rule o'er winds enchain'd.

He spoke ; than speech more swift the sea he calm'd,
The gather'd clouds dispers'd, and sun recall'd. 186

Cymothoe and Triton, with joint force,
From cragged rocks the ships upheave : himself
With trident rais'd assists the shatter'd fleet ;
Opens the quick-sands vast, and loud misrule 190
Of ocean strait controuls ; his chariot wheels
Scarce seem to touch the surface of the deep.

As when amongst a mighty multitude
Sedition oft arises, and the crowd
Ignoble with unbridled fury storm ; 195

Stones now, and firebrands fly, rage finds them arms :

If chance some sage appear, for grave deport

And virtue eminent, they hush their rage,

They stand attent ; while he by powerful sway

Of eloquent persuasion, calms their minds, 200

And with soft blandishments their rage allays.

Even so, at once, th' outrageous deep grew still,

Soon as the fire of floods, with mild regard,

The sea survey'd ; thro' air serene and bright

His chariot rolls ; his steeds, with reins relax'd, 205

Fly o'er the glassy plain with easy course.

The weary Trojans to the highest shores

Their course direct, and steer tow'r'd Lybia's coast,

There lies a harbour far within the land,

Commodious form'd by an opposing isle : 210

Which breaking as a mound the furious waves,

They run divided first, then calm unite.

On each side rocks, and two with steepy height

Aspiring touch the clouds, safe at whose feet

The waters far and near pacific sleep. 215

Distant from these ascends a silvan scene;

Deep woods of horrent shade to bound the view.
Opening to sight, beneath the hanging rocks
A cave is seen; within, a fountain pure;
And seats of living stone; the cool recess
Of bathing nymphs: no cable to retain
The tempest-beaten bark here needs, nor tooth
Of holding anchor from the threatening storms.
Here with seven ships collected of his fleet
Æneas lands. The Trojans disembark,
Glad of the land, the long-wish'd shore enjoy,
And stretch their sea-drench'd limbs upon the beach.
Achates first forth from the stubborn flint
The latent spark excites, and fire receives
On wither'd leaves, that with dry fuel heap'd
Spires up aloft in smoke and ruddy flame.
The rest, tho' weary, air their damag'd corn;
Then, ground betwixt two marbles, careful bake.
Meantime the rock Æneas climbs, and thence
The prospect of the sea in utmost ken
Surveys, if Antheus, Capys he could spy,
Tost by the winds, or other Phrygian ships,
Or that which bore aloft Caicus' arms.
No ship in view, but wandering on the strand
Three stags he sees, whom follow'd all the herd,
A numerous crowd, that browze along the vales.
He stop'd, and sudden snatch'd his ready bow,
And shafts unerring by Achates borne.
The leaders tossing high their branching heads
First fell, then he the trembling herd invades,
And drives for shelter to the thickest woods.
Nor did he quit the chace till on the ground
Seven of the largest size all panting lay,
A number equal to his ships preserv'd.
The harbour then he seeks, the spoil divides
Amongst

Amongst his company, and portions out
The wine, abundant by Acestes given,
When late they left the fair Trinacrian shores,
And with these words their drooping spirits rais'd.

O friends! nor ignorant of evils felt
Were we before; Oh! Greater have we borne:
To these a period also Jove will grant.
You Scylla's rage, and th' other whirlpool too
Deep-sounding from below, the Cyclop's caves
Already have you 'scap'd: now then resume
Your wonted courage, and dispel your fears.
With pleasure we perhaps our dangers past
Hereafter shall recount. Thro' hard assays,
Thro' various toils to Latium we proceed,
Where peaceful seats the fates declare, where Troy
Again reviv'd shall from her ashes rise;
Then persevere, and fortunes's smiles await.
He thus aloud, tho' rack'd with deep despair;
Hope in his countenance he feigns, but grief,
Hardly conceal'd his inmost soul possess'd.

They for the spoil prepare, and future feast;
From the warm fides the skins they rend, disclose
The smoking entrails, lop the quivering limbs,
Fixt on sharp irons, or into water thrown
In brazen cauldrons, bubbling o'er the flame.
With food their wasted strength they then repair;
And, on the flowery herb reclin'd, partake
The venison choice, and quaff the flowing bowl.
Their hunger thus asswag'd, in long discourse
About their lost companions they enquire,
Twixt hope and fear divided, if they breathe
As yet the vital air, or last extremes
Have undergone, now deaf to all their vows.
But good Æneas most the loss bewails

Of brave Orontes, then the destiny
Of Amycus deplores, and the hard fates
Of Lycas, Gyas and Cloanthus bold.

285

They ended now, when Jupiter who view'd
From th' empyrean pure, this pendant world
Of earth, and ocean circumfus'd, the shores, 290
And scatter'd nations, on the height of heaven
So stood, and fix'd his eyes on *Lybia's* realms.

Him, weighing then in his eternal mind
The fate of empires; her bright eyes suffus'd
With tears, dejected Venus thus address'd. 295

O thou, whose everlasting scepter rules
Both gods and men, and whose dread thunder awes;
What crime could my Æneas perpetrate?

Or what against thy power the Trojans dare?
That after such calamities sustain'd, 300

For Italy alone they are debarr'd
The world entire? You promis'd sure that hence,
After the flight of many a rolling year,
Should spring the Romans, hence the chiefs arise,
From Teucer's blood restor'd, both earth and seas 305

Foredoom'd to govern with imperial sway.

Say, what new causes change thy will supreme?
With thought of this, the fall, the waste of Troy
Patient I bore; and against adverse fates

The prosperous pois'd. But now what hope remains
For those whom cruel fortune still pursues, 311

In various toils long exercis'd? What end
Wilt thou, dread sovereign, to their labours give?

Antenor, from amid the hostile Greeks
Escap'd, could safely pass th' Illyrian gulph, 315

And utmost bounds of the Liburnian lands,
And swift Timavus' springs, which to the sea

Thro' nine wide mouths, while loud the mountain roars,

Rushes

Rushes abrupt, and with a deluge sweeps
The floated vales : yet here he Padua rais'd, 320
Here fix'd his empire and the Dardan seats,
New nam'd the people, and the calm repose
Of happy peace enjoys. But we, thy race,
To whom celestial mansions are assign'd,
Expos'd sad victims to the rage of one, 325
Our shatter'd fleet disperst or lost, are driven
Far from th' Italian shores, our latest hope.
Of piety is this the recompence ?
And do we thus to promis'd empire rise ?

The fire of gods and men, soft smiling here, 330
With that mild aspect which serenes the sky
And stills the roaring storm, a father's kiss
Upon her lips impressing, kindly spoke.

Venus, abandon fear : thy people's fates
Immoveable remain. Thou shalt behoid 335
The promis'd city, and Lavinian walls ;
And to the stars thy son magnanimous
Shalt raise at last sublime : nor is there change
In the great purpose of my certain will.
He soon a mighty war shall undertake ; 340
(For I will speak, since this first care torments
Thy doubtful bosom, and will here unfold
The deep decrees of fate thro' distant time.)
In Italy fierce nations he shall quell,
And laws and cities to her people give : 345
The Rutuli subdu'd, The Latian realm
Shall own his sway ; till the third summer sun
And the third winter frost alternate pass.
But young Ascanius, now Iulus nam'd,
(And Iulus was he call'd, while Ilium stood) 350
In due succession shall the spacious round
Of thirty rolling years his sceptre sway :

He from Lavinium shall transplant his seat
 To Alba, then first girt with towered walls.
 From him deriv'd, the Trojan race shall reign 355
 Three centuries complete ; till, at one birth,
 The royal priestess Ilia shall to Mars
 A double offspring bear ; then Romulus,
 Proud of the wolf his nurse's yellow skin,
 The sceptre shall assume, a city found, 360
 Sacred to his great fire, the god of war ;
 And from his name the people Romans call.
 To them no bounds of empire or of time,
 My will assigns, but gives eternal sway :
 Even Juno, who, implacable from fear, 365
 All nature now solicits and fatigues,
 Shall change her counsels, shall with me protect—
 So I decree, the Romans, civiliz'd
 In arts of peace, and masters of the world ;
 The time shall come, as fleeting years revolve, 370
 When Phthia and Mycenæ, conquerours now,
 Shall feel their victor's chain, and Argos own
 Asfaracus his offspring for their lords.
 Then from a Trojan branch illustrious sprung
 Shall Cæsar rise, who circumscribes his reign. 375
 But with earth's bounds, his glory but with heaven.
 Julius, from great Iulus' name deriv'd :
 In time to come, surcharg'd with eastern spoils,
 The mighty man thou shalt to heaven receive ;
 And thence his name with sacrifice and prayer 380
 Shall be invok'd ; a god among the gods !
 Then wars shall be no more, the fiercer age
 Shall soften into mildness ; Vesta pure,
 And candid truth, to right shall point the way,
 And Remus with Quirinus dictate law : 385
 The dreadful gates of war shall then be shut

With

With adamantine bars, whilst far within
Sits impious fury, on a pile of arms,
Bound with a hundred chains, and raging fierce
Shall gnash her teeth, and roll her eyes in vain. 390

He finish'd here, and Maia's son from high
Dispatches strait, that Afric, and the towers
Of rising Carthage, might protection give,
And refuge to the Trojan chiefs distress'd;
Left Dido, ignorant of fate, should drive 395
The wanderers from her bounds. Thro' buxom air
He flies, and with the steerage of his wings,
Sails swift, and lights at once on Afric's coast.
And now, his charge perform'd, their hostile minds
The Carthaginians change: So Jove dispos'd. 400
But, above all, the queen with gentler thoughts,
And kinder resolutions is impress'd.

Meantime Æneas thro' the silent night,
Revolving in his breast full many a care,
Soon as the purple morn should streak the east, 405
Resolv'd to issue forth, the land unknown
Discover, on what shores they had been cast:
Whether, as all was waste and desert round,
By men or beasts the country was possess'd;
Then what his search discover'd, to his friends 410
With care report; but for its safety, moor'd
His fleet within the bosom of a rock,
With trees impenetrably shaded round.
Join'd only by Achates forth he went, 415
Two pond'rous javelins shaking in his hand.
And now amid the thickest wood arriv'd;
Sudden his mother-goddess met his view
In look, and semblance like a virgin fair,
And arm'd as those of Sparta; or her garb 420
Such as Harpalice's when wont to tire

The

The Thracian courser, and in speed surpasses
The rapid Hebrus in its headlong course.
For from her shoulders hung the ready bow,
In shew a huntress, and with graceful pride,
Her locks loose-floating wanton'd in the wind : 425
Bare from the knee, for in a knot comprest'd
The flowing plaits of her loose garment lay.
She first ; I pray inform me, gentle youths,
If any of my sisters ye have seen 430
Wandering this way, their quivers by their side,
And with the spotted lynx's spoils adorn'd,
Or following with loud shouts the foaming boar.
Thus Venus—and her son with quick reply :
None of thy sisters have I seen or heard,
How shall I name thee, virgin? for thy look 435
Nor mortal seems, nor human sounds thy voice ;
A goddess surely then. O art thou she,
The huntress of the woods? or of her train
A sister-nymph? propitious prove, and aid
Our present labours; on what region thrown, 440
Under what clime, inform; of man and place
We wander ignorant, by the vast waves
And by the fury of the tempest driven :
Full many a victim shall your altars stain.
Those honours you adorn me with, reply'd 445
The goddess, are beyond my humble sphere.
But 'tis the custom of the Tyrian maids
To bear the bow and quiver, and to bind
The purple buskin high around the leg.
The Punic realm, the Tyrian race, the town 450
Agenor built, lie full before your view;
Of Libya part, a nation fierce in war.
Dido who fled from Tyre to 'scape the snares
Her fraudulent brother spred, the sceptre holds.

The

The story of her injuries is long, 455
Long and perplexing, but th' essential points
Are these in brief. Sichæus was her lord,
The wealthiest of the Tyrians, and belov'd
With equal fondness by th' unhappy queen.
To his the father join'd her virgin-hand 460
With rites accustom'd, in connubial love.
Her brother then the Tyrian throne posses'd
Pygmalion, worst and wickedest of men.
Between these brothers mortal hate arose,
And he, the wicked one, whom love of gold 465
Made blind, Sichæus at the altars flew,
Yes, flew by stratagem th' unwary youth,
Regardless of his sister's love or hate.
The fact he long conceal'd, and with vain arts,
And vainer hopes, the weeping fair deceiv'd. 470
But in her sleep, behold! the mournful shade
Of her unbury'd lord arose, his looks
All pale and ghastly: to her eyes he shew'd
The cruel altars, his bare bosom pierc'd,
Even by a brother's hand; and full unveil'd 475
Tho' bury'd deep, the scene of secret guilt.
Then bad her fly, forsake her native clime;
And to assist her flight, a hoard unknown
Of gold and silver, long in earth conceal'd,
The spectre shew'd. She for her journey strait 480
Prepares, accompany'd by faithful friends:
All join her, whom or hate or fear extreme
Of the fell tyrant mov'd; the ships they seize,
Which ready lay by chance, and lade with gold:
The miser's heaps, the tyrant's riches thus, 485
Are borne away; a woman led the deed.
The spot they reach'd where now those lofty walls,
That rising fort of Carthage you behold,

The

The soil they gain'd by purchase ; from the fact
And manner Byrsa nam'd, a tract of land 490
As large as could an oxe's hide inclose.

But who are you ? whence come ? or whither bound ?
He figh'd, and drawing from his inmost breast
The slow reply, thus spoke the pious chief.

O goddess, if the series of my woes, 495
From their first source deriv'd, I should pursue,
And leisure would permit to hear the tale,
The star of evening ere the tale were done
Would bring on night. From antient Troy we come,
If e'er the name of Troy your ear has reach'd ; 500
And tost thro' various seas, a recent storm
Drove us by chance upon your Libyan shores.

The name of pious to Æneas join'd
I bear ; and, rescu'd from devouring flames,
On board my fleet are lodg'd my household gods ; 505
My fame, above the stars, in heaven is known :
To Italy, whence my forefathers sprung,
I bend my course. My lineage is from Jove.
With twice ten ships the Phrygian seas I plough'd,
Pursuing what the fates allow'd, and led, 510
Directed by my Goddess-mother's hand.
But, shatter'd by the rage of winds and waves,
Scarce seven remain : my self a stranger too,
Unknown, unfriended, roam these Phrygian wilds,
Alike from Europe and from Asia driven. 515

His plaints no longer Venus would permit ;
But interrupted thus. Whoe'er thou art,
Thy life, I trust, is yet the care of heaven,
So is the course that leads thy steps to Tyre.
Proceed as you began, and seek secure 520
The palace of the queen ; for now I dare,
If my fond parents have not taught in vain

The

The art of augury, pronounce thy friends
Return'd, thy ships too safe from winds and waves.
Yonder behold where twice six swans are seen 525
Rejoicing, these th' imperial bird of Jove
Had thro' the sky pursu'd, behold them now
Where in long train they touch, or having touch'd,
Look round the wish'd for shore ; in safety now
They clap the sounding wing : their airy course 530
Wheel round and round, and sing their joy aloud.
Just so thy ships, thy lost companions so,
Already are in port, or with full sails
Steer safe into its bosom. Therefore go,
And, as the way directs, in peace proceed. 535
She said : and turning with ethereal light
Her rosy neck shone fair, her flowing locks
Exhal'd Ambrosia round, divine perfume !
Her ample robe flow'd graceful to her feet,
And in her walk the goddess full appear'd: 540
No sooner he his mother recognis'd,
Then thus her flying steps he quick pursues :
Why thou too cruel ? With illusive forms
Thy son so oft deceive ? Why not permit
To join our hands, and mutual converse grant, 545
Heard and reply'd to, free from all disguise ?
Thus he complain'd, and onward took his way.

But Venus, as they walk'd, of air condens'd,
A circumfusing cloud around them threw,
That none might see, or obvious met, retard 550
Their course, by curious questions whence they come.
Mean while the goddess, borne sublime in air,
Her Paphos gladly seeks, and gladly views
Her wonted seats, where to her fame ascends
A temple, where a hundred altars breathe 555
Sabæan incense, with fresh garlands crown'd.

They

They too, as the road leads them onward fare.
And now they climb the hill, which high impends
O'er the proud city, and beneath surveys
Its towers full opposite. Æneas thence
The city's ample round (where late arose
But humble cottages) admiring sees,
Admires the gates, the crowded ways, and streets.
The Tyrians ardent toil. While these extend
The circling wall, or roll huge stones, or rear
Th' ascending fort; those of their future homes
Mark out the place, and with a trench surround.
Some laws are studious to compile, and some
Their rulers, and a sacred senate choose.
Here others dig the harbours; others there
Of theatres lay deep, with true design,
The broad foundations, and from rocks around
Hew mighty columns out, the firm support,
And decoration too of future scenes.
Such labour in the spring the bees employs
Thro' all the flowery meads, when in the sun
Their youth they exercise; or liquid sweets
Condense, and with nectareous juice distend
Their little cells, or loads receive from those
That home return, or in complete array
Drawn up, the drones, a lazy crew expel
Forth from their hives; the work incessant glows,
Sweet smells the honey, redolent of thyme.
Oh happy they, whose walls already rise!
Æneas says, the towering height surveys
Of the proud city, and most strange to tell,
Unseen of all men, mingles with the crowd.

The Tyrians turn'd the soil, and turning found
A horse's head, their omen of success ;
That martial animal, plac'd as a sign
By Juno there, that in revolving years
Their race would prove renown'd in war, to toil 595
Inur'd, of hunger patient, and of thirst.
A mighty temple here to Juno's power
Was Dido building now, with gifts enrich'd,
And awful for the power rever'd within.
Th' ascending steps were form'd of solid brass ; 600
With brass are join'd the beams, of brazen plates,
Loud on their hinges grate th'unfolding doors.
Here first his grief an unexpected sight
Allay'd ; here first Æneas dar'd to hope,
And better thoughts of his afflicted state 605
To entertain. For while with curious eye
The struture of the temple he surveys,
Its pictur'd ornaments, and votive gifts,
Waiting the queen, and now compares the hands
Of famous artists, now admires their works : 610
Distinct, in order, on the walls he sees
The wars of Troy, the battles now by fame
Wide thro' the world resounded ; sees amaz'd
Atrides, Priam, and the wrathful son
Of Peleus stern to both. He stood, and while 615
Fast flow'd the sympathetic tear, O friend,
What clime, he cry'd, what region most remote
Have not our labours fill'd ? See Priam ! See
The palm that virtue yields ! In scenes like these
We trace humanity, and man to man 620
Related by the kindred sense of woe.
Your fears dismiss ; what fame reports of us
Portends security. He said, his words
Deep interwove with sighs, with floods of tears

His

His visage bath'd, the while he fed his mind 625
In mournful pleasure, on the pictur'd scene.
For, fighting round the walls of Troy, he saw
The Greeks here flying, and the Trojan youth
Close in pursuit : Achilles dreadful there
With crest terrific, on the Phrygians drove 630
His thundering car, wide-wafting like a storm.
Nor far from thence, with weeping eyes he views
The tents of Rhesus whitening all the plain,
Betray'd in their first sleep ; whom Diomed,
That man of blood destroy'd ; and o'er slain heaps 635
Swift to his tents their fiery steeds he drove,
Or ere they tasted food in friendly Troy,
Or drank of Xanthus' stream. Another part,
Shew'd Troilus fugitive ; th' unhappy youth !
To great Achilles' arm inferiour far, 640
Unequal in such strife, his weapons dropt,
Is by his horses drag'd ; supine he clings
Dependant from his car ; his ivory neck,
And hair dishevel'd, sweep the plain ; yet still,
In death tenacious, his left arm retains 645
Th' unequal rein, his right the trailing spear,
That now inverted idly marks the dust.
Mean while to Pallas' hostile fane proceed
The Phrygian matrons with dishevel'd locks ;
And humbly mournful bear the votive robe, 650
And beat their breasts in melancholy mood.
The goddess all regardless keeps her eye
Fixt steady on the floor. Thrice round the walls
Achilles now had Hector drag'd, now sells
His breathless corse for gold. A secret sigh 655
Deep from his breast he drew, when as he view'd
The spoils, the car, the body of his friend,
And aged Priam, stretching forth his hands,

His

His hands unarm'd. Himself he likewise knew
Amid the Greeks, while piercing thro' their ranks, 660
And th' eastern forces, and black Memnon's arms.
Her Amazonian squadrons, bearing shields
Of crescent form, Penthesilea led
With fury to the war, and ardent mix'd
Amid th' embattel'd thousands ; just beneath 665
Her bosom bare was girt her golden zone :
Heroic warriour, tho' a virgin, she
Yet dar'd in arms to meet conflicting men.
These wonders while the Dardan chief admir'd,
While he astonish'd stood, intent and fixt 670
On these sole objects, to the fane proceeds
Imperial Dido, exquisite of form,
And circled by a band of radiant youths.
As when Diana on Eurota's banks,
Or Cynthus' top, the dance smooth tripping leads, 675
On whom a thousand mountain-nymphs attend,
Inclosing round ; she, with her quiver grac'd,
Majestic moves, surpassing all her train
In stature and in grace, with infelt joy,
With secret pride Latona's bosom swells. 680
Such Dido seem'd, so lovely pass'd along
Amid th' acclaiming multitudes, and adds
New vigour to each future work and plan.
Then, in the centre of the temple, girt
With arms, and glorious on her royal throne, 685
Gives sanction to new laws, dispensing right
To a whole people as heav'n's substitute.
And justly shares the labour of the works
In equal parts, or draws by equal lot.
When lo ! with couds surrounded, onward came 690
Antheus, Sergestus, and Cloanthus brave,
And other Trojans, whom the dreadful storm

Had

Had scatter'd wide, and driven to distant ports.
Amazement seiz'd the chief, Achates too
With joy and fear was struck, and much they wish'd
Their hands to join, but doubt perplex'd their minds :
Dissembling therefore, in the hollow cloud 697
Involv'd and hid, they note with deep regard
The fortune of their friends, their ships where left,
And what their cause of coming ; for they came, 700
Selected from each ship, to sue for peace,
And loud expostulating, seek the fane.
Admittance granted, and free leave of speech,
Their chief, Ilioneus, thus calmly spoke.
O queen, to whom all-ruling Jove hath given 705
These rising walls to build, and with just laws
A haughty nation curb, we wretched sons
Of ruin'd Troy, long tost from sea to sea
By winds and waves, thy favour now implore :
O save from threaten'd flames our helpless ships, 710
A pious people with kind pity spare,
And deign propitious to regard our woes :
We neither come to waste with fire and sword
Your Libyan fields, nor to our ships convey
Th' unlawful spoil ; such haughty views are far 715
From us, nor suit they to a vanquish'd mind.
A place there is, by Greeks Hesperia call'd,
Potent in arms, an antient fertile land,
Held by Oenotrians once, but now their sons
Have nam'd it Italy, a term deriv'd 720
From later Italus, their leader's name.
Our course we thither bent. When lo ! at once
Orion in th' ascending scale of heaven
Arising fierce, with furious tempests arm'd,
Dash'd us on hidden flats, and rocks abrupt ; 725
The swelling waves by turbid Auster rais'd,

Surmounting

Surmounting all our skill : a few have 'scap'd
These perils of the deep, and reach'd your shore.
But what a barbarous land ? what race of men
So savage form'd, as from their soil to drive 730
All hospitable sense ? With impious war
They meet us on the beach. If human kind,
If mortal arms you slight, believe at least
That heaven fits sovereign judge of right and wrong.
Æneas was our king, in war renown'd, 735
In peace for matchless piety rever'd ;
Whom if the fates preserve, if yet he breathes
The vital air, nor roams thro' Stygian shades,
Then need not we despair to find success ;
Nor you repent to be the first to strive 740
In offices of friendship. Store of arms
And cities, we in Sicily may claim,
Where reigns Acestes, sprung from Trojan blood.
Permit us then to bring our fleet ashore
Shatter'd by winds and waves, and in your woods 745
To shape out planks and oars for future use.
That if (our king and loit companions found)
We may once more for Italy set sail,
With joy that distant region we may seek.
But if thy relicks, O thou first and best 750
Of Trojans ! Libyan oceans now entomb,
Nor of Iulus any hope remains ;
That then we may at least Sicilian shores,
From whence the tempest drove us, gain in peace,
And good Acestes once again behold. 755
Thus spake Ilioneus, their loud assent
His Dardans with united voice declare.
To whom fair Dido, with her eye on earth,
Thro' modesty declin'd, reply'd in brief.
Your cares dispel, O Trojans, and all fear 760
Now

Now banish from your hearts. Necessity,
And the new state of my unsettled realm,
Compel me thus to order my affairs,
Thus strict to guard the limits of my realm.
Who does not know Æneas, and his race, 765
The powers of Troy, the virtues of her sons ?
And the dire flames of that important war ?
Our Punic genius is not so obtuse,
Nor does th' enlivening sun begin his course
So far remote, so much averse from Tyre. 770
Whether Hesperia, and Saturnian fields,
Or those of Eryx', where Acestes reigns,
Whatever be your choice, my help attends
Your wishes, and my treasures shall assist.
Or if you more incline to live with me; 775
This rising city as your own partake :
Then let your fleet take shelter in my ports ;
Trojan and Tyrian are to me the same.
Oh ! that Æneas, that your chief renown'd
Borne by the southern blast were present here : 780
But messengers of trust shall soon be sent,
To search by my commands the farthest bound
Of Libyan wilds ; if cast perchance on shore,
He thro' the woods or towns may roam unknown.
Encourag'd by these words, the Trojan prince 785
And brave Achates thro' the cloud to break
Impatient wish'd, and first Achates thus.
Say what resolve now rises in your breast
O goddefs-born ? behold, our friends, our ships
Restor'd, and safe, that fated one except, 790
Whom we ourselves saw buried in the wayes.
The rest confirms what Venus late foretold.
He scarce had spoke, when the surrounding cloud
Dissolv'd at once, and melted into air.

Reveal'd

Reveal'd to sight, Æneas radiant shone
In figure and in face a seeming god : 795
For on his cheeks the goddes had diffus'd
The purple light of youth, his flowing locks
Wav'd graceful round, his smiling eyes shot forth
A beamy Brightness, such as curious art
To polish'd ivory, or to silver adds,
Or Parian marble, when enchas'd with gold.

Then to the queen, and all th' astonish'd crowd.
Thus spoke the hero : whom you seek, behold,
Trojan Æneas, fav'd from Libyan Waves. 805
O thou, thou only, who hast pity shwon
On Troy's unutterable woes ! and deign'd
Her thin remains, escap'd the Grecian sword,
By various perils of the land and seas
Exhausted, destitute, now to receive, 810
And in thy palace a safe refuge grant :
To give thee equal thanks exceeds my power,
Exceeds the power of all the Dardans left,
Wherever left wide scatter'd o'er the world.
The gods alone (if piety yet claims 815
The care of heaven, if justice yet on earth
Subsist) these only, and the noble mind,
That self-approving sense of doing right,
Must be your equal recompence. O say,
What happy ages gave you to the world ? 820
What parents such perfection could produce ?
While to their mother seas the rivers flow,
While mountains cast their spreading shadows round,
While Æther feeds the stars, your sacred name,
Your bright idea shall for ever last, 825
Where'er my fate may bear me o'er the globe.
He said, and to ~~Ilioneus~~ his right hand to Ilioneus
First stretch'd, Serestus greeting with his left,

Cloanthus then, and Gyas, and the rest.
 Surpriz'd, amaz'd, Sidonian Dido stood 839
 At sight so unexpected, but still more
 At his unequal'd sufferings, and thus spoke :
 What cruel destiny, O goddess-born !
 Thro' such a round of toils, pursues thee still ?
 What force compels thee to such barbarous shores ? 835
 Art thou Æneas, he, on Simois' bank
 Whom Venus, to thy sire Anchises bore ?
 To Sidon, I remember, Teucer came,
 Expell'd his native soil, by Belus' aid,
 Who hop'd to raise new kingdoms : Belus then, 840
 My fire, o'er Cyprus spred his conquering arms :
 From thence the fall of Troy, thy honour'd name,
 And those of Grecian kings to me were known.
 The foe himself with ample praise adorn'd
 Your Trojan Virtues, and his own high race 845
 Was willing from the Trojan stock to draw.
 Then come, O youths, and safe beneath our roof
 Your cares repose. A fate resembling yours,
 After long sufferings threw me on this shore ;
 My self with ills acquainted, I have learn'd 850
 To pity and to succour the distress'd.

Thus said, Æneas to the regal dome
 At once she leads, at once the honours due
 To heaven ordains, nor yet neglects to send
 A present for the fleet of twenty beeves, 855
 And of a hundred boars with bristly hides,
 And with their ewes as many fatted lambs,
 The gifts and pleasures of the joyous god.
 But of the regal dome th' interior part
 In splendid pomp appears, for feasts prepar'd ; 860
 Rich vests of choicest workmanship, inwove
 With Tyrian purple : on the tables rose
 Of plate a pile immense ; sculptur'd in gold

The brave exploits of her forefathers shone,
A lengthen'd series, and continued down
From the first founder of her antient house.

865

Æneas (for paternal love can brook
No long delay) in haste Achates sends,
To bear these gladsome tidings to the fleet,
And bring Ascanius to his father's arms, 870
In him alone are centred all his cares ;
But for the queen rich presents he ordains,
The last remains of Troy. A mantle rich,
With gold emboss'd, in various figures wrought ;
A lucid veil, o'er which its golden leaves 875
Th' Acanthus spreads ; and once for Helen's pride
Brought from Mycenæ, when to Troy she came
And sought forbidden nuptials, the rare gift
Of Leda her bright mother ; and with these
The sceptre, by Ilione once borne ; 880
(Of Priam's bed the eldest female hope)
The circlet, which her snowy neck adorn'd,
Of oriental pearl, and doubly set
With gold and sparkling gems, her royal crown.
Achates on this errand posts away. 885

But Cytherea in her secret breast
New frauds, new stratagems intends the while.
How Cupid may, in borrow'd face and form,
For sweet Ascanius come, and with his gifts,
Of fatal influence, inflame the queen, 890
And thro' the close recesses of her heart
Diffuse unfehl the penetrating fire :
For much she dreaded this deceitful race,
These Tyrians double-tongu'd : Saturnia's rage
Implacable, augments her care, and racks 895
Her anxious bosom thro' the silent night.
Wherefore she thus the winged boy address'd.

O son ! my strength, and my effectual might ;
 Son, who alone the dreaded shafts of Jove,
 Of heaven's omnipotent may'st safe despise : 900
 To thee I fly, and suppliant seek thy power.
 To thee thy brother's fate severe is known,
 By Juno's hate, from shore to shore purſu'd ;
 Touch'd by my grief, thy ſelf haſt often griev'd
 For our Æneas. Him with fair address 905
 Bright Dido now receives, and will detain.
 But much I doubt the hospitality
 Of Juno's votaries. This important time
 Will ſhe not feize ? Therefore I mean by fraud
 To circumvent, and wrap the queen in flames ; 910
 That no impulse of other powers may change
 Her wavering mind, but ſhe by love of him
 May be fast bound, by love not leſs than mine.
 How this may be perform'd attentive hear.
 The royal youth, my firſt, my chiefest care, 915
 Obedient to his father's call, his way
 To the Sidonian city now intends ;
 And bears for gifts, the relics of his Troy,
 What flames and feas haſe ſpar'd. Him lock'd in ſleep,
 Or on Cythera's heights, or in the depth 920
 Of soft Idalian groves I mean to hide,
 The ſweet deceit, leſt conchous he detect,
 Or obvious intervening render vain.
 Thou the fictitious ſemblance of his looks
 Assume but for a night ; thyſelf a boy, 925
 The well known features of the boy express ;
 That when the joyous queen amid the mirth
 Of regal luxury, and flowing bowls,
 Shall clasp thee to her breast ; and in her arms
 With fond delight embrace, and on thy lips 930
 Print ardent kisses, thou thro' all her veins

Thy

Thy dear delicious poison may infuse.
To his great mother's will the god of love
Obsequious, quits at once his golden wings,
And gladly imitates Iulus step.

935

Mean while the senses of the boy in sleep,
In pleasing sleep involv'd, the goddess plac'd
Soft on her bosom, and thro' air convey'd
Her darling to the cool Idalian groves ;
Where with their fragrant shade surrounding flowers
That breathe sweet odours soften his repose.

941

Obedient now, as to his father's will,
Cupid with joy the gifts to Carthage bears,
Achates leading ; there the queen he found
Full in the middle plac'd, in awful state
Upon a couch with rich embroid'ries grac'd.
Æneas and his chiefs on purple seats,
And in just order all are plac'd around.

945.

Water and towels to the numerous guests
Th' attendant train present, the tables spread,
And bread from heap'd up canisters dispense.
Within, full fifty female servants wait,
The royal feast in order due to set,
And with sweet incense fume the household gods.

950

Twice fifty more, with the like number join'd.
Of youths of equal age, the viands place
Upon the board, and cups of massy gold.

955

The Tyrians too within the spacious rooms
With mirth resounding loud, in frequence meet,
On painted couches plac'd : Æneas' gifts
They much admire ; admire the robe, and veil
O'er which th'Acanthus spread its golden leaves ;
But more admire the boy, the words well feign'd,
And radiant visage of the god conceal'd.
But chief, devoted to the future pest,

960

965

Th' unhappy queen, the fondness of her soul
With gazing could not satiate : every look
Each eager glance inflam'd the growing fire,
Much with the gifts, more smitten with the boy.

He prest in close embrace, and hanging long
Around the neck of his imagin'd fire,
With well dissembled play deceiv'd his love ;
That done with soft advance he seeks the queen.
She with her eyes, with all her senses fix'd
Insatiate gazing clasps the dangerous boy,
Close to the yielding whiteness of her breast.
Ill-fated, and unconscious of the god,

Whose potent fraudulence now plots thy fall.

But he regardful of his mother's will,
Unfelt and unsuspected, by degrees
Begins Sichæus' image to craze,
And with a living flame to repoffess
Her heart that long had slept in drowsy peace.

The feast now done, the tables now remov'd,
They the huge goblets crown with sparkling wine.
Loud clamours rise; the dome, the spacious courts,
With all the mingled din of joy resounds.

While starry lamps down from the golden cieling
Dependant chas'd the night. A mighty bowl

Weighty with gold, and rich with lucid gems,
By Belus us'd, and all from Belus sprung,

The queen demands, and silence now enjoin'd :

O Jove, all-great, and good—she thus began,
The sacred laws of hospitable rights,

By thee 'tis said to human kind were given.

Auspicious, grant this day may happy prove
Alike to Tyrian and the Trojan race,

And let its name to late posterity

Still fresh remain, O Bacchus, source of mirth,

Theu,

Thou, favouring Juno, here propitious join ; 1000
And you my Tyrians this my vow approve.
She said : then due libation to the gods
Pour'd on the board, and gently touch'd the cup.
To Bitias next in place she gave it then,
Exciting him to drink ; he quickly seiz'd, 1005
And drain'd the foaming gold, and lav'd his soul
Deep with the draught. So did the other peers.
And strait with flowing hair Iopas crown'd
Harmonious tempers to his golden lyre,
What greatest Atlas taught. The wandering moon, 1011
Uncertain in her course, the speed immense
And labours of the sun : to what first cause
Both men and brutes their various beings owe.
Whence rain and thunder, whence proceeds the power
Of constellations force, Arcturus' storms, 1015
The watry Hyades and polar star.
Why winter suns so quickly quench their light
In ocean's wave ; and why in summer's reign
The nights retarded pace so slow comes on.
Th' admiring croud his noble song applaud, 1020
And Dido too, unhappy queen, prolongs
The night with various talk, and at her eyes
Drinks in large draughts of love. Much she enquires
Of Priam, much of Hector now would know ;
Now what the steeds of Diomed, how great, 1025
And how majestic fam'd Achilles rose.
Nay come, she cry'd, my noble guest, unfold
The frauds of Greece, the fatal ills of Troy,
But chief thy own adventures, thro' a length
Of seven revolving years, o'er land and sea,
That bring thee wandering to the Libyan shores. 1031

Æ N E I D.

BOOK II.

TTENT, and silent all th' Assembly sat,
When from his lofty couch Æneas thus:
Thy will, O queen! commands me to re-new

What language fails to tell: how all the power
Of Troy, so glorious once, subverted fell
By Grecian fraud; which these sad eyes beheld,
Of which myself too bore a mighty share.

This to relate, this melancholy tale,
What soldier even of hard Ulysses' host,
Or stern Achilles could from tears refrain.

And lo! the night precipitates her course
From heaven, and setting stars invite to rest.
But if such ardour fires your breast to know
Our dire calamities, to hear in brief

Troy's last and fatal labour; tho' my soul
Shudders at recollection, and shrinks back
With grief; I will begin. By fate repuls'd
And spent with war, for many a tedious year,
The Grecian chiefs, by Pallas' aid divine
A mighty horse, huge as a mountain, rear,

5
10

15
20
And

And frame of piny plank its hollow fides.
This to their patroness Minerva due,
A votive offering for their safe return,
Their fraud pretends, and so the rumour ran,
By lot selected, in its ample depth
25 Their choicest warriours secret they inclose,
And fill with armed bands its cavern'd fides.
There lies in sight an island long renown'd,
Wealthy and great while Priam's kingdom stood,
The isle of Tenedos, but now a bay,
30 And open station, insecure for ships.
They went, they hid them on its desert shores.
We thought 'em gone and for Mycenæ sail'd.
Troy therefore her long mourning lay'd aside,
And threw her gates wide open. With delight
35 The people croud to see the Grecian tents,
The plain, the shores abandon'd. Here encamp'd
The Dolops; there Achilles, stern of soul;
Here moor'd the fleet; and there the battling hosts
In mortal combat mix'd: but first and most
40 With wonder they beheld the fatal gift,
To Pallas sacred, and its bulk immense.
Thymætes first within our walls advis'd
To have it brought, and in the fortress plac'd:
Thro' fraud advis'd, or so th' unhappy fate
45 Of Troy ordain'd. But Capys, and the few
Of founder minds, who better could discern,
Persuade us rather, these suspected gifts,
This Grecian snare, to plunge into the deep,
Or burn with instant fire; or bore its fides,
50 And every dark recess with care explore.
The wavering crowd divide in different views.
When lo! with hasty strides, and in his train
A mighty multitude, swift from the fort

Descends Laocoön, and from afar
Thus ardent cries ; what madness has possess'd
Your minds, O wretched men ? And can you think
The foe in earnest sail'd ? Or that their gifts
Conceal no guile ? Is thus Ulysses known ?
Or in the depth of this enormous wood
Some Greeks lie hid, or 'tis an engine meant
Against our walls, our dwellings to explore,
And then our town assault. Whate'er it be
Some fraud is couch'd beneath. Trust not the horse,
O countrymen ; even when they presents bring
I dread the Greeks. He said, and hurl'd his spear
With forceful aim against its bending fides.
The spear stood quivering, and the furious shock
Made all the caves resound, and hollows groan.
Had then the fates allow'd, had reason's ray
Enlighten'd our infatuated minds,
His voice must have persuaded us to search
'This den of Grecian thieves, and thou, O Troy !
Hadst now remain'd, and Priam's palace stood.
But lo ! the while, some Dardan shepherds drag'd
A youth unknown, his hands behind him bound,
With clamour to the king. This youth unsought,
The meditated treason to fulfil,
Himself had yielded of his own accord
Into their hands ; intrepid in his crime,
And well prepar'd for either part, by fraud
His end to gain, or certain death to meet.
The Trojan youth on all sides croud amain
Eager to see the captive, and insult.
Now mark the Grecian wiles, and from the crime
Of one, a nation read : for while in sight
Of all, confus'd, unarm'd he stood, and round
The Phrygian troops survey'd ; alas ! what land,

What

What seas can now receive me? what resource,
He cry'd, is left for wretched me? Whom now
The Greeks have banish'd, and offended Troy, 90
O ill-star'd youth! has doom'd to instant death.
His artful outcries mollify our minds,
And stop our violence: we bid him tell,
Where born, and of what parents, what he brings 95
For news, and should reflect what little faith
Is to a captive given. The youth at length,
His fear dismising, in these words reply'd.
The truth, O king! I will declare at large,
Whate'er th' event may prove, nor dare deny 100
That I unhappy owe to Greece my birth.

This first: nor shall hard fortune, tho' she made
This Sinon wretched, make him vain and false.

Perhaps in chance discourse you may have heard
Of Palamedes, and his great renown 105
Spred by the voice of fame; whom Greece unjust
Suborning crimes of state, to death condemn'd,
Because this fatal war his voice forbade.

Whom then they doom'd, and now too late lament.
To him my humble fire committed me, 110
From my first youth companion of his arms.

Whilst he his power unshaken held, and made
The state to flourish by his wise advice,
I too some name, some dignity maintain'd:
But when th' artificer of lies and fraud, 115

Ulysses, smooth and false (the fact is known)
Thro' envy had the hero robb'd of life,
In shades and solitude I wept away
My wretched hours, and often with myself,
By indignation fir'd, my friend's hard fate 120
Lamented, nor in silence, but aloud
I proclaim'd his wrongs; and if consenting fate

Should give me to review my native shore,
Review victorious, madly I declar'd
My self a sure avenger of his blood.

125

And thus incautious on my head drew down
The foes severest hate. Hence the first source
Of all my woes : from that unhappy day
Ulysses ever with imputed crimes
Essay'd to fright me, ever spread abroad
Dark and ambiguous sounds among the croud,

130

And conscious of his guilt, by fraudulent arts
My ruin sought : nor could his wrath find rest,
Till by the priestly aid of Calchas join'd—
But why do I ungrateful truths relate ?

135

Why stay your hands ? If you regard alike
Each wretched Grecian, you have heard enough ;
Let not your anger linger. 'Tis the wish
Of their Ulysses, and the brother-kings

140

My blood would purchase at a mighty price.

At this, at these insidious words, on fire
To know the rest, we urge him to proceed,
All-unsuspicious of such monstrous crimes,
Of Grecian arts like these. He trembling then
And with a treacherous heart pursues his tale.

145

Tir'd with the siege, and weary of the war,
The Grecians oft had meditated flight,
(O that they had accomplish'd their design !)

As oft tempestuous seas, and southern blasts

150

Prevented their return : but first and chief,

When, built of maple-planks, this monstrous horse
Rear'd its stupendous height, then thro' the sky
Deep-sounding tempests roll'd their dread alarm.

We in suspense Eurypilus dispatch

155

To learn at Phœbus' shrine its hid import.

Who from the temple brought this sad response.

A Vir-

A virgin's blood, O Greeks, could first appease
The hostile winds, when Phrygian shores you sought,
And your return by blood must be obtain'd,
A Grecian life the victim. These dire words 160
The crowd no sooner heard, but horrour ran
Thro' each man's veins; each for himself afraid,
Whom fate might destine, whom the god requir'd.
Here Ithacus, with mighty noise and stir,
The prophet Calchas forwards drag'd to view, 165
Importunate to know the will of heaven.
And now already many mouths proclaim'd,
And many saw in silence what was meant
By this artifcer of frauds and lies.
Ten days retir'd th' unwilling priest was mute, 170
Nor would the head of any man betray,
Nor give it up to certain death. At length
Forc'd by the clamours of this fraudulent foe,
He spoke as prompted, dooming me to bleed.
They all assent; and what each Grecian round 175
Fear'd for himself, he now with patience saw
Aim'd at the head of one devoted wretch.
The day was come, the execrable day,
The sacred rites prepar'd, the salted cake,
And round my temples twin'd the fated wreath. 180
I broke, I own I broke my bonds, to 'scape
From certain death, and in a lake conceal'd
Among its rushes lay till they should fail,
If happy chance their fails should ever fill.
But now, alas! no hope to me remains, 185
That I my native soil should e'er review,
My much lov'd infants, or my helpless sire,
On whom perhaps their cruelty will take
Full vengeance for my flight, and with their blood,
The blood of innocence, my fault atone. 190
But

But by the powers above, by all those gods
Who know and love the truth, by faith itself,
If any where fair faith among mankind

Dwells yet inviolate, such mighty wrongs
O pity, and commiserate a wretch,

Depress'd with ills he never could deserve.

Won by these tears, our pity gave him life;
And Priam was the first who bad untie

The wretches bonds, and friendly thus reply'd.

Whoe'er thou art, the Grecians thou hast lost;
Henceforth forget, for thou art henceforth ours.

But answer truly what I now shall ask?

Say what intend they by this monstrous horse?

Who bid erect it? What is their design?

Tell, do they mean it a religious vow,
Or some machine of war? The monarch spoke.

The stranger vers'd in fraud and Grecian wiles,
His hands now free from bonds to heaven uprais'd;
And you, he said, ye fires eternal, hear,
While your divinities inviolable

I here appeal; ye shrines and impious swords,
Which I have 'scap'd, and fillets of the gods,
Which I, their destin'd victim, lately wore.

O be it lawful for me to rescind

Those sacred ties that bind me to the Greeks.

O grant it just those cruel men to hate,

And all their deeds in open light disclose,

If aught they have conceal'd, nor am I bound

By any laws of country or of kind.

Thou only keep thy promise, and O Troy,

Preserv'd thy self, thy faith to me preserve,

As I the truth reveal, and for my life

With secrets pay of high and dear concern.

In Pallas' aid the Grecians all their hopes,

195

200

205

210

215

220

All

All confidence of ending with success 225
The war commenc'd so long, had ever plac'd ;
But from the time that impious Diomed,
And he, Ulysses, artisan of crimes,
Had from her sacred temple dar'd to steal
(The guardians of the citadel first slain) 230
The dread Palladium, and with bloody hands
The virgin fillets of the goddess touch :
From thence their tide of hopes still backward roll'd,
And ebb'd into despair ; their vigour fail'd,
And Pallas turn'd averse from all their schemes. 235
Nor were the symptoms of her wrath declar'd
By doubtful prodigies, scarce in the camp
Was plac'd her figure, when its glaring eyes
Shot hostile fires ; from all her limbs down flow'd
The briny sweat : and, wonderful to tell, 240
Thrice from the ground she bounded light in air,
And shook aloft her quivering spear and shield.
Strait Calchas, with prophetic fury, cries
That flight alone remains, that Grecian arms
Can ne'er prevail o'er Troy, till they once more 245
At Argos other auspices repeat,
And bring the goddess back, the same, and such
As in their ships they had convey'd her hence :
And now that they have sought their native shores,
'Tis to prepare new arms, and favouring gods : 250
And having measur'd back the wat'ry plain,
They will be sudden here ; so Calchas plann'd
The scheme of future mischiefs. And now warn'd,
This figure, for the dread palladium stol'n,
And to appease th' offended deity, 255
They rear'd, to expiate their daring crime.
But by the prophet's order bid it rise
Aspiring to the clouds, that its huge bulk

Within

Within the walls might never be receiv'd,
Nor stand your people's guardian as before. 260
For if your hands Minerva's fatal gift
Had dar'd to violate, destruction then,
And total ruin (which may heaven first shower
Upon his own curs'd head) on Priam's realm,
And on his Phrygians, dreadful would descend; 265
So sung the seer: but introduc'd by you,
If it your city should ascend, in turn
Shall Asia then the Grecian climes invade,
And the same fates our hapless sons attend.
By these dire arts, by such insidious snares, 270
False Sinon credit to his tale obtain'd;
And those, whom nor Tydides, nor the might
Of great Achilles, nor ten sanguine years,
Nor thousand ships could vanquish, were subdued,
Were caught, o'erpower'd by wiles and lying tears. 275

And here a greater prodigy appear'd
To us unhappy, and more dreadful far,
Which struck amaze to our unwary souls.
Laocoön, elected Neptune's priest
By lot, as chane'd, was sacrificing then 280
Before the solemn shrines a stately bull.
When lo—with horror I the fact relate!
From Tenedos, along the level flood,
Two monstrous snakes, in circling folds immense,
Oppress the deep, and wind their sinuous course 285
Together to the shore; their breasts erect,
Their blood-streak'd manes surmount th' affrighted
waves,
Their other parts behind sweep prone along,
In mighty volumes wreath'd. The dashing foam
Is heard resounding, while they make the land. 290
Their ardent eyes, suffus'd with blood and fire,

Glare

Glare terrible, their forked tongues they dart,
And hiss the pale spectators into flight.
With certain aim Laocoön they seek :
And first the tender limbs of both his sons 295
Each serpent winds around, and quick devours.
Next him, the fire himself, as to their aid
He furious ran, and bore aloft his spear,
They seize, and in their mighty folds involve,
Twice circling round his middle, twice around 300
His neck close-curling ; while their lofty crests
Tower high above. His holy wreath now ting'd
With gory poison, he at once essays
The scaly volumes to untwist, at once
Wide aether rends with cries all-horrible. 305
Such bellowings from the wounded bull break forth,
When he the altar flies, and from his neck
Shakes furious off the priests uncertain axe.
Now to the temple's last recess the snakes
Glide swift away, and seek the dread abode 310
Of hostile Pallas ; where beneath her feet,
And her shields ample concave both lie hid.
At this a sudden fright itself diffus'd
Thro' every trembling breast : aloud they cry,
Laocoön his dreadful death deserv'd, 315
Who dar'd against the sacred wood to lift
His sacrilegious hand, and rashly dart
Against its hallow'd side his impious spear.

And now a general cry arose, that strait
The figure should to great Minerva's fane 320
Be instant drawn, and she with vows appeas'd.
A mural breach we make, and level lay
The city's strong defences : all assist
The fatal work. Beneath its feet are plac'd
The sliding roller, and around its neck 325
Are

Are cables fix'd: Thus, thus within our walls
The deadly engine, big with ruin, climbs:
Our boys, our virgins, raise the sacred hymn,
And emulous rejoice the rope to touch.
Onward it moves, and threatening slides along 330
Even to our city's centre. O, ye walls,
Renown'd in war! my country! and thou Troy,
The seat of gods! four times the mischief stop'd,
Even in the gate, and four times from its depth
Gave signs of latent ruin: but unwarn'd, 335
But blind with furious hope, we still perfist,
Still urge it on, till in the sacred fane
Our arms at last th' accursed monster place.
'Twas then our future fate Cassandra told,
But as heaven will'd, by us still unbeliev'd. 340
Unhappy we the temples of the gods,
The very day that was to be our laft,
With festal garlands all around adorn.
Mean while the heavens revolve, and on the deep
Swift fell descending darkness, in her shade, 345
Her general shade involving earth and sky,
And Grecian frauds. The Trojans o'er their walls
Secure and silent lay, while sleep possess'd
And lulld their weary limbs in deep repose.
And now from Tenedos return apace, 350
In well appointed ships, the Grecian bands,
And by the silent moons consenting aid,
Seek our known shores: then when the regal ship
Had rais'd its blazing signal, Sinon then,
Protected by the will of heaven averse, 355
The wooden bolts unloos'd, and, hid within,
His Greeks enlarg'd: the monster's open'd side
Pours them abroad: they issue joyful forth.
Thessandrus, Sthenelus, prime leaders these,

And

'Twas now the time when first repose, the gift,
The gracious gift of heaven, most grateful steals 370
On wretched mankind; lo! before my eyes,
Pale in a dream, and overwhelm'd with grief,
Hector appear'd to stand, while down his cheeks
The big tear pour'd amain: such erst he seem'd
By horses drag'd, deform'd with gory dust,
And his swoln feet with cruel thongs transfix'd. 375
Ah me! how look'd he then? Alas! how chang'd
From him, that glorious Hector, who return'd
Triumphant, crown'd with Achillean spoils!
His beard was squalid, and his hair with blood 380
Matted, and stiff. Those many wounds he bore,
Which round his country's walls he had receiv'd.
I wept methought, and in these mournful sounds
The hero first address'd. O light of Troy!
O firmest hope of all the Trojan state! 385
What long delay has held thee from our fight?
From what far land does our wish'd Hector come?
That we, worn out and hopeless, thus at last
Behold thee, after all the various deaths
Of thy lov'd friends, and after all the toils 390
Thy citizens and country have sustain'd.
Say what unworthy hand has thus profan'd
Thy manly face serene? why do my eyes,

My

My streaming eyes, these cruel wounds behold ?
He answer'd not, nor longer stay'd to hear 395
Such unavailing questions ; but at once,
And deeply groaning from his inward breast,
Fly, goddess-born, ah ! save thee from these flames.
Our walls the foes possess ; and from her height,
Her envied summit, Troy for ever falls. 400
Enough to Priam, and our native land
Is given : could they to mortal hand have ow'd
Their safety, this right-hand had sav'd them both.
Troy to thy care her consecrated things,
And household gods commits : receive them here, 405
Companions of thy fortune : seek them out
A future seat ; which after thousand toils,
And many an ocean wander'd o'er, at last
Thy valour shall magnificent upraise.
He said : and from the secret shrine brought forth 410
The holy fillets, Vesta's powerful form,
And her eternal fire—Mean time abroad
Around the walls tumultuous horrors rise,
Near, and more near (tho' secret and alone,
And deeply shaded stood Anchises' house) 415
The noise swells more distinct, the din of arms
Is heard more terrible. At once arous'd
From sleep, at once the battlements I climb,
And silent stand, with listening ears intent.
As when a fire, whilst furious south winds rage, 420
Catches a field of Ceres, or as when
A rapid torrent from a mountain flood
Pour'd roaring down, o'erwhelms the fields, o'erwhelms
Th'autumnal year, and labours of the plough,
And headlong rolls the woods ; the shepherd swain 425
Plac'd on the summit of some distant hill,
Unknowing hears and trembles at the roar.

Then,

Then, then stood manifest the dreadful truth,
And all the Grecian frauds ; already sunk

The stately palace of Deiphobus

430

Beneath resistless Vulcan ; flaming far

Ucalegon burns next : their spreading blaze

The red Sigean sea reflected broad.

Arise the cries of men, and trumpets clang.

Frantic I fly to arms, tho' much in vain

435

Seem'd all attempt in arms, but yet to form

A band of friends to save the citadel

My soul is all on fire. Mix'd rage, and wrath

Precipitate my purpose, and the thought

How great the patriot dies, who dies in arms.

440

But now behold ! escap'd the Grecian darts,

Pantheus, Apollo's and Minerva's priest,

His sacred utensils, his conquer'd gods,

And little grandson slowly drags along,

And seeks the shore, with fear-distracted flight. 445

How, Pantheus, stands the sum of things ? what fort

Now seize we ? Scarcely had I spoke, when he,

Deep-groaning cry'd, alas ! the last sad day,

Th' inevitable hour of Troy is come.

We Trojans have been : Ilium was : and once

450

Her glory reach'd the skies, but cruel Jove

Has all transfer'd to Argos. Lo ! the Greeks

Imperious reign amidst our burning town.

The lofty horse o'er all our ramparts pours

Its warriours forth ; insulting Sinon too

455

Spreads wide the conflagration : thro' our gates

Rush thousands in ; such mighty swarms before

From populous Mycenæ never pass'd.

Some with pretended spears the narrow ways

Opposing guard ; a body sheath'd in iron

Stand with drawn swords, their threatening points ad-

vanc'd

460

For

For slaughter ready, and the guard within
Just, and but just, attempt th' unequal war,
And faintly there a blind resistance make.

At Pantheus' speech, and by the gods inspir'd,
Onward thro' flames and hostile arms I rush, 46;
Where'er dire fury leads, where tumult calls,
And blended cries, that strike the vault of heaven.
Beneath the moon's directing beams appear
Ripheus, and Iphitus, most fam'd in arms,
With Hypanis and Dymas, and the son 470
Of Mygdon, young Choræbus; who by chance
Was just arriv'd at Troy, inflam'd with love
Of fair Cassandra, and as future son
Of Priam, to the Phrygians aid had brought.
Unhappy! who the voice of his espous'd, 475
Tho' heaven-inspir'd, neglected to obey.

When these collected I beheld, prepar'd
To dare the fight, I thus began. O youths!
O bosoms vainly brave! if yet you wish
To follow him, who purposes to brave 480
I h' extremest rage of fortune? you behold
What, and how hopeless is our present state:
Already are they gone, even all those gods,
By whom this empire stood, their altars all,
And fanes abandon'd: to a town in flames 485
You offer aid: but let us die, my friends,
And rush amid the thickest of our foes.
The vanquish'd have no hope, but from despair.
These words add fire to valour; then like wolves, 490
Whom the mad rage of hunger blindly drives
Forth from their dens, beneath the shade of night,
Abandoning their young, whose thirsty jaws
Expect the future prey; thro' darts, thro' foes,
We go to certain death, and shape our way.

Quite

Quite thro' the city in a line direct ;
While night surrounds us with its hollow shade.
But oh ! what words the carnage of that night,
The various deaths can tell ? what tears can flow
In equal stream to such a weight of ills.

An antient, an imperial city falls :
And her red streets are now inglorious strown,
Her private buildings, and her sacred fanes,
With thousand breathless corse : nor alone
The Trojans die ; their antient virtue oft
Returns to aid the vanquish'd and inspire ;
Our victors in their turn submit to fate.
Pale fear, and piercing sorrow reign around,
And all around a thousand forms of death.

Androgeos was the first who of the Greeks
Himself presented, by a numerous crowd
Attended, and unwary deeming us
His fellow soldiers, these mild words address'd.
On, on, my friends : what shameful sloth delays
Your tardy steps ? while others burn and spoil
This hated town, do you but now descend
Slow from your ships ? He said, but instant found,
From our uncertain and confus'd reply,
Himself amidst his foes. Amaz'd he stood,
Backen'd his steps, and faulter'd in his speech.
As when among intangling thorns perplex'd,
Th' unwearied traveller struggling to get free,
Treads on a hidden snake : at once he flies
The noisome worm, inflaming all its rage,
And swelling its Cærulean neck : no less,
At sight of us, Androgeos trembling fled.

We rush along, confounded and inclos'd
Amid their thickest host, and many a foe,
With terror seiz'd, unknowing of the ground,

495

500

505

510

515

520

525

Our

Our arms laid low. Thus on our first attempt
Consenting fortune smiles. By this success 530
Elated and inspir'd, Choræbus cries.

O Fellows! now where fortune points the way,
And shews herself a friend, let us pursue:
Exchange our shields, and in these Grecian spoils
Ourselves disguise. Whoever in a foe 535

Enquir'd, if force or fraud obtain'd his end.
Themselves, against themselves, shall arms supply.
He said; and on his head the waving crest
Of slain Androgeos plac'd, and on his arm
The shields adorning weight; then with like haste 540
He girds the Grecian sword upon his thigh.
This Ripheus, Dymas, all the youth around
Exulting emulate, each one assumes
The recent spoils, and arms himself anew.

Mix'd with the Greeks we march, tho' heaven averse 545
Succeeded not our aim: yet various blows
We deal amidst the blindness of the night,
And hosts of slaughtered Grecians sent to hell:
Some trembling seek their ships, the friendly shores
To some give shelter, while thro' shameful fear 550
Another band reclimb their mighty horse,
And in its well known hollow hide their heads.
But what can man against the will of heaven.

Lo! from Minerva's temple, from her shrine,
Cassandra, royal virgin, is drag'd forth; 555
Her hair dishevel'd, and her flaming eyes
To heaven uplift in vain; her eyes alone,
For shameful bonds her tender arms restrain'd!
Inflam'd with rage, and frantic with despair,
That sight Choræbus bore not, but amid 560
The thickest foes on certain ruin rush'd.
His steps we all pursue; all forward press,

Where rose their thickest arms. And here we first
Were from the temple's summit, by the darts
Of our own friends o'erwhelm'd; our Grecian
crests

560

And arms deceiv'd their eyes, and on ourselves
A piteous slaughter drew. At this the Greeks,
With grief, with fury stung, for having lost
Their prey, the rescued virgin, all unite,
And on all sides assault us, Ajax chief,

565

In all his fury rous'd; the brother kings,
And following these, the whole Dolopian host.
As when in whirlwinds, bursting from a cloud,
Conflicting tempests, West, and South, and East,
Their airy battle mix; the forests groan,

570

And foamy Nereus, with his trident's force
Up turns the billows from their lowest depth.
Those too, whom thro' the shade of night obscure
Our stratagems had chas'd, and close pursu'd
From gate to gate, appearing, first perceiv'd

575

Our borrow'd shields and arms, and differing speech.
O'erwhelm'd with numbers here we stop'd: and first
At Pallas' altar young Choræbus fell,

580

Slain by the hand of Peneleus: there too
Good Ripheus fell, of all our Trojan race

585

The justest and the best: but heaven's high will
To so much virtue yet deny'd success.

585

There perish'd Hypanis and Dymas, slain
Unhappy by their fellows; nor could now
Thy piety supreme, O Pantheus, save,

590

Nor Phœbus' mitre screen thy hoary head.
Ye sad remains of Troy, ye funeral piles

595

Of all my soul held dear, on you I call,
Bear witness, on the fatal night that saw

If

If any Grecian dart Æneas shun'd;
And if o'er-ruling fate had will'd my fall,
My deeds deserv'd it well. Our little band
Was here divided. Iphitus with me
And Pelias went; the former slow with age,
And Pelias by a wound Ulysses gave,
To Priam's palace, summon'd by loud shouts.
Our eyes a dreadful combat there beheld,
As if no war elsewhere, no battling hosts
Were to be found: so rag'd unconquer'd Mars,
So thick we saw the Grecian bands ascend,
Even to its summit, and the gate beneath
Inviron'd by an iron shell of shields.
Their scaling ladders to the walls are fix'd;
The steps they mount: with the left hand their
shields
Objecting to our darts, while with the right
Fierce and inflam'd, the battlements they seize.
The Trojans too with adverse fury pull
Down on their foes the towers and covering roofs
Of houses: with these arms, in this extreme,
In this impending ruin, thus they seek
Themselves to save; and gilded beams, the pride
An ornament of their forefathers, hurl
Amid the foe. Others with brandish'd swords
Possess, and guard the gates in close array.
And here fresh ardour darting thro' my soul,
I felt myself with eager longings mov'd
The king to succour, to support his friends,
And to the vanquish'd aiding vigour lend.
There stood a postern, and a private door
That join'd the monarch's palaces behind;
Thro' this blind entry fair Andromache
Was often wont, while Priam's kingdom stood,

With

With secrecy to pass, and grateful pay
Her duty to the royal pair, and bring
To his pleas'd grandfire young Astyanax. 625
Thro' this up to the battlements I swerve;
From whence the wretched Trojans vainly hurl'd
Their distant darts. There stood a lofty tower,
That from the roof, as on a precipice, 630
Appear'd to touch the clouds, whence Troy beneath,
The Grecian camp and fleet in prospect lay.
This we surrounded, cutting with our steel,
Where by corrosive length of time, the beams 635
Were most decay'd: then with huge labour heav'd,
Unloosen'd from its seat, the mighty weight,
And sent it down in thunder on the foe.
Dreadful it fell, impendent ruin drew
On all who stood below, and crush'd at once
Battalions with its fall. But others soon 640
Succeed into their room; tho' stones the while,
And every kind of missile weapons fly.
Before the porch, and in the outer gate,
Exulting, Pyrrhus stands, conspicuous far,
Amid the brazen splendour of his arms. 645
As when a snake, with noxious herbage swell'd,
That under ground, by winter's icy hand,
Had lain benumb'd, now with the spring renew'd,
His slough cast off, and burnish'd gay with youth,
Darts out to day, bears high his crested head. 650
To the sun's ray, his sleek enamell'd train
Sinuous involves, and darts his forked tongue.
Such Pyrrhus seem'd. With him huge Periphas,
And he, who wont to guide Achilles' car,
His 'squire Automedon. With these advance 655
The whole collected train of Scyrian youth,
And at our roofs destroying firebrands hurl.

Himself amid the foremost snatching up
A battle-axe, breaks down the solid posts,
And from their hinges rends the doors of brass. 660
And now a beam cut down, and the firm wood
Asunder split, a spacious breach is made ;
Thro' which, in distant view, th' interior courts,
The spacious galleries, and each close recess
Of Priam, and our antient kings are seen ; 665
And at the entrance guards, in armour sheath'd.

But lo ! the inner rooms with loud laments
Are fill'd, and mingled tumults ; while the cries
Of women thro' the vaulted roofs resound,
And strike the distant skies ; from court to court 670
The wretched matrons wander, kiss the posts,
And to the thresholds cling with strict embrace.
Impetuous like his fire, young Pyrrhus on
Pursues his course, nor bars nor guards suffice
The torrent to resist. The gate is shook 675
With frequent thunders of the battering rain,
And from its tottering posts to distance falls.
By force the way is won ; and unrestrain'd,
The Grecians enter, slaughtering whom they meet,
And gorging all the palace with their troops. 680
Not with such fury rages o'er its mounds
A foaming river, when by mountain floods
Swell'd, and surcharg'd, it deluges the plains
And sweeps along the cattle, with their stalls.
These eyes beheld ! where raging Pyrrhus stood, 685
All red with gore, and where the brother-kings
Spread death around : beheld where Hecuba,
Attended by her hundred daughters wept ;
And where, amid the altars Priam stain'd
With his own blood those holy fires, himself 690
Had hallow'd erst. Full fifty bridal rooms,

So great were once his hopes of long descent,
Their doors with trophies and Barbaric gold,
Proudly adorn'd, now tumble to the ground,
And what escapes the flames the Grecians held. 695

Perhaps the monarch's fate you wish to know.

When he the ruin of the town beheld,
His very palace taken, and the foe
Thro' each apartment spread, the hoary fire
His armour, long disus'd, impatient fits 700
Upon those limbs that trembled with their weight,
Girds on his useless sword, and bent on death,
Precipitates his steps amid the foe.

Within the palace, in its centre, stood

A spacious altar, open to the sky, 705
And near, an aged laurel, that o'erhung
The sacred hearth, and with its shade embrac'd
His household gods; here Hecuba in vain,
In vain her daughters here for refuge throng'd,
Round these known altars, as a flock of doves, 710
When the black tempest lowers, with speeding wing
In crouds descend; so these, and closely press
With strict embrace the statues of the gods.

But when she saw in youthful armour clad

Th' unhappy king, O miserable mate! 715
Most wretched of mankind, what rashness tempts
This vain essay of arms? Ah say, she cry'd,
Ah whither rush thy steps? Far other aid,
Far other champions this last hour requires,
And were even he, my much lov'd Hector here, 720
Not e'en his arm — At length submit to fate,
This altar shall protect us all, or all
Shall die together here. This said, she drew
With trembling arms the full of days along,
And plac'd him by her on the sacred seat. 725

When lo ! from Pyrrhus' bloody sword escap'd,
Polites, one of Priam's many sons,
'Thro' darts, thro' foes, the porticoes along,
Wounded, and flying came, and gazing round
Each empty hall. Him, with his mortal point, 730
Pyrrhus pursu'd, o'ertook, and with his spear
Press'd hard : and now escap'd within the view
Of both his parents, prone to earth he fell,
And pour'd out life thro' many a streaming wound.
The fire at this sad fight, tho' compass'd round 735
With death, could not refrain, nor check his rage ;
The gods, he cry'd, for this thy deed abhor'd,
For guilt like this (if any pity dwells
In heavenly minds, that care for human things)
Return upon thy head the meet reward, 740
The retribution due to such an act :
Thou who hast forc'd a parent to behold
His murder'd son, and stain'd with filial blood,
Barbarian as thou art, that parent's face.
Not so Achilles, whom thy tongue belies, 745
In boasting him thy fire, not so he dealt
With Priam, tho' his foe, but blushing own'd
The rights of men, the faith to suppliants due,
Restor'd my breathless Hector to the grave,
And me return'd in safety to my realms. 750

Thus spoke the frantic fire, and speaking threw
A feeble javelin, without force to wound,
Rebounding from the sounding shield, it hung
In vain, and ineffectual on its boss.
To whom stern Pyrrhus. Thou thyself shalt tell 755
These dreadful deeds ; shalt go the messenger
To my great fire : forget not to relate
How far the son degenerates from him.
Now die. He said, and to the altars dragg'd,

Trembling

Trembling and slithering in his sons spilt blood, 760
The wretched fire, whose hoary locks his left
At once had seiz'd, while with his right he drew
The flaming blade, and in the monarch's side .
Up to the hilt the mortal weapon plung'd.
Such term had Priam's woes, this end for him 765
Had fate reserv'd, but not till first his eyes
Had seen his Troy in ashes; had beheld
His Pergamus to its foundations shook.
The mighty sovereign of fair Asia once,
Whose sceptre stretch'd o'er many states and realms, 770
Now lies expos'd, inglorious on the shore,
A headless trunk, a body without name.
Then first around me a dire horror spread,
Aghast I stood; to my struck fancy rose
My father's form, when I the king beheld 775
Of equal age, by that inhuman wound
His life exhaling: to my thoughts too rose,
Thus long abandon'd to the chance of war,
My lov'd Creusa, my Iulus' fate,
And all the ruin of my ravag'd house. 780
I look around to see what troops remain'd:
But found my self alone, for all had fled,
Worn out with toil, and flung themselves to earth,
Or given their wounded bodies to the flames.
Thus single as I stood, my eyes discern'd, 785
Hid in a secret place, where rose the porch
Of Vesta's temple, silent and alone,
The fatal Helen: as I onward rov'd,
And gaz'd on either hand, the fires supply'd
Abundant light. And she who fear'd alike 790
The rage of Trojans for their ruin'd state,
Due vengeance from the Greeks, and from her lord,
All a forsaken husband's rouz'd revenge;

This common fury both of Greece and Troy,
Unmark'd, had to these secret altars fled. 795
My soul flam'd at the sight, and prompting rage
Urg'd me my falling country to revenge,
And with her impious blood her crimes atone.
Safe and exulting shall this pest once more
Revisit Sparta and her native clime? 800
Once more return triumphant and a queen?
House, husband, parents, sons in peace behold !
Attended too by crouds of Trojan slaves!
While Priam bleeds, Troy blazes, and her shores
With Dardan blood so oft were wet in vain. 805
Not so, for tho' no just renown attends
A woman's punishment, nor praise can flow
From such a conquest, yet it will be own'd.
The guilty wretch was justly doom'd to die :
That for my slaughter'd friends 'twas due revenge. 810
And it would ease my bosom to have quench'd
The flame that rages there, by offering up
A victim due to this departed state.
Such thoughts revolving, hurried on by rage,
Behold, and never seen so bright before, 815
My gracious parent, thro' the shade of night,
Stood obvious to my view, amid the blaze.
Of her own radiant beams, a goddess own'd :
Such, and so glorious, as to heavenly powers
She wont her self in all her charms to show. 820
My hand she seiz'd, while from her rosy lips
These soft sounds melted. What ungovern'd rage
Alas ! my son, has this deep anguish rais'd ?
Why thus transported ? Whither is thy care
Of me remov'd ? Will not thy piety 825
Consider first, where, bending under age,
Thy sire Anchises is abandon'd left ?

If still Creusa, if your common pledge
Of love, Ascanius lives? Whom all the bands
Of hostile Greece on every side surround; 830
And now, but for my interposing care,
By cruel fire or sword had perish'd all?
Not Spartan Helen's hated form and face,
Not Paris, oft reproach'd, the gods, my son,
The gods all-unrelenting have o'erturn'd 835
This mighty state, and laid your Troy in dust.
Behold — For all the cloud that now obstructs
Thy mortal sight, the humid mists that rise
Before thy visual nerve, at once I chase,
Nor thou refuse thy parent to obey. 840
There, where your eyes these ruin'd piles behold,
These stones around from stones asunder rent,
Where, mix'd with dust, redounding wreathes of
smoke
Rise surging to the sky, great Neptune there,
Arm'd with his mighty trident, stands conferr'd, 845
The deep foundations of your city shakes,
And in one total ruin overturns.
There furious Juno, foremost of the band,
The Scæan gate possesses, clad in arms.
And now behold upon the highest towers, 850
Where Pallas sits, resplendent in her cloud,
And bearing high the Gorgon's dreadful head.
E'en Jove himself suffices to the Greeks.
New force and prosperous courage, and the gods.
Rouses to arms against our fated race. 855
Fly, fly my son, and end your useless toils.
I will be ever with thee, guide thee on,
And place thee safe beneath thy father's roof.
She said, at once and vanish'd into night.
Now, forms all-terrible appear to view, 860

Hostile to Troy, the forms of mighty gods :
 And now whole Ilium seems to sink in flames,
 And, from its lowest seat, Neptunian Troy
 O'erturn'd at once, one wide destruction shares.
 Such seems, on some aerial mountains height, 865
 An ash of antient growth, which country-hinds
 With frequent axes emulous assail,
 And labour to uproot : the tottering trunk
 Off nods, and threatening shakes its branchy head ;
 Till by subduing wounds, it groans its last, 870
 And rolls in wide-spread ruin to the plain.
 The deity my guide, I strait descend,
 And pass unhurt thro' flames and foes around :
 Safe in her care, the darts innoxious fly,
 The flames receding slope their pointed spires. 875

But now, beneath my father's roof return'd,
 He, whom I purpos'd first, whom first I wish'd
 To bear in safety up the neighbouring hills,
 That father, who now saw his country lost,
 Refus'd to suffer longer life, or bear 880
 The ills of banishment. No: you, he cry'd,
 Whose blood flows warm and willing thro' your veins,
 Whose strength on its own firmness stands entire,
 Fly you ! for me, if heaven had meant my life
 A longer date, this seat heaven would have fav'd. 885
 Enough, alas ! too much it was to see
 One desolation, and to have surviv'd
 One taken city. You, my son, and friends,
 A last, and everlasting farewell take
 Of this poor corse; then, every man begone. 890
 This hand the death I wish to find will give,
 Or else the foe in pity will inflict,
 Lur'd by the hope of spoil : to want a grave
 Is trivial loss. Already, much too long,

Hated

Hated by heaven, and useless to my self, 895
I linger here; from that ill-omen'd hour,
When he, the king of gods and fire of men,
Smote me, and blasted with æthereal fire.
He said; and in his fatal purpose stood
Inflexible: while, melting into tears, 900
My self, Creusa, Iulus, our whole house,
Adjur'd him, in one common ruin mix'd,
Not to involve us all, nor urge the fate
Impending o'er our heads! but all in vain,
Deaf, and unshaken by our prayers he stood. 905
Again I take up arms, again resolve
To meet my doom, and rush on instant death.
For what remain'd? What other choice or chance?
And could a father hope I should withdraw
And leave him here abandon'd and alone: 910
Could such a wish, so impious and abhor'd,
Fall from a father's lips? If nought of all
This mighty city you would wish preserv'd,
And 'tis your fix'd resolve, to perish'd Troy
You and your house to add; that gate to death 915
Wide open stands: from streams of Priam's blood
Already shed, dire Pyrrhus is at hand;
Who slew the son before his parent's face,
And at the altar that sad parent too.
Was it for this, immortal mother, say, 920
That thro' the midst of flames and hostile darts
Thy care preserv'd me, thus at last to see
Within these walls th' unsparing foe? my son,
My hoary sire, my much lov'd spouse destroy'd,
And weltering in each other's streaming blood? 925
Arms, arms, my friends! this last of days calls forth
The vanquish'd: yes, return me to the Greeks;
The fatal fight permit me to renew:

This day we shall not all die unreveng'd.
Again I gird my sword; again my shield
Brace on my left, and forward rush to die. 930
When on her knees, and twining round my limbs,
Creusa hung, and to a father's eye
His little son held forth. O, if to die
You go, to all the dangers bear us too! 935
But if some ray of hope arises still
From taking arms, this mansion first defend;
For in whose care is now your little son,
Your fire, and she, once call'd your consort, left?
She said; and fill'd the house with loud lamente. 940
When lo! most strange to tell! a wondrous sign
Was sudden seen, for from Iulus' crown
A spiry light play'd lambent down his hair,
And round his temples spread innoxious flames.
Fear fell upon us, while we mutual shook 945
His blazing tresses, and the sacred fire
With water would have quench'd: but his glad eyes,
Our common father rais'd to the stars,
Spread forth to them his hands, and thus exclaim'd.
O Jove omnipotent! if any prayers 950
Incline thy will, now hear us, now behold
Thy suppliants this one time with pitying eye:
And if our piety has ought deserv'd,
Father! assist us, and these signs confirm.
Scarce had Anchises spoke, when from the left 955
With sudden peal the bursting thunder roar'd:
And thro' the shade of night a falling star
Shot swift its radiant train, and pass'd athwart
Above our heads, our future road to mark;
We saw it clearly sink in Ida's wood, 960
Diffusing light thro' all its furrow'd way,
And spreading steams of sulphur wide around.

And,

And, now subdued, at once my father rose,
Ador'd the gods, and hail'd this guiding star.
Now, now, in me is no delay: where'er
You lead, I follow. O my country's gods
Preserve this house, my grandson too preserve.
This sign is yours, and Troy on you depends.
I yield, my son; nor longer now refuse
To go the glad companion of your flight. 965
So spoke my sire: and now the crackling flames
Along the walls are plainer heard; their tide
Rolls nearer with augmented heat and force.
And now, dear father, on these shoulders place
Your aged limbs, their weight I can sustain,
Nor think such load unpleasing: whatsoe'er
Befalls, our common danger shall be one,
And one our safety. Let Iulus walk
My young companion; let my wife behind
At distance, and with care my steps pursue. 980
And you, my servants, mark these last commands.
To such as this way leave the town, in front
Appears a mount; an antient fane besides
Of Ceres, now deserted, and at hand
A cypress, by our fathers long preserv'd,
And held in veneration. There we meet
Ey different ways. But you, O father, take
The holy ornaments, and household gods;
For me to touch them, impious would be deem'd,
From war, and recent slaughter just return'd,
Till in the living stream I wash my stains. 990
This said, a vest and lion's tawny skin.
O'er my broad shoulders, on my bending neck,
I spread, and gladly to my load submit.
The boy Iulus, by my right embrac'd,
His father follows with unequal steps;

My

My comfort far behind. Along we steal
Thro' ways obscure, thro' unfrequented streets,
And me, whom late, not showers of flying darts,
Not Grecian bands, in adverse phalanx join'd, 1000
Could terrify, each breath of air appals,
Each lightest sound suspends, afraid alike
For my young traveller, and my sacred load,
Now to the gates my trembling steps approach'd,
I deem'd each danger of my journey past; 1005
When lo! the frequent tread of sounding feet
Swell'd on my ear; and, looking thro' the shade,
Anchises cries, fly, fly, my son: they come,
I see their shields, I see their flaming arms.
And here, I know not what malignant power 1010
Depriv'd me of my reason; for while now,
Thro' devious and uncertain paths I try
To make my flight secure, I lost alas!
For ever lost the partner of my love.
Nor know what fatal error, whether tir'd 1015
She stop'd, or erring lonely lost her way,
Depriv'd me of her: but to these sad eyes
She ne'er again appear'd. Nor did I look
Behind me, nor reflect upon my loss
Till we the hill, and sacred fane had reach'd 1020
Of antient Ceres. There we met all safe,
She, she alone was wanting to our hopes,
And had deceiv'd her fire, her son, and me.
Whom both of men and gods did not my rage
Of grief accuse? or in that ruin'd town 1025
What had my eyes more hard, more cruel seen?
My son, my hoary fire, my household-gods
I with my friends intrust, and safe conceal
Within the hollow of a winding vale.
Back I return, in shining armour sheath'd, 1030
Resolv'd

Resolv'd to run all hazards, and thro' all
The city roaming, every danger dare.
And first the walls, the gate obscure, thro' which
We had escap'd, my lonely steps explore ;
Retread thro' nights dark shade the various paths 1035
I trod before, and round attentive gaze.
On each side solitude and horror reign'd,
That terrify the soul ; thence home I pass,
If chance, if any chance had hither led
Her devious foot : but there th' insulting Greeks, 1040
Already masters, each apartment fill'd,
And lo ! already by the winds inflam'd,
Devouring fires had roll'd their blazing tide,
And from the roofs rose surging up to heaven.
Next Priam's palace, and the citadel 1045
My search revisits, but in vain ; for there
In its deserted portico's, where stands
The sanctuary of Juno, Phoenix now,
And dire Ulysses, as a chosen watch
Brood o'er their prey. There, gather'd from all
parts, 1050
The wealth of Troy, the tables of the gods,
Goblets of massy gold, and vestments gay,
Robb'd from the burning temples, lie on heaps.
Around, in long succession, helpless boys,
And trembling mothers, sad and silent stand. 1055
And yet even here, with heart-felt anguish struck,
I dar'd to raise my voice, I dar'd to fill
The streets with clamour, calling oft in vain ;
In vain redoubling my Creusa's name.
While thus I rov'd with fruitless, endleſs search, 1060
Behold ! th' unhappy semblance, and the shade
Of her I sought, arose before my eyes,
But larger than the life. Amaz'd I stood,

My

My hair rose bristling, and my tongue was glu'd.
While thus an airy voice essay'd to soothe 1065
My labouring thought. Why, dearest husband, why
Indulge this frantic toil? without the will
Of heaven permitting, such events as these
Arrive not. 'Tis not given thee hence to bear
Creusa! that the sovereign power forbids. 1070
Long exile, and a tract of seas immense
Must be your fate; e'er on Hesperian shores
Your feet shall touch, where Lydian Tyber rolls
Thro' fruitful plains his gently winding stream.
There better days, a royal bride; a throne, 1075
Await you: cease your lov'd Creusa's fate
With future tears to mourn. No son of Greece
To his proud seat shall her a captive lead,
Nor Grecian matrons see her live a slave,
From Priam sprung, to Venus too ally'd. 1080
Adieu! the mighty mother of the gods
Detains me here: adieu! and long preserve
A parent's fondness for our common son.
She said; but while I wept, and wish'd to hold
More converse with her, vanish'd into air. 1085
Thrice round her neck I threw my clasping arms,
Thrice from my touch the fleeting shadow fled,
Like the light winds, like an unreal dream.
Thus past the night, and now my friends forsook
Again I seek, and wandering see combin'd 1090
A flood of new companions; matrons, men,
For flight prepar'd, a melancholy train;
Themselves, their wealth committing to my care,
And ready all to follow where I lead.
And now on Ida's height the morning-star 1095
Arising glorious usher'd in the day.
Of all our gates the Greeks were now posses'd,

No hope of combat or assistance left,
I yielded to my fate, replac'd my fire,
And up the rough steep hill flow-rising climb'd.



Æ N E I D.

BOOK III.

WHEN now the gods in wrath had overturn'd
The greatest power of Asia, Priam's house
And people, who deserv'd a better fate;
When from her towering height proud

Ilium fallen

Was into ruin sunk, and on the ground
Neptunian Troy from her foundations smoak'd.
Celestial auguries her sad remains,
In exile doom'd to roam o'er desert shores.
And first our fleet beneath mount Ida's shade,
Close by Antandros, we begin to build,
Uncertain where or how our toils would end.
Our friends collected, scarce the summer's breath
Had wak'd, when to the Fates Anchises bad

That

That we should spread our sails. With tears I leave,
For ever leave my country's shores and ports, 15
And fields where once was Troy. Into the deep
Behold me borne an exile, with my friends,
My son, my household, and the greater gods.
Sacred to Mars, far off a country lies,
Vast of extent, manur'd by Thracian swains, 20
And in old time where stern Lycurgus rul'd;
To Troy, by right of hospitable ties
And mutual intercourse, long bound in love,
While fortune smil'd propitious on our state:
Here first I stop, and on its winding shore 25
The new foundations for a city raise,
And from my self the people name anew:
But with the fates averse; tho' to the gods,
And my celestial parent for their aid
Upon our rising works, due sacrifice 30
Was frequent offer'd, and to heaven's high king
A snow-white bull was slain upon the shore.
It chanc'd, a gentle eminence stood near,
With cornel shrubs, and spiry mirtles crown'd.
There, as I struggled from the soil to tear 35
The living wood, and cover with its boughs
My rustic altar, lo, most strange to tell,
A dire portent my wond'ring eyes beheld.
The shrub first from its mother earth up torn,
Drops of black gore upon the ground distill'd 40
And stain'd with sanguine dye. My blood ran chill,
And all my limbs with sudden horror shook.
Again, and of another I perfist
The stubborn roots to rend, if so I might
The latent cause of that portent explore; 45
That other too the same black blood distill'd.
Revolving various thoughts within my mind,

The

The Sylvan nymphs, and mighty Mars who rules
These Thracian fields, I supplicate with prayer,
This dreadful sign propitious to avert, 50
Or in our favour turn. But when a third,
Exerting greater force, and on my knees
I strove from earth to tear — Shall I proceed,
Or sink the tale in silence? hark! a sound,
A mournful groan from under-ground is heard. 55
Why, why Æneas tear a wretched corse?
O spare the buried dead, O cease to stain
These pious hands with blood: no stranger I,
But born in Troy, nor from a senseless trunk
Are forc'd these sanguine drops. O fly at once 60
These cruel shores, this land of avarice.
For I am Polydore. A steely shower
Of darts transfix'd me here, and taking root,
Sprung up in this large crop of pointed reeds.
With dubious horror all my soul possess'd, 65
I stood amaz'd, my hair rose bristling up,
And to my palate cleav'd my speechless tongue.
This Polydore his wretched fire of old
Had with a mighty mass of treasure sent,
Here, and in secret by the Thracian king 70
To be brought up, when first he saw besieg'd
His capital, and fear'd the fall of Troy.
This monster, when the Dardan power was broke,
And fortune fought her foes, their conquering arms,
And Agamemnon's standard then espous'd, 75
Broke every sacred tie; th' unhappy youth
Slew merciless, and kept by force his gold.
Accursed thirst of gold, by thee allur'd
What monstrous crimes will mortals not attempt!
Recover'd of my fright, first to my fire, 80
Then to my people's chiefs, the dread event

I tell

I tell with horror, and their voices ask.
One thought was that of all, this impious land
To leave at once, where hospitable rights
With cruel violation are profan'd, 85
And to the south wind spread our swelling sails.
We therefore first the funeral honours pay
To Polydore anew, upon the hill
Heap'd loads of earth, and to his manes rear'd
Due altars, hung with cypress wreaths around. 90
The Trojan matrons, with dishevell'd hair,
Their wonted circle form: of tepid milk,
And blood of victims, foaming bowls we bring;
His ghoſt within the sepulchre compose,
And with loud voices bid the last farewell. 95
Then, soon as we dar'd trust the watry plain,
Soon as the winds its face unruffled left,
And gentle murmuring Auster call'd to sail,
Their ships the sailors launch, and croud the shores,
Borne from the port, the lands and towns we leave, 100
Gradual receding, lessen to the sight.
Far in the Ægean sea an island lies,
To Doris, mother of the green hair'd nymphs,
And Neptune, sacred, a delicious spot;
This, while it floated round the seas and shores, 105
Apollo fix'd, with Mycone's high cliffs,
And Gyaros; and gave to be rever'd
Immoveable, and every wind defy.
Hither we come, here in her safe recess
An ample bay our weary limbs receives: 110
We land, and hail Apollo's sacred town.
King Anius here, at once the king of men,
And priest of Phœbus; with his ensigns grac'd,
The fillet, and the sacred laurel, came
To bid us welcome, and his antient friend, 115
Archiles,

Anchises, glad acknowledg'd. Our right hands
We hospitably join, and seek his roof.
An antique temple of the god was near;
I offer'd there my prayers: propitious grant,
Thymbraean power, some fix'd abode at last, 120
Some city to thy weary votaries grant,
A stately seat, a propagated race;
O save this second Pergamus to Troy,
And spare these sad remains, that have escap'd
The Grecians, and Achilles' ruthless sword. 125
Whom shall we follow? Whither go? Where fix
Our future seat? O gracious parent give
Some sign prophetic, and into our breasts
With thine illuminating ray descend.
Scarce had I spoke, when suddenly the floor, 130
The laurel of the god, the mountain round,
Seem'd all to tremble: From behind the veil
A sound like thunder issud, and to view
Stood every secret mystery disclos'd.
Prone on the ground we fell, while thus a voice 135
Our ears assaile'd. Ye hardy Trojan race,
That soil original, from which you sprung,
That very soil shall in her fertile lap
Receive you back: your antient mother seek.
Æneas' race from thence shall stretch their sway 140
Wherever earth extends, or ocean flows,
And their sons sons, and who from them shall spring.
Thus Phœbus: and at once tumultuous joy
Fills every breast, while every tongue inquires
Where rise those walls, and whither Phœbus sends 145
His wandering votaries, or returns them home.
My father then, revolving in his mind
The tales of antient men, O peers, he cry'd,
Attend and learn from me your future hopes.

The

The island Crete, the isle of mighty Jove, 150
 In mid-sea lies, from whence our nation draws
 Their first original, and Ida's hill;
 An hundred cities there, and fertile realms
 The Cretans rule; whence Teucer our great sire,
 If what I heard, I yet remember right, 155
 First wasted to the fam'd Rhætean shores;
 Chose there his place for regal residence.
 Ilium as yet was not; nor yet was rais'd
 The citadel of Pergamus, they dwelt
 In depth of vallies. Hence came Cybele, 160
 Protectress of the mountains, hence her rites
 And Corybantian brafs, and Ida's grove.
 Hence to her sacred mysteries preserv'd
 Inviolable secrecy: and yok'd,
 Submissive to her car, her lions draw 165
 Their mighty mistress. Therefore come, my friends,
 And let us follow whither heaven commands.
 The winds appeas'd, seek we the Gnothian shores,
 Nor will our course be long, if Jove affit,
 In three days hence we reach the Cretan shores. 170
 He said, and at the altars of the gods
 Slew the due victims. First a bull to thee,
 Great Neptune, and to thee another bull,
 Bright ruler of the day; to winter then
 A sable ewe, and to the favouring powers 175
 Of gentle zephyr offer'd up a white.
 There runs a tale, that, from his father's throne
 Idomeneus expell'd, the realm had left,
 And that the Cretan cities, lands and shores
 Deserted were, and emptied of our foes. 180
 Ortygia's port we leave, and o'er the main,
 Borne with expanded sails, we range the hills
 Of Naxos, loud resounding with the shouts
 Of Bacchus' votaries; while Paros too,

Olearon,

Olearon, Donyfa's verdant cliffs,
And spread thro' all the deep, the Cyclades,
And seas, with frequent islands interspers'd.
The sailors, all with emulating strife,
Their voices raise. Our friends advise to steer
In quest of Crete, and our progenitors. 185
Full from the stern a gale impells us on,
And safely wafts us to the antient shores
Of the Curetes. There, so long desir'd,
A city, I with fond impatience raise,
Pergamea call'd: the people with this name 195
Delighted, I exhort to love this seat,
And for defence a citadel to build.
Our navy on the smooth dry strand secur'd,
While now the youth on Hymeneal rites,
And tasks of rural labour were employ'd, 200
A stable form of government I found,
And each man to his habitation fix.
When lo, from an infected quarter of the sky,
A putrid vapour came, and spread around
A deadly year, on men, on trees and brutes. 205
They leave the cheerful light of day, or drag,
Feeble and faint, their wearied bodies on.
Then Sirius rose the steril fields to burn;
The grass is parch'd, the sickly crops deny
Due sustenance alike to beast and man. 210
Again recourse to Phœbus' oracle
My fire advises, and the deep once more
Re-measuring, to implore his gracious help,
To know what end may terminate our toils,
Whither to steer our course, and where obtain 215
Aid from those evils which pursue us still.
'Twas night, and sleep had clos'd all eyes on earth.
When lo, the sacred statues of the gods,

And

And household powers, which I had brought from
Troy

Snatch'd from the general conflagration there, 220

Where the full moon pour'd in her silver rays

Bright thro' th' inserted windows, all disclos'd,

Thus spoke, and sooth'd the sorrows of my breast.

What, if you seek Ortygia, Phosbus there

Will tell, he tells you here, and sends us too, 225

All-unsolicited, beneath your roof.

We who, when Troy was wrapp'd in fatal flames,

Thee and thy fortunes follow'd, in thy fleet

Measur'd the swelling deep; these very powers

Will to the stars thy future sons exalt,

And to thy city grant imperial sway.

Thou mighty walls for mighty powers prepare,

Nor shun the tedious toil thine exile brings.

Now must you change your seat; not these the
shores,

Apollo means you, nor this Cretan soil.

235

A place there is, by Greeks Hesperia nam'd,

An antient land, of fertile soil, and great

In fame of war, which once th' Oenotrians till'd;

Which now, so runs the fame, their sons have call'd

Italia, from their mighty leader's name.

240

There is our stable home; Iasius thence

And Dardanus arose, and from that prince,

Well known to fame, our origin we draw.

Awake, arise, these tidings to thy fire,

The full of days, these certain tidings bear;

245

Seek Coritus, th' Ausonian plains explore,

For Jove to you this Cretan land denies.

Struck at this sight, astonish'd at these sounds,

For this was not a dream, their forms I saw,

Their tresses veil'd, and looks in open view.)

250

Sudden

Sudden I felt o'er all my body run
A chilling sweat: I started from my bed,
And rais'g high to heaven my hands and voice,
I to the Laxes on the sacred hearth
Pure offerings burn, and fill'd with perfect joy, 255
Strait to my fire the vision seen relate,
And all the mystic scene in order tell.
Th' ambiguous race he own'd, and double line
Of our forefathers; own'd himself deceiv'd
By modern names to antient places given, 260
Then thus went on. My son long exercis'd
By Troy's dire fate, Cassandra did alone
These Truths foretell. I recollect it now,
That she has oft declar'd those distant realms
To us foredoom'd, has oft Hesperia nam'd, 265
And often Italy. But who would then
Believe, that we should reach those shores unknown,
Or who would credit what her lips foretold.
But let us bend to Phœbus, and thus warn'd
Now follow better counsels. We with joy 270
All hear, and pay Obedience to his words.
This settlement we also quit, some few
Behind us leave, and once more spread our sails,
And once more plough main ocean with our fleet.
The deep now gain'd, and when no more the land 275
Appear'd, but all around was sea and sky;
Then over head a dusky cloud arose,
Pregnant with night and tempest, while the sea
More dreadful by the spreading darkness grew.
At once the winds heave up the waves, at once 280
Huge billows rise, and toss us, scatter'd wide,
O'er ocean's breast immense. Deep clouds involve
The light of day, and ravish from our eyes
Heaven's azure face, whilst from the bursting clouds

Redoubled lightnings flash their fatal fires. 285
 Wide from our course we drive, and blindly roam
 As the winds list. E'en Palinurus self
 No longer day from night can now discern,
 Nor knows what way his devious course to shape.
 Thus three uncertain days, in thickest gloom, 290
 We wander wide, as many starless nights.
 But when upon the fourth returning morn
 The land at length appear'd, the mountains seem'd
 To rise at distance, and their curling smokes
 Ascended round; our sails we drop, and rise 295
 Incumbent on our oars; the sailors now
 Quick turn the foam, and sweep the cerule wave.
 Escap'd this peril, first the Strophades,
 For so the Greeks two little islands name,
 That in the great Ionian sea arise, 300
 Receive me first; where fell Celæno reigns,
 And other harpies dire, since Phineus first
 Excluded them his house, and social board.
 Monsters more foul are not; nor other pest,
 Or anger of the gods, more deadly fell, 305
 Ne'er from the depth of Stygian darkness rose.
 These birds the faces of young virgins wear,
 But their redounded food offensive smells;
 Their hands are arm'd with claws, their faces spare
 Are with consuming hunger ever pale. 310
 Here as we made the wish'd-for port, behold
 Fair droves of oxen, herds of shaggy goats,
 Without a keeper roam along the fields.
 Upon th' attack we rush, and call the gods,
 E'en Jove himself, in partnership of spoil; 315
 Then on the winding shore our couches raise,
 And gladly feast upon the rich repast,
 When suddenly with dreadful flight descend

The

The harpies from the mountains, beat their wings
With sounding clangour, seize our food prepar'd 320
And all contaminate with touch impure.
While direful screams the noisome stench pursue.
Again, within a long recess, beneath
A hollow rock, deep shaded round with trees,
We raise our tables, and our fires relume. 325
When from a different quarter of the sky,
And secret lurking holes, the clanging croud
Again their prey with crooked claws surround,
Again our viands stain with lips obscene.
Then to my friends I call their arms to take 330
And war with this detested nation wage.
Those orders they obey, beneath the grass
Their swords dispose, and hide their shields unseen.
When therefore they, descending to the shore,
The wonted clangor rais'd, Misenus then 335
From his high watch-tower the loud signal blew
By trumpets sound; on them my soldiers fall,
Try this unusual warfare, and essay
These birds obscene with stroke of sword to wound,
But no impression could the trenchant steel 340
Make on their feathers, nor with keenest point
Transpierce their bodies: back again to heaven
They mount with flight precipitate, and leave
Their prey half-eaten, and the same foul stench.
Celæno all alone, from a steep rock, 345
Ill-boding prophetess, these words pronounc'd.
War ye with us for these our oxen slain,
And slaughter'd steers, O Trojans? Is it war
For such base ends? And do you seek to drive
A guiltless race from these their native realms? 350
But listen, and this awful warning mark,
What Jove, almighty fire, to Phœbus' self,

And he, that Phœbus, to my ear reveal'd,
I greatest of the furies, now disclose.
To Italy you steer, and favouring winds
Shall waft you to that Italy you seek : 355
But there the promis'd town you shall not raise,
Nor gird with walls, till first constraining want,
And hunger dire, compel you to devour
Your half-eat tables, for this deed unjust.
She said, and vanish'd instant on the wing
Into the neighbouring wood. Congealing fear
Chill'd each man's blood, and sadden'd every heart,
Nor longer now from arms, but vows and prayers,
They bid me hope good fortune ; whether these 365
Are goddesses, or foul ill-boding birds.
Here good Anchises, standing on the shore,
With hands uplift, the greater gods invok'd,
And order'd them due honours. Yet, ye powers,
Avert these threaten'd ills, this dire mischance, 370
And, merciful your selves, the pious guard.
He then commands the cables to be cut,
And all the yards unloos'd. The southern blast
Distends our sails, and o'er the foaming wave
Fast fly our ships which way the wind directs, 375
And watchful pilot guides our steady course.
And now appears, as rising from the waves,
Woody Zacynthos, rugged Neritos,
Dulichium and Samé, but we shun
The rocks of Ithaca, Laertes' realm, 380
And curse the land that fell Ulysses nurs'd.
Next open to our view the stormy hills
Of Leuca's isle, and what all sailors dread,
Apollo's fane. Fatigu'd that place we gain,
And to the little city flow proceed. 385
Cast from the prow, we fix our anchors fast,

And

And moor our batter'd ships. Thus having reach'd
The land, so long unhop'd, to mighty Jove
We pay due sacrifice, whilst with our vows
The holy altars blaze, and Ilian games 390
Are celebrated on these Actian shores.
Our youth, their naked bodies, suppled well
With flowing oil, their country's games perform;
It glads us to have 'scap'd so many towns
Of Grecian foes, and thro' surrounding bands 395
That fought our ruin, to have won our way.
Mean time the sun his mighty annual round
Had now revolv'd, and icy winter's breath
With northern blasts had ruffled ocean's face.
And here an ample shield of hollow brafs, 400
Oft by great Abas worn, high on the posts
I fix, and thus the great exploit record.
These arms Æneas from the conquering Greeks.
I then command our ships to leave the port,
And bid the rowers to their seats. Their oars 405
All-emulous they ply, and plough the deep.
Anon Phœacia and her airy towers
Are lost to sight, and close we range the shores
Of fam'd Epirus, make with favouring gales
The safe Chaonian port, and thence ascend 410
Thy streets, Buthrotus, seated fair and high.
Here news incredible first reach'd my ears:
That Trojan Helenus o'er Grecian towns
Now reign'd supreme, of Pyrrhus' queen and throne
Possess'd; and that the fair Andromache 415
Again was wedded to a Dardan prince.
Amaz'd I stood, my bosom all on fire
The hero to embrace, and from his lips
This wond'rous chance, these great events to learn.
I quit the shores and hasten to the town. 420

That day by chance, within a sacred grove,
Adjoining to the walls, and on the banks
Of a new Simois, the queen perform'd
A solemn and sepulchral sacrifice.
Of verdant turf two altars she had rais'd,
And consecrated, and an empty tomb
Had rear'd between, sad sources of her grief.
There, with funereal gifts and loud laments,
The manes of great Hector she invok'd.
But when she saw me slow advance, and knew
The Trojan arms around, frantic with grief,
And at these awful wonders terrify'd,
She stiffen'd as she gaz'd, the vital heat
Her limbs relinquish'd; down she fell, and scarce,
After long interval, recovering, spake:
Dazzle my eyes, O goddess-born? Or comes
A real form, a real messenger?
Art thou alive? Or if the genial light
Of life is fled, where is my Hector too?
She said: and now a flood of tears, and fill'd
With mournful wailings all the place around.
Scarce to the mournful queen could I reply
Confus'd, and in these interrupted words.
I live, 'tis true, and drag that wretched life
Thro' a long line of woes. Your doubts dismiss,
For what you now behold, is real all.
Ah say what chance first waited you, depriv'd
Of such a noble husband, or at length
What equal fortune smiles on you again?
For Hector, or for Pyrrhus, flow these tears?
With look declin'd, and in a fainter tone
She thus reply'd. O blest beyond the rest
Of Priam's virgin-daughters, doom'd to die
Beneath the walls of Troy, and at the tomb
Of

Of our worst foe ! She felt no servile lot,
Nor as a captive shar'd the haughty bed
Of any conquering master. We alas !

455

Who saw our country ruin'd, who endur'd
The toils of various voyages, at last
Were humbled into servitude, and bore

46•

The pride of Pyrrhus, insolent with youth
And high descent, even fertile to our shame.

He afterwards deep smitten with the love
Of Leda's daughter, fair Hermione,

And Spartan marriage-rites ; me, as his slave, 465
To Helenus, another slave, transferr'd

In wretched wedlock : but Orestes, fir'd
To madness, for his ravish'd bride, and stung
By all th' avenging furies of his crime,
Dispatch'd th' unwary monarch, (too secure, 470
Before the altars of his country-gods.

Then by the tyrant's death, of these his realms
A part became the share of Helenus ;

Who all the land, from Trojan Chaon, nam'd
Chaonian, and built on these fair hills

475

The Trojan towers. But say, what winds, what fates,
Have hither borne Æneas ? Tell what god.

Hath landed you unconscious on our shores ?
Your youthful son Ascanius where is he ?

Exists he still, and draws the breath of life ? 480
Quem tibi jam Troja —

Say, does he still for his lost parent grieve ?
Or fir'd with antient worth, or manly aims,

Makes he his father's and his uncle's fame
The glorious model of his future deeds ?

485

Thus spoke she, and a flood of tears in vain
Shower'd from her eyes. When, issuing from the

walls,

The Trojan hero, Helenus advanc'd,
 With fair attendance grac'd; his own he knew,
 And to his city led them joyous on, 490
 And all the while his interrupted words
 To tears of pleasure gave repeated way.
 Onward I move; and own his little Troy,
 His Pergamus, that counterfeits the great,
 With a dry channel after Xanthus nam'd, 495
 And kis's the posts of his new Scaean gate:
 My Trojans too the social town enjoy,
 Whom in his ample hall the king receiv'd;
 Bid serve the gifts of Bacchus to the train,
 And then a rich repast in massy gold. 500
 And now one day, and now another pass'd,
 The winds invite us forth, the blustering south
 Swells out our sails. I then the prophet thus
 Accost, and ask to know my future fate.
 O Trojan-born! Interpreter of gods! 505
 Who feel Apollo's influence, who know
 The Tripod, Clarian laurels, and the stars;
 The chaunt of birds, the omen of each wing
 That flits thro' air; arise, explain my doubts,
 For all the sacred oracles of heaven 510
 Persuade my voyage, and bid me boldly seek
 Fair Italy, and realms for me reserv'd.
 Celæno only, that dire harpy, fung
 Ill-omen'd terrors, (dreadful to relate)
 Denounc'd impending wrath and meagre want. 515
 What perils shall I first escape? And how
 By proper care such mighty toils surmount?
 Here Helenus — but first as sacred rites
 Enjoin, fair heifers offer'd up, to gain
 The favour of the gods, and from his head 520
 The sacred wreath unbound, then by the hand
 bed

BOOK III. AENEID.

81

Led me suspense, and reverently fill'd
With awe, O Phœbus ! to thy holy fane.
A moment pausing, from his lips divine
These oracles pour'd forth. O goddess-born ! 525
That by all greater auspices you plough
The deep is clear and manifest ; so wills
The king of gods, so has dispos'd the fates,
And thus the mighty series runs decreed.
Of many things a few I will reveal ; 530
That you more safe, the hospitable seas
May traverse, and at length in quiet gain
Ausonia's ports. The fates forbid me more
To know ; and Juno farther to disclose :
First, Italy, which you surmise so near, 535
And, ignorant, at once attempt to reach,
A passage, long and difficult, divides
Far from your hopes, a length of many seas
Still interposes ; for your oar must first
Bend frequent in the rough Trinacrian wave ; 540
Your fleet must next Ausonian seas explore,
Th' infernal lakes, and Circe's magic isle,
E'er you can safely build your destin'd town.
The signs I will unfold : 'tis yours with care
To keep them treasur'd in your secret mind. 545
When on the margin of a silent stream,
To you suspense, and anxious for your fate,
Shaded by elms a briskly sow appears,
By thirsty young environ'd on the ground,
All white herself, as white her numerous brood, 550
Pressing her dugs, your city there shall be,
Of all your fated toils the certain rest.
And you the threaten'd famine cease to dread :
The fates a way will find, and to your aid
Apollo, right invok'd, will present be. 555

E 5

But

But all these lands, and this Italian coast,
Which nearest lies, and which our ocean laves,
Avoid: perfidious Greeks possess them all.
Narycian Locrians here have fix'd their seat,
And these Salentine plains, Idomeneus,
Native of Lyctis, with arm'd soldiers fills.
There small Petilia Philoctetes guards,
The Melibæan chief. But when your fleet
Shall ride secure beyond these hostile seas,
And you your vows shall at rais'd altars pay: 565
Beneath a purple veil your head conceal,
Lest any hostile face should intervene
Amid the sacred fires, that to the gods
You kindle, and the omens discompose.
This form of sacrifice let all your friends, 570
This let yourself be constant to retain;
In this religion, to remotest times,
Let your chaste sons for ever persevere.
But when to fair Sicilia's shores the winds
Have borne your navy, and Pelorus' straits 575
Shall widen to the view, then steer your course
Full to the left, steer circling wide and large
Still to the left: the right with care avoid.
These places fame reports, convuls'd and torn
By mighty earthquakes, (for such changes oft 580
Can force, and length of wasting age produce)
Asunder parted, when each land before
Was one: in rush'd th' invading sea between
And rent from Sicily th' Ausonian land
For ever; washing with a narrow frith, 585
Cities and lands, that late contiguous lay,
But each now parted by its proper shore.
Scylla the right besieges, and the left
Implacable Charybdis, who absorbs

Thrice

Thrice in her gulph voraginous, the waves, 590
And thrice respouts them in the face of heaven.
But in blind lurking holes, a den confines
The dreadful Scylla, who her jaws extends
And drags on fateful rocks the passing ship.
A human face, a virgin to the waist, 595
Of beauteous bosom first appears to view;
Her nether parts, a huge leviathan,
To womb's of wolves, and tails of dolphins join'd.
'Tis safest, tho' less speedy, to survey
Pachynus' utmost cape, and circumscribe 600
A tedious winding course, than once behold
Mishapen Scylla, in her cavern vast,
And rocks, resounding with her sea-green dogs.
Yet more, if to the prophet any share
Of prudence falls, if he may claim belief, 605
And if Apollo truly lights his mind,
One thing, O goddess-born, one thing I give
In strictest charge, and urge it o'er and o'er:
Revere, adore, with humblest vows and prayers,
Great Juno's potent deity, to her 610
Due hymns address, and with a vot'ries gifts
Subdue the mighty queen: so shall at length
Thy piety victorious, having left
Trinacria, find the wish'd Italian shore.
When wafted thither, you shall first approach 615
Cumæa's city, and the sacred lakes,
And sounding thro' its wood, Avernus' stream;
There a mad prophetess thou shalt behold,
Who, from a cavern'd rock, the future sings,
And words, and names, commits to gather'd leaves. 620
Whate'er the virgin on those leaves inscribes,
In order she digests, and in her grot
Leaves them recluse. They undisturb'd remain,

Each in its place, nor from their order change :
 But if a breath of air the hinges turn, 625
 And the gate opening, moves these tender leaves,
 No care she takes, her prophecies dispers'd,
 And flitting round the cave, to recollect,
 Or range again in order, those who wait,
 Unanswer'd go, and curse the Sybil's grot. 630
 Here, let not some delay too harmless seem,
 Even tho' your friends should chide, and fav'ring
 winds

Would force you out to sea, expanding all
 Your willing sails. No, let not these prevent
 Your visit to the prophetess, find out 635
 Her cell, adjure her to disclose your fate,
 And willingly unseal her sacred lips.
 She then the people, and the future wars
 Of Italy ; how every toil to shun,
 Or manly bear, spontaneous will explain, 640
 And, honour'd thus, will make your course secure.
 Thus far it is permitted me to tell,
 And warn you of your fate. Instructed go
 And by your deeds raise a new Troy to heaven.
 When thus the seer benevolent had spoke, 645
 He order'd gifts of ivory and gold
 Forthwith to be convey'd aboard the fleet,
 And piles of silver stow'd ; and vases rare
 Of Dodonæan brass ; a coat of mail,
 Thick sow'd with rings of triple-plaited wire 650
 Of gold ; a casque, resplendent, with its crest
 Of waving plumes ; the arms which Pyrrhus wore.
 Anchises too has gifts : he horses adds,
 And pilots, and fills up the rowers banks,
 And furnishes my train with arms complete. 655

Anchises

Anchises then the warning signal gives
For all the fleet to bend their ample sails ;
That when the wind may favour, no delay
Should intervene. Whom thus Apollo's priest
With great respect accosts. Anchises, O ! 660
Deem'd worthy of the queen of beauty's love !
The care of heaven, twice snatch'd from Trojan
flames ;

Behold th' Ausonian land, with all your sails
This make, but still beyond this nearest coast
You must proceed : that part of Italy 665
Lies distant, which Apollo's oracle
Points out. Go, happy in the piety
Of such a son. But why the time protract,
And by discourse th' auspicious breezes lose. 670
Nor less afflicted at our last farewell
Andromache, brings vests of gold brocade
Of various figures, and a Phrygian cloak,
As presents to Ascanius, suitable
To her high dignity, and gifts besides
Wrought in her loom, and thus the princess speaks. 675

Take these my child, which of my handy-work
May monuments remain, and testify
Andromache's eternal love, the wife
Of Hector ; take these presents, the last proofs
Of our affection. O ! sole image left 680
Of my Astyanax ! his eyes, his hands,
His countenance the same, and would have now
Flourish'd in equal bloom of youth with thee.
Departing after this, tears gushing forth,
I thus address'd them. Happy may you live, 685
Whose fortune is already made, but we
From past to future perils still are doom'd :
Rest you have earn'd ; no seas for you to plow,

Mor.

Nor, still retreating back, Ausonian fields
 To be sought out. You see th' effigies 690
 Of Troy and Xanthus, which your hands have made,
 With better auspices I hope, and less
 To Greece obnoxious. If, at Tyber's stream,
 And fields by Tyber wash'd, I e'er arrive,
 Or shall the destin'd walls uprear'd behold; 695
 Cities, and neighbouring states, by blood allied,
 Here in Epirus, in Hesperia there,
 Their sufferings past the same, and Dardanus
 Progenitor of both, we will of each
 One Troy in minds and interests make, this care 700
 Sacred to our posterity remain.

Then to Ceraunia's neighb'ring hills we sail,
 From whence the way, and shortest course by sea
 To Italy. Mean time the setting sun
 Immerges swift, and rising vapours hide 705
 The mountain tops. Close by the ocean wave,
 Upon the verge of the long wish'd-for land
 We lie, our oars distributed by lot,
 And, scatter'd wide along the barren shore,
 Our bodies we refresh, till dewy sleep 710
 Upon our wearied limbs his balm distills.
 Night had not measur'd half her dark career,
 Conducted by the hours, when from his bed
 Springs Palinurus, every wind explores,
 And the true point discovers by his ear. 715
 Each star slow rolling in the silent heavens
 He marks: the cloud-compelling Hyades,
 Arcturus; and the Great and Lesser Bear,
 And, arm'd with gold, Orion he surveys.
 When thus he saw to fix'd serenity 720
 The face of heaven concur, he from the poop

The

The signal gives : our tents we strike, attempt
Our voyage, and our ample sails expand.

And now Aurora's blush the stars dispell'd,
When the low plains of Italy, and hills
More distant we discern : first Italy
Achates cries, and Italy the rest
Repeating loud, with joyful shouts salute,
Anchises, standing on the lofty stern,
A bowl spacious crown'd, and fill'd with wine,
And call'd upon the gods. Ye gods who rule
Earth, air and tempests, favourable aid,
And grant a prosperous course. The wish'd-for gales
Increase ; the harbour opens nearer now
And on the citadel Minerva's fane
Appears. The sailors furl the sails, and turn
The prows direct to shore. From th' eastern wave
The port declining bends into an arch :
Rocks interpos'd foam with the briny surge :
The port itself lies hid. In form of towers
High rocks on either side their arms extend,
And form a double wall, and from the shore
The temple flies. Here, pasturing at large,
Four horses, the first omen, I beheld,
White as the drifted snow ; Anchises cries,
War, hospitable land, do you denounce ?
Steeds are equipp'd for war : these animals
Threaten impending war. But since they wont
To draw the chariot, and together yok'd,
Bear equal reins, we yet, says he, may hope
For peace. Then we the awful power invok'd
Of Pallas, whose high temple first our course
Directed safe, our heads inwrapp'd in veils ;
And, as enjoin'd by Helenus, which point
He chief enforc'd, we all the honours bid

735
739
743
745
750
755
To

To Argive Juno, with due rites perform.
Our vows in order thus discharg'd, we shift
Our spreading yard-arms to the wind, and leave
Th' abodes of Grecians, and suspected fields.
Far hence Tarentum's bay is seen, if fame 760
Say true, from Hercules renown'd: oppos'd
Lacinian Juno's temple rears its head,
And Caulon's towers, and Scyllacæum's rock;
The dread and bane of mariners and ships.
Trinacrian Ætna is descriy'd from hence 765
Far distant; and the loudly roaring sea,
With fury beating on the shatter'd rocks,
And breaking founds confus'd along the shore,
Aloof we hear. The shallows smoking boil,
And from the lowest deep upwhirl the sands. 770
This is Charybdis sure, Anchises cries,
And Helenus these dreadful rocks foretold.
Escape, O friends! arise upon your oars!
The mandate all obey: his sounding prow
First Palimurus to the larboard veers, 775
To left with oars and fails the whole fleet ply.
The swelling surge now mounts us up to heaven,
And, now again subsiding, headlong down
We plunge, to hell's abyfs. Three times the rocks
Forth from their sounding caverns roar'd aloud, 780
And thrice we saw the dashing foam ascend
And wet the stars. Mean while, fatigu'd, the wind
Forsook us with the sun, and ignorant
Of our true course, we make Cyclopean shores.

The port itself from all access of winds
Secure, and large: but Ætna thunders near
With dreadful desolations; and sometimes
Clouds black as night it belches to the skies,
With glowing coals and sulphurous winds sublim'd,

or

And

And fiery globes disgorg'd, which strike the stars. 790

Sometimes its entrails, in eruptions dire,

And massy rocks the roaring hill disposes,

With molten stones; that bursting from its womb,

Roll thro' the air in waves of torrent fire:

Up from its lowest depth it works, and boils. 795

Enceladus the giant, fame reports,

Here thunderstruck, beneath th' enormous weight

Of ponderous Ætna lies oppress'd, and thence

Thro' each rent cavern breathes sulphureous flames;

And ever as he turns his weary fide, 800

Convuls'd by earthquakes, all Trinacria shakes,

And pitchy smoke obscures, and blots out day.

All night infernal prodigies we bore,

Shelter'd by woods, nor from what cause the noise

Proceeded, knew; for neither light of stars,

Shot thro' the gloom, or in serener sky

Appear'd, but dark impenetrable night,

With intervening clouds the moon conceal'd.

And now the day with orient beam arose,

And from the heavens Aurora's blushing ray 810

Dispell'd the shades of night; when from the woods

An uncouth figure of a man unknown,

A living skeleton, and in his garb

Wretched and vile came forth, and towards the shore

His arms, in supplicating posture, stretch'd. 815

Attentive we behold; a fordid filth,

Long beard, and tatter'd covering, tack'd by thorns;

In all besides a Greek, and erst in arms

Sent against Troy, among his country's troops.

But when at distance first our Dardan garb 820

And arms he view'd, all trembling with the sight

Transfix'd he stood, by sudden fear restrain'd:

Then headlong to the beach, with prayers and tears,

He

He flew. By all the stars, by all the gods,
And by this vital air of heaven, remove, 825
O Trojans! I conjure you, bear me hence;
'Twill be sufficient to whatever clime,
Or unknown region. Of the Grecian fleet
Myself I own, and Troy with hostile arms
Confess to have attack'd. If for this crime 830
Death only can atone, in pieces tear,
And plunge my mangled carcase in the deep;
For if I perish by the hand of man,
I perish then contented. Having said,
He on his knees, my knees embracing, hung. 835
His country, parents, what calamity
Oppress'd him now, we urge him to declare.
My fire Anchises, without more delay,
His hand presented to the trembling youth,
And by that sacred pledge confirm'd his mind. 840
He then at length, his fear dismissing spake,

From Ithaca's maternal soil I came,
Companion of Ulysses' wretched fate,
My name is Achemenides; to Troy
By Adamastus' indigence, my fire, 845
Compell'd I went (O had that indigence
Remain'd) my friends whilst with their fear confus'd,
Flying from cruel mansions, left me here
Forgetful in the Cyclop's cave. A den
Horrid with mangled limbs and gore; within 850
Gloomy and vast. He towering strikes the stars:
O! such a plague ye gods expel from earth!
Of difficult access, in manners rude;
His food, the blood and limbs of wretched men.
My self beheld by his gigantic hand 855
Two of our number seiz'd, and on the stones
Impetuous dash'd, while he lay stretch'd supine

Within

Within the cave ; the pavement stream'd with blood.
I saw him grind their limbs, distilling down
Black blood, the sinews quivering in his teeth : 860
Not with impunity this act indeed
Inhuman pass'd, nor patiently was borne,
Nor did Ulysses his great name forget.
For strait so soon as with this banquet gorg'd,
And drench'd in wine, with ample neck reclin'd, 865
The Cyclop lay along the cave, stretch'd out
Immense, and casting up amid his sleep
Wine, blood, and indigested morsels mix'd ;
The powers divine addressing, and our parts
Assign'd by lot, we all upon him rush 870
At once, and with a weapon sharp transpierce
His monstrous eye, which single lay conceal'd
Beneath his cloudy front, in magnitude
Large as the Grecian shield, or solar orb :
And glad at length our slaughter'd friends aveng'd. 875
But fly, O wretched Trojans ! fly, and cut
Your cables from the shore. For as in bulk
Gigantic, Polyphemus, and manners rude,
Collects the fleecy flocks, and milky streams
Draws from their udders, in his hollow cave ; 880
A hundred other Cyclops, dire as he,
This winding coast inhabit, all along,
And on these lofty mountains wandering rove.
Thrice now the moon with light her crescent horns
Has fill'd, since in the woods amid the haunts, 885
And dens of beasts of prey, my life I drag,
And from the rocks the Cyclops vast behold,
And tremble at their voice, and footsteps sound.
The trees, spontaneous, stony cornels yield,
And berries, which with herbs pluck'd by the root, 890
Afford me miserable sustenance.

Surveying

Surveying every object within ken,
When first the fleet, directing to this shore,
Its course I saw; to it myself I bound
Whatever it should be: this impious race 895
Sufficient to have 'scap'd. By whate'er death
Rather do you this wretched life destroy.

He scarce had spoke, when on the mountain top,
Amid his flocks, and like a moving tower,
The shepherd Polypheme himself we saw, 900
And to the well-known shores advancing slow.
A monster horrible, deform'd, huge, blind.
Stript of its boughs, a pine his hand directs,
And steps assures, his fleecy flocks attend,
The solace of his woe, his sole delight. 905
When he the deeper waves and sea had reach'd,
From his quench'd orb the fluid gore he wash'd,
Grinding his teeth amid deep sighs, and walk'd
Thro' the mid sea, not reaching to his sides.
We trembling hasten flight, the supplicant 910
Deservedly receiv'd, and silent cut
The rope, and bending to the oar, the seas
With emulating strokes divide. He heard,
And turn'd his footsteps at the noise. But when
He found he could not seize us in his gripe, 915
Nor ford in his pursuit th' Ionian waves;
A deafning cry he rais'd, with which the sea
And all the waters trembled, Italy
To her foundations shook, and Ætna's mount
Thro' all her winding caverns bellow'd loud. 920
But from the woods and mountains, all the race
Of Cyclops, rous'd, croud to the ports, and fill
The winding shores. In vain, with threatening eye,
Th' Ætnean brethren standing we behold,
With statures reaching to the vault of heaven. 925

Horrid

Horrid assembly! so th' aerial oaks,
Or spiry cypresses, Jove's lofty wood,
Or chaste Diana's grove, with towering tops,
Conspicuous stand. Our fear impels us now
Precipitate to tack about, and steer
What course the winds should favourable grant,

930

But Helenus's admonitions warn
Between Charybdis not to keep our way,
And Scylla, on each side, short boundary
Twixt life and death, 'tis fix'd back to return.

935

That instant Boreas, opportunely sent,
Springs from Pelorus' narrow point. I pass
Pantagia's rocky mouths, Megara's bay,
And Tapsus low. These wander'd coasts before
Now, Achemenides, retracing, shows,
Companion of Ulysses' wretched fates.

940

In the Sicanian bay an island fronts
Plemmyrium's surgy shore, and call'd of old
Ortygia. Fame reports beneath the sea
That Alpheus, hither brought by secret ways,
From Elis, and his waters mixt with thine,
Runs, Arethuse! into Sicilian seas.

945

The deities most powerful of the isle
We worship as commanded: thence I pass
Of stagnating, Helorus' the rank soil:
Next by Pachynus' high projecting rocks
We glide; and Camarina, by the fates
Never allow'd to be remov'd, appears
At distance great, and the Geloan fields,
And spacious Gela, from its river nam'd.

950

Hence Agragas, renown'd for generous steeds,
Proudly displays her long and stately walls;
And thee, Sclinus, fam'd for palms, the wind
Favouring our course, I leave; then cautious steer

955

Thro'

Thro' Lilybeian shoals, and cover'd rocks.
From hence the undelightful shore, and port
Of Drepanum receives me. Tost about,
Escap'd so many hazards of the deep,
Alas! my father, solace of all care
And accidents, Anchises, here I lose :
Here best of fathers, you your wearied son
Desert; ah; snatch'd in vain from perils great.
Nor Helenus the seer this grief foretold,
Amid so many dreadful things denounc'd,
Nor Harpy dire, My final labour this,
Of all my voyages this the bound. The gods
From hence departing, led me to your shores.

Æneas thus himself, attentive all,
His fates related, and his wanderings told,
Silent at length, here ending, he repos'd.

974



ÆNEID.

BOOK IV.

BUT smote already with love's deadly dart,
Deep thro' her veins diffus'd, th' unhappy
queen

Feeds the soft wound, and wastes in secret
flames.

Oft to her mind the hero's noble deeds,
And noble birth arise: his looks, his words
Remain profoundly on her heart engrav'd;
And grief denies her limbs their due repose.

Next morning's ray had purg'd the humid earth
With Phœbus' lamp, and chas'd the shades away,
When thus the love-sick mourner, ill at ease
Her friend and sister hail'd. What visions dark,
What dreams, my dearest sister, terrify
This breast irresolute? Who is this guest?
This wond'rous stranger cast upon our shore!
What grace adorns his form! how great of soul!
And how intrepid in alarms of war!
I well believe, nor is the fancy vain,

His

His race is from the gods. Fear ever proves
A base-born mind. By what relentless fates
Has he, alas! been tried! what battles prov'd,
What wars exhausted has his story told!

Were not my mind irrevocably fix'd
Against a second union of my hand,
Since my first love deceiv'd me by his death;
Were Hymen's torch not odious in my eye,

To this, this only fault I might descend.

Anna, for blushing I will own the truth,
Since my Sichœus, by a brother's hand,
Stain'd with his blood his own domestic gods,
This man alone has touch'd my secret sense,

Has shook my wavering mind: again I feel,
Again confess, my former flame reviv'd.

But first may lowest earth wide-opening yawn
To swallow me, or Jove's almighty arm,
With darted thunder, strike me to the shades,
Pale shades of Erebus, and night profound,

E'er thee, bright chastity, I violate,

Or wander devious from thy sacred laws.

He who by love's soft bond first made me his,
Has borne that love away: and let him still
Retain, and keep it sacred in his tomb.

She spoke, the tears adown her bosom shower'd.

Anna replies. O to thy sister's heart
Dearer than light itself, will you alone

Thus wear away your youth in endless grief;
Nor know the gifts of Venus, nor the joys
That children bring? O can you still believe
That these are cares which touch the sleeping shade;
Or grant they did: and that no lover's vows
Could chase before these sorrows from your breast.

No chief of Lybia, or of Tyre; nor those

Whom

Whom Afric, rich in triumphs, calls her own;
Jarbas first, and other laurel'd heads,
All these rejected, will you combat still
A love that pleases, while it pains your heart? 55
Nor once reflect in what a state you stand?
Nor by what neighbours hemm'd on every side?
Gætulian cities here, a daring race,
Invincible in war; Numidians too,
Untam'd and fierce; with all the dreary tract 60
Of quicksands dry and desolate. Beyond
A region which no showers from heaven refresh,
And wild Barcæans raging far and wide.
Why should I name the war impending now
From Tyre, and your inhuman brother's threats. 65
My thoughts assure me that the gods themselves,
And favouring Juno, brought this Trojan fleet.
From such an union how renown'd will rise
Your city, and how wide your reign extend;
The Teucran arms afflicting, to what height 70
Your fame will grow, and how diffusive spread!
Mean time with due oblations render heaven
Propitious to your wish, then give a loose
To hospitable rights, and frame pretexts
Long to detain, and please your godlike guest; 75
While winter, while Orion's rainy star
Tempest old ocean, and the fleet confine.

Her mind already kindling into love,
This speech inflam'd; confirm'd her dubious mind
With hope, and every bar of shame remov'd. 80
First to the temples hastening, there they beg
Heaven's favour, and, as wonted rites demand,
To Ceres, who first gave to mankind laws,
To father Bacchus, and to Phœbus, slay
Selected lambs, but chief at Juno's shrine, 85

Goddess of marriage-rites, their offerings heap.
The beauteous Dido in her right hand bears
Aloft the sacred cup, and pours the wine
Amidst a milk-white heifer's bending horns.
Or pacing slow and solemn round their shrines 90
Visits each statue of the gods rever'd:
Renews the day with gifts, and hovering o'er
Their smoaking entrails, seeks, with curious gaze,
Her future fate to learn from victims slain.
Ah ignorance of prophets! what avail 95
All vows or fanes to heal a love-sick mind.
The soft consuming flame has deeply pierc'd
Her inmost marrow, and the silent wound
Lives, and bleeds fresh within her smitten breast:
She burns, th' unhappy queen, and frantic roves 100
O'er all the city. Thus a stricken hind,
Whom, unsuspecting harm, the hunter's shaft
In Cretan groves hath pierc'd, and in the wound
Unconscious left the winged steel, for ease
Flies wand'ring thro' Dictæan woods and wilds; 105
In vain, the deadly shaft is in her side.

Æneas now she leads around her walls,
And, as they walk, with ostentation shews
Her growing city and Sidonian wealth.
She tries to speak; but, fault'ring in her speech, 110
Stops short: and now once more, as day declines,
Renews the banquet, with impatience fir'd
Again to hear the fate of ruin'd Troy,
And hangs again upon the speaker's lips.
Her guests now gone, and when the moon obscure 115
Witholds her light, and setting stars invite
To soft repose, the solitary queen
Walks weeping thro' each empty room, and throws
On his forsaken couch her weary limbs.

Him

Him absent, absent she both hears and sees. 120
Or, smitten with the father's image holds
And presses young Ascanius to her breast,
If thus she may her mighty passion sooth!
No more her rising towers ascend, no more
The youth are train'd to arms, or harbours dug, 125
Or ramparts built, the town's defence in war:
Each work lies interrupted or forgot;
Walls of stupendous fabric, and machines,
That late uprais'd their threat'ning height to heaven.

Struck with this deep disease when Juno found 130
Th' unhappy queen, and that her honour fell
Before its rage, she Venus thus address'd.
Uncommon fame and ample spoils you gain,
You and your boy, a memorable name,
And mighty! If one woman by the wiles 135
Of two such deities is thus subdu'd!
I know these walls of Carthage, this abode
Is still your object of surmise and dread.
But say, what period hope you, or what term
To such a mighty strife? were it not best 140
A league eternal, and the firmest bands
Of marriage now to make? you have at last
All that your soul has wish'd. She burns in love,
Th' enambour'd queen, and deep thro' all her frame
Has drunk the poison by your arts infus'd. 145
Then be the people one, and let us guide
With equal favour their according hearts.
Why let her serve a Phrygian lord, and give
Her Tyrians as in dower to you and him.
The queen of love reply'd (for well she knew 150
Saturnia's arts, and that she would transfer
Th' Italian empire to her Lybian shore)
Who would such terms reject, or madly choose,

With you contending, to protract the war,
Would fortune but assist, the hop'd event 155
To bring about? but still my anxious thought
Suspended hangs, if Jupiter intends
Your Tyrians and my Trojans should be one,
Approves their mixture, and the league propos'd.
'Tis yours, his favour'd consort, to explore 160
His secret will. Proceed; I second you.
To this imperial Juno made reply.
That labour shall be mine. Now list, and learn
By what sure means, what most imports us both
May be perform'd. Soon as to-morrow's sun 165
With early rays unveils the shaded globe,
Æneas, and with him the mournful queen,
Will seek with hound and horn the Sylvan chace.
O'er them, while all the rest pursue intent
Their sport at speed, and with their nets surround 170
The pathless wilds, I from on high will pour
A turbid storm of mingled hail and rain,
And with loud thunders shake the trembling sky.
Hid in o'erwhelming night th' attendants all
Shall fly dispers'd: while in one shelt'ring cave 175
The queen and Trojan leader meet by chance.
I will be there, and if your will resolv'd
Now seconds mine, this union shall be firm,
And she his own by hymeneal rites.
Affenting Venus grants the queen's request, 180
And inly smiles at her detected arts.
Mean while Aurora rising left the main;
And with her spreading beam a chosen band
Rush thro' the gates, all arm'd with hunting spears,
With nets and toils. Massylian horse attend 185
With all the fine sagacity of hounds.
While rang'd before the gate, the Tyrian lords
Their

Their queen impatient wait, whom other cares,
The cares of dress retard. Her courser, deck'd
With gold and purple trappings, paws the ground, 190
And neighing proudly champs his foaming bit.
Now forth she comes at length, with all her court
Surrounded. Her Sidonian vest a fringe
Of crimson border'd round; her quiver gold;
Her hair with gold bound up; a golden clasp 195
Close to her bosom binds her purple gown.
Her Tyrian nobles, and Iulus too
Exulting, march along: but first and chief,
With charms superior came Æneas on,
And join'd the joyous band. As when the streams 200
Of Xanthus, and the wintry Lycian wild
Apollo for his native soil forsakes,
For Delos, and renews the choral dance:
Around his altars Cretans, Driopes,
And painted Agathyrsi mingling roar. 205
He on the height of Cynthus graceful walks,
His flowing tresses with a laurel wreath
Surrounded soft, and breaded up with gold:
The sheaf of arrows on his shoulders found.
Not with less beauty or inferior grace 210
The leader of the Trojans mov'd along.
No sooner had they reach'd the mountain's height,
And rough recesses of the Sylvan game,
Then lo! the wild goats from their rocky haunts
Here bounding fly: there, hid in clouds of dust 215
Their hills forsook, th' affrighted deer are seen
In rapid speed to scour along the plain.
But young Ascanius in the vales below,
Proud of his stately courser, in the chase
Now these, now those outrides, and ardent longs, 220
Amid these timorous herds, to see appear

The foaming bear, or from his hilly couch
The yellow lion in his rage descend.

Mean while a mighty murmur o'er the sky
Foreboding ran : and, mixt with drifting hail, 225
A storm of rain ensues. The Tyrian train,
And Trojan youth, with Venus' grandson, fly
Amaz'd, confus'd, for shelter o'er the fields.
Whole rivers from the mountains pour amain.

By chance the Tyrian queen and Trojan chief 230
Found the same shelt'ring cave : earth first, and she,
Great Juno, who presides o'er marriage rites
The signal gave : heaven too with lightnings shone,
Acknowledging their nuptials, and the nymphs
On distant mountains rais'd assenting shrieks. 235
That day, that fatal day, of numerous woes,
And of her ruin was the primal cause.
For, not restrain'd by consciousness of guilt,
Nor reputation, Dido now no more
A stol'n amour, but marriage names her act, 240
And covers with that specious name her crime.

Now fame thro' Lybia's populous cities runs,
Than which no mischief lives of swifter wing ;
Who gains by motion vigour, and new strength
From travelling obtains : tho' small of size 245
At first thro' fear, she quickly towers aloft,
Her foot on earth, her head amid the clouds.
This her last labour parent earth, 'tis said,
Offended with the powers above, produc'd ;
Sister of Ceus and Enceladus : 250
Of foot and wing most formidable swift ;
A monster horrid, huge ! the plumes, that deck
Her wond'rous form, not more in number are
Than her still wakeful eyes that grow beneath,
Most strange to tell ! or than her talking tongues, 255
Or

Or opening mouths, and ever-listening ears.
By night, thro' heaven's mid region, and the shade
Of earth, she buzzing flies, nor ever sleep,
With its soft slumberous weight, can close her eyes.
Perch'd on the summit of some tower, by day, 260
Or royal dome, she sits at constant watch,
And mighty cities feares with panic fears.
Alike tenacious she of right and wrong,
Of truth and falsehood; makes it her delight
The people's minds with various tales to fill, 205
And things undone or done alike reports.
That great Æneas, sprung from Trojan blood,
Was by fair Dido chosen for her lord,
And now, the winter long, they steep their souls
In pleasure's melting luxury, nor once 270
Of their high stations think, but give the reins
To lustful dalliance. This the shameless power,
Detractions goddefs, widely spread around.
To king Iarbas first she bends her course,
With tales disturb'd him, and his rage inflam'd. 275
From Ammon, and a nymph compress'd by force,
Fair Garamantis, he his birth deriv'd.
Thro' his wide realms a hundred stately fanes,
A hundred altars he to Jove had rear'd,
And fires eternal, and perpetual guards 280
Had consecrated. Blood of victims slain
Fatten'd the soil; the porches smil'd with flowers.
Well nigh distract'd at the bitter news,
And fir'd to madness, he, as fame relates,
Before the altars, and amid the shrines 285
Of present powers, with hands to heaven uprais'd,
A suppliant, thus the king of gods address'd.
O Jupiter omnipotent, to whom
The nation of Maurusia at their feasts,

On sumptuous beds reclin'd, libations pour 290
 Of Bacchus' choicest gifts — O hast thou seen
 These shameful deeds? or when thy red right arm
 'The thunder darts, say, father! do we dread
 'Thy power in vain? and are our souls appall'd
 By blind unmeaning fires, and empty sounds? 295
 A female fugitive, upon our coasts,
 Yon paltry city purchas'd with her gold,
 Was suffer'd here to build; we gave her lands
 To cultivate, and our own terms prescrib'd.
 Yes, she, disdainful of my proffer'd love, 300
 This new Æneas, partner of her throne,
 And of her bed receives: and he forsooth,
 This second Paris with his eunuch-train,
 A Lydian mitre ty'd beneath his chin,
 His hair with odours dropping, now enjoys 305
 The ravish'd spoil; while I your altars heap
 With gifts in vain, and boast an empty name..

While thus he pray'd, and grasp'd his altars, him
 Th' almighty heard; and his paternal eye
 Full on the city, and the royal pair, 310
 Forgetful of their better fame he turn'd:
 Then Hermes thus bespoke, and gave in charge
 His sovereign will — Go, son of Maia, go,
 The zephyrs wake, and on the wing descend;
 The Dardan leader, that now lingering wastes 315
 His hours at Carthage, and those nobler realms
 The fates have destin'd him with ease forgets,
 Addres, and swiftly my great message bear.
 Not such a son, nor lost to shame like him,
 His beauteous mother promis'd; nor for this 320
 Twice rescu'd him from hostile Grecian arms:
 But one who should prove equal to the weight
 Of sovereign power, and fair Hesperia rule,

With

With empire big, and raging now for war :
One who might truly prove his high descent
From Teucer's noble blood, and last reduce
Beneath his guiding laws a world subdu'd.
Tell him, that if no spark of glory fires
His bosom to accomplish such high deeds,
Nor for himself to work out such renown, 325
Why should he to his son, Ascanius, grudge
The Roman towers? what is it here he plans?
What hopes he here amidst a hostile race,
Nor his Ausonian progeny regards,
Nor fair Lavinia's realm ? This is the sum ; 330
So let him fail, bear you our high behest.

He said : and Hermes, to his fire's command
Obedient, first the sandals on his feet,
Those golden sandals ty'd, that with wing'd speed
Bear him sublime o'er ocean, and o'er earth, 340
Impetuous as the whirlwind's rapid wing.
His rod he seizes next, of power to call
From hell the bloodless ghosts ; and others send
To Tartarus profound. It slumbers gives
By turns and takes away ; and eyes in death 345
Already cold and fix'd, again unseals.
Provided thus he drives the winds, and sails
The turbid clouds along. Now in mid flight
The summit and the lofty sides he sees
Of rocky Atlas, who the sky sustains : 350
Of Atlas, round whose piny head is spread
A constant night of vapours black and deep.
With winds too and with frequent rains assail'd :
Perpetual snow involves his shoulders broad ;
His horrid beard is rough with rigid ice, 355
And from his hoary chin huge torrents roll.
Here first on equal wing Cyllenius pois'd

Alights : hence, plunging headlong towards the sea
His flight precipitates : as when a bird,
Around the shores, around the fishy rocks
Skims on his level wing ; so Hermes now,
Descended from his mother's aged fire,
Flies, softly borne along 'twixt earth and heaven,
And cuts the winds and Lybia's sandy shore.
And now the Tyrian hurts his feather'd feet 365
No sooner touch'd, than he Æneas found
Planning new towers, or changing houses built ;
His sword, with yellow jasper starry-bright,
~~Hang~~ useleſſ on his thigh ; and glowing deep
With Tyrian purple, from his shoulders fell 370
A splendid mantle, intermix'd with gold ;
Work'd by fair Dido, and her liberal gift.
The god attacks him — Art thou building here,
Uxorius man, these Carthaginian walls ?
This rising town ? ah ! of your own affairs, 375
Of your own empire, all unmindful grown !
The king of gods himself, the power whose nod
Shakes earth and heaven, has sent me from his throne,
Has bid me bear to thee his high commands.
What art thou planning ? with what airy hopes 380
Thy leisure wasting in this Lybian land ?
But if no glory from illustrious deeds
Can wake thy soul, nor for thy own renown
Such noble labours thou wilt undertake ;
Yet turn thy thoughts upon thy rising son, 385
Thy heir, Iulus; to whose hopes are due
Th' Italian empire, and the Roman world.
Thus having spoke, at once from mortal sight
Cyllenis fled, and melted into air.
Æneas at the vision stood aghast ; 390
His hair with horror bristling, and his voice
Depriv'd

Depriv'd of sound and utterance. Deeply struck
At this high warning, and the will of heaven,
He burns impatient to be gone, and leave
Th' intoxicating softness of this land.

395

What can he do, or with what blandishments

Attempt alas! the queen's suspicious rage

Gradual to sooth? or where his tale begin?

His varying mind, within itself at war,

Takes different sides, and rolls from thought to
thought.

400

To him long pondering, this appears the best.

Mnestheus, Sergetus, and Cloanthus bold,

His chosen friends, he summons: bids them strait

The fleet prepare in silence; to the shore

Call down their fellows, and their arms prepare,

405

But of this sudden change the secret cause

With care conceal: and he himself mean while,

(Since gracious Dido nothing yet suspects,

Nay thinks their loves indissolubly firm)

Each kind access would try, attentive watch

410

The softest hour of speech on such a theme;

And every art attempt of fit address,

At once, and joyful all obey his will.

The queen (for who a lover can deceive)

His fraud foresees and meditated flight,

415

Her fortune fearing most, when most serene.

The same malicious fury to her ear

Had brought the close equipment of their fleet,

And that they stood prepar'd in haste to sail.

Now wild of soul she rages, now inflam'd,

420

Roars a mad Bacchanal thro' every street;

Like these excited by the sacred rites

Perform'd triennial to the god of wine,

When mount Cytheron yells with nightly shouts.

At last her lover thus the queen upbraids. 425
 Perfidious! couldst thou hope from me to hide
 So great a crime? and thus by stealth escape
 From these my realms? that, nor thy plighted faith,
 Nor my true passion, nor the sad extreme
 On which thou seest a dying lover forc'd, 430
 Could hold thee here? but now, while wintry signs
 Prevail thro' heaven, your navy you prepare
 Inhuman! and are now, amid the rage
 Of northern blasts, on fire to dare the deep?
 What? if thou wert not bound for foreign shores 435
 And seats unknown; did antient Troy still stand,
 Say, wouldst thou seek that Troy thro' stormy seas?
 And risque the present horrors of the main?
 Me dost thou fly? — O by these streaming tears,
 And by thy own right hand (since these are all 440
 That to the wretch before thee now remain)
 O by our loves and hymeneal rites,
 If aught from thee my tenderness deserves,
 If e'er my grace was pleasing to thy soul,
 Have pity on my falling house, and yet, 445
 If prayers may yet have place, O let me beg
 That you would change this desperate resolve.
 For you alone the Lybian nations round,
 And tyrants of Numidia, nay my own,
 My own offended Tyrians hate my name. 450
 Yet more, for you I have shook hands with shame;
 That better fame, which rais'd me to the stars,
 Is gone, is lost for ever. Thou, my guest,
 Since for the husband that sole name remains,
 Say, canst thou thus forsake a dying queen? 455
 Why should I live till that destroying hand,
 Who slew his brother, lay these walls in dust?
 Or till Iarbas drag me hence a slave?

O that

O that at least, before thy cruel flight,
Some young Æneas, offspring of our love, 460
And image of his fire, with me remain'd,
To play around my knees, I should not then
Believe myself all ruin'd, all forlorn.

She said, But he, by Jove's high will compell'd,
His eyes kept stedfast on the ground, and strove 465
Within his breast his anguish to suppress.

Then thus in brief. The various favours heap'd
Abundant on my head, which you, O queen,
At large recount, I never will deny,
Nor on the giver think, but with delight, 470
While memory or life itself is mine.

My just defence is short. I never hop'd
My meditated voyage to conceal,
Which you pretend a flight; nor ever feign'd
The torch of Hymen, nor beneath his yoke 475
To bind myself by matrimonial ties.

Had fate permitted me to lead my life
By my own wish, and sooth my many woes
By my directed choice, the walls of Troy,

And lov'd remains of my forefathers then 480
Had claim'd my foremost care: then Priam's walls,
And fallen Pergamus had been restor'd.

But Phœbus now, and Delphic oracles
To Italy command my speedy way,
My love is there, and there my country plac'd. 485

If you Phœnician-born, these rising walls,
This Lybian city here with pleasure fix,
Why should you grudge to us, from Troy deriv'd,
Our destin'd seat in fair Ausonia's soil?

Or think our search of foreign shores unjust? 490
My father's ghost, as oft as humid night
Descending, bids the starry host appear,

Warns

Warns me in dreams, and with stern aspect frights.
My son too rises to my anxious thoughts,
That dearest child, whose hopes by loit'ring here 495
Of promis'd empire I too long defrauded.
And now, but now, th' interpreter of heaven,
Dispatch'd by Jove himself, (whose deities
I invoke in witness to this truth)
Brought me thro' fleeting air the high behest. 500
I saw the god, in open light reveal'd,
Enter these walls: his voice too struck my ears.
Then cease, fair queen, with vain complaints like these
Yourself and me to vex: I do not seek
That Italy by choice. While thus he spoke, 505
Averse with silent anger and disdain,
Rolling her eyes around, she run him o'er
From head to foot, then thus indignant spoke.
No goddess was thy mother, nor art thou,
Perfidious! from high Dardanus deriv'd, 510
But, rough with flinty crags, rude Caucasus
Produc'd thee, and Hyrcanian tigers nurs'd.
For why should I my wrongs dissembling hide?
Or why myself to greater scorn reserve?
Did he once bend his eyes? could all my tears 515
Force from that rigid breast one pitying groan?
Has one soft drop descended from his cheek?
Or kind compassion sooth'd a lover's pain?
To which of these barbarities is due
The brutal preference? nor almighty Jove, 520
Nor Juno's self with equal eye regards
These horrid crimes. Fair faith is no where found.
Driven from his home, this starving fugitive,
Poor that I was, I hospitably lodg'd;
I took him in a partner of my throne: 525
His shatter'd fleet restor'd, his friends from death
Redeem'd

Redeem'd — Ah! whither does my fury drive?
And now Apollo's oracle, and now
The Lycian lots; now sent from highest Jove,
Th' interpreter of gods, their dire commands 530
Brings to his ears — O doubtless 'tis a task
For heavenly powers, and they with cares like these
Disturb the fair tranquillity of heaven!
I nor detain thee, nor thy tale refute.
Go seek out Italy, pursue her realms 535
Thro' winds and waves; but if heaven's justice aught
Can yet perform, my vengeance will o'ertake,
I hope at least, th' offender in mid seas,
Dash'd on the hidden rocks; while oft he calls,
And calls in vain on absent Dido's name. 540
Tho' absent, arm'd with black avenging flames,
I will pursue thee, and when chilling death
Hath parted from these limbs the flying foul,
My ghost in every place shall haunt thy steps.
Yes impious wretch my wrongs shall be aveng'd; 545
And fame shall found it to my shade below.

She ended here abrupt, and sick of life,
Flies heaven's fair light, impatient of his look;
She leaves him lingering yet to plead his cause,
And meaning still a thousand things to say. 550
Th' attendants, as she faints into their arms,
Sustain, and lay her on the marble couch.

But good Æneas, tho' he much desires
By lenient speech to sooth the mourning fair,
And calm her sorrows with the kindest sounds, 555
Tho' deeply sighing, and thro' all his frame
Shook by the tempest of all-powerful love,
Yet heaven's high will he not the less obeys,
Nor less his fleet revisits and repairs.
Now all at once the Trojans urge their work 560
With

With ardent aim, and all at once their ships
Launch eager on the main : the keels, with pitch
Well smear'd, now swim at large, while all around,
Studiois of flight, the sailors leafy oars,
And planks unfashion'd bear from neighbouring
woods.

Couds pour on couds thro' every street and gate.

As when some well-stor'd granary of corn,

Laborious ants, of winter provident,

Invading rob, and bear into their stores :

O'er all the plain the black battalion swarms,

And, thro' the narrow path their feet had worn

Along the grafs, bear off their plunder'd prey :

A part the heavier grains push slow along,

Roll'd with their shoulders ; while a part urge on

Their loit'ring troops, and punish all delay :

The path entire glows fervent with their toil.

What then O Dido, what were then thy thoughts

At sight of this ! what home-felt sighs burst forth !

When from the turrets height thine eyes beheld

In one wild hurry all the crowded shore,

And all the main in deep commotion mix'd !

Relentless love ! to what are mortal breasts

Impell'd by thee ? Again she is reduc'd

To melt in tears away, again to try

The moving force of prayer, and humbly bend

Her pride of soul to love's imperious power ;

That no resource, no remedy be left

Untry'd, and she, unhappy, die in vain.

Anna, thou feest what preparation swarms

O'er all the shore ; and how they croud around

On every hand ; e'en now their sails invite

The lingering gales ; and with exulting haste

The mariners with garlands crown their ships.

A blow

A blow so fatal, could I have foreseen,
I could have borne it! O this only boon, 595
This last request, my dearest sister grant:
For he, perfidious as he is, was wont
To reverence thee, and trust with thee alone
The secrets of his breast, thou only know'st
Each kind approach that opens to his soul, 600
And every softer season of address.
Go then, and bend before this haughty foe;
Intreat him humbly, tell him with thy tears,
I ne'er, assistant to the arms of Greece,
At Aulis swore the overthrow of Troy; 605
I sent no fleet to Pergamus, nor e'er
His father's ghost with impious hand disturb'd.
Why then should his relentless ear deny
Attention to my griefs? why all this haste
Untimely? let him to a wretched queen, 610
A dying lover, grant this last request:
Let him but wait a better time for flight,
And favouring winds. I now no more reclaim
Our former nuptials: those he has betray'd;
I wish not to deprive him of the realm. 615
He hopes in Italy; I only beg
A little time, an interval from woe,
A short recess from love's tormenting rage;
Till fortune has subdued me to my griefs.
This latest boon I crave; with pity hear 620
Thy sister's sorrow: this one grace obtain'd,
From farther cares my death shall set thee free.
Thus pray'd she weeping; and these moving tears
Her grieving sister to the hero bore.
But he by all unmov'd, to prayers and tears 625
Insensible remain'd. The fates withstand,
And heaven itself shuts up his kinder ear.

As

As when from Alpine summits northern blasts
Contending strive, which foremost shall uproot
A mighty oak, more vigorous grown by years, 630
With fierce assailing blasts; on every side
The storm roars loud, and from each shatter'd branch
The ground beneath with leaves is deeply strew'd:
Fast to its rock th' assaulted tree adheres;
For high as towards the clouds it towers aloft, 635
So deep to hell its roots profoundly shoot.
No less the Trojan with repeated plaints
Is buffeted, and feels th' invading storm.
Yet still, his soul unmov'd, tears flow in vain.

Then, shuddering at her fate, th' unhappy queen 640
Calls loud on death, and loaths the light of heaven.
To aid her fatal purpose she beholds,
Dreadful to tell! as her unsparing hand
Due offerings on the fuming altars laid,
The sacred liquor blacken into mud, 645
And wine pour'd forth convert to blood obscene.
This sight, this prodigy of dire portent,
To none, not even her sister she disclos'd!
There rose besides within her palace walls
A marble temple to her former lord, 650
And long by her in highest honour held,
With snow-white fleeces crown'd and festal flowers.
From hence, when night involves the world in shade,
Are voices heard, low whispering, as the call
Of dead Sichœus; while on some high tower 655
The solitary owl her funeral song
Screams sad, and spins into a length of woe.
Yet more; the oracles from prophets old
With fearful warnings harrow up her soul.
Æneas too, in threatening posture seen, 660
Pursues her thro' her dreams; while still alone,
While

While still abandon'd to herself she seems,
A long, long way walks solitary o'er,
And seeks her Tyrians on a desert land.

As when distracted Pentheus in his rage, 665
Troops of pursuing furies at his heels,

A double sun, and twofold Thebes beheld.

Or as, upon the tragic scene display'd,
Orestes from before his mother flies,
With firebrands arm'd, and black and threat'ning
snakes, 670

Whilst vengeful furies guard and bar the door.

When therefore by despair and grief subdu'd,

She form'd her mortal purpose, fix'd to die,

The time, the manner, she in secret laid;

And thus bespoke her sister; while her aim 675
With care she hid, and hope seren'd her brow.

Joy, give your sister joy, who late has found
A way to bring him back, or from his chains
For ever to set free a lover's heart.

Where the sun sets, and utmost ocean ends,

The farthest bounds of Æthiopia lies;

There mighty Atlas on his shoulders bears

Heaven's axis, starr'd with ever-burning lights,

From thence a priestess, of Massylian race,

Who watch'd th' Hesperian temple, who prepar'd 685
Food for its dragon, and with care preserv'd

The golden apples of the sacred tree,

Infusing liquid honey in his cates,

And poppies slumberous juice, was pointed out

To my regard. And she each love-sick mind, 690

If such her pleasure is, by power of song

Now promises from all its pangs to free,

Or others plunge alike in bitter cares.

'Tis hers to stop the headlong current's force,

And retrograde the stars: beneath her feet 695

The

The ground is heard to groan, and from their hills
 At her command the mountain-ash descends.
 By heaven, and by thy dearest self I swear,
 O sister! that reluctant I address
 Myself to magic arts. But go, erect, 700
 With silent secrecy, a funeral pile
 In open air, but most retir'd from view:
 There place those arms the traitor left behind
 In my apartment; and the nuptial bed
 On which I was undone, above them lay. 705
 The priestess bids, commands me to destroy
 Each relique of this execrable man.
 She said no more: but all at once her face
 A deadly pale o'erspread. Yet not for this
 Suspected Anna that her sister's thought, 710
 Pretending sacred rites, was fix'd on death;
 Or that such fury had possest her soul,
 Nor dreading worse than when Sichæus dy'd;
 Officious she obeys the queen's commands.
 But Dido, in her inner court, and plac'd 715
 Beneath the cope of heaven, a mighty pyre
 Erects, of pitch trees, and cleft oaks compos'd;
 Surrounds the place with garlands, and above
 Crowns with funereal wreaths. On these she lays
 His clothes, the sword behind him left by chance 720
 And in his bed his image; all prepar'd
 To meet the dreadful future. Altars round
 Rise frequent; whilst, with loose dishevell'd hair,
 The priestess thundering calls three hundred gods,
 Chaos and Erebus, the triple form 725
 Of Hecate, or Dian's threefold name;
 Water, pretended from Ayernus' lake,
 She pours abroad, and brings, by moon-light mow'd
 With brazen sickles, herbs of various power,

Exuberant

Exuberant with juice of poisons dire : 730

The fleshy knot too of a new-born colt,
Torn from its forehead, and the mother's love,
Diverted thus, is added to the heap.

The dying queen herself with one foot bare,
And robe loose flowing by the altars plac'd,
With pious hands that held the salted cake,
Calls all the gods, and every conscious star,
As witnesses of her impending fate,
And if there be a power, whose care extends
To lovers in unequal union bound,

735

That power she calls to aid her, and avenge.

'Twas night, and weary animals enjoy'd
Refreshing sleep o'er all the silent globe ;
Hush'd were the woods, and hush'd the raging seas ;
And rolling stars their middle course had reach'd ; 745
Thro' every field the depth of silence reign'd ;
The beasts, the painted birds, and those who range
The liquid lakes, or roam the forests wide,
All hid in darkness, with the balm of sleep,
Sooth'd every care, and every toil forgot.

750

Not so th' unhappy queen ; she never steep'd
Her cares in rest ; or in her eyes, or breast
The night receives. Her cares redoubling roll,
And love again arising, with new tide

Pours all its various tempests through her heart, 755
That fluctuates wild with these discordant thoughts.

What shall I do ? abandon'd thus and scorn'd,
Shall I to former lovers have recourse ?
Shall I a suppliant seek Numidian lords,
Those husbands I so often have disdain'd ? 760
Or follow with spread sails the Trojan fleet,
And humbly bend me to their proud commands ?
Yes ! for I lent them needful aid, and find

My

My kindness in their gratitude repaid !
 But grant I should, which of that generous band 765
 Would second my design ? would yet receive
 Within his haughty ship a wretch despis'd ?
 A wretch indeed ! and art thou yet to learn
 The falsehoods of Laomedon's proud race ?
 But what ? shall I by flight alone attend 770
 The triumph of those sailors, or pursue,
 Accompany'd with all my Tyrian bands,
 And those who hardly from Sidonian walls
 But late I drew, again command to sea,
 And bid them spread their sails before the wind ? 775
 No die ; 'tis thy due lot, and by the sword
 Escape from future pain. Thou, sister, thou
 Won by my tears, first to the foe expos'd
 My raging breast, and loaded with these woes.
 Why could I not, exempt from wedded love, 780
 Like wiser animals, without a crime,
 Have pass'd my days in peace, nor known these cares ?
 The faith I promis'd to Sichœus' shade,
 Bitter reflection ! has been ill observ'd.

Whilst these deep plaints burst eager from her
 breast, 785
 Æneas in his lofty cabin laid,
 Secure of sailing, snatch'd a short repose.
 When lo ! again in sleep, before his eyes
 The god returning stood, and seem'd again
 To warn him of his fate ; in all his form 790
 Assimulating Hermes ; in his voice,
 Complexion, yellow locks, and youthful grace
 That turn'd and polish'd every limb, the same.
 Say, goddess-born ; surrounded as you are
 With various perils, can you sleep indulge, 795
 Insensate ? nor the threaten'd dangers see ?
 Dost thou not hear propitious zephyrs blow ?

Resolv'd

Resolv'd on death, she rolls some dire deceit,
Some dreadful guilt within her secret breast.
That heaves tempestuous with the varying tide 800
Of fury and revenge. And wilt thou not
Whilst flight is in thy power, that flight at once
Precipitate? but now, and thou shalt see
The face of ocean ruffled with her ships,
Her firebrands blaze, and all these shores around 805
Glow red with flames, if morning finds thee here.
Up, and fly instant. Levity and change
Are woman's attributes. He said at once,
And mingled with the darkness of the night.

Then, then Æneas with the vision struck, 810
Starts up from sleep, and rouses all his friends:
Wake, wake companions, each man to his oar;
Unfurl your sails: a messenger from heaven
Warns you to speed your flight, your cables cut,
And strait be gone, again he has been here. 815
O sacred power! whoe'er thou art, thy will
Implicit we obey, thy high command
With pleasure execute. Be present then
With gracious aid, and light up stars on high,
Propitious to our course! he said, unsheathe'd 820
His flaming sword, and cut the cable thro'.
Like ardour warms them all; they rush, they seize
Each implement; the shores are left, the sea
Is cover'd with their ships: they dash the foam
With every nerve, and eager sweep the flood. 825

Aurora now Tithonus' saffron couch
Forsaking, had thro' heaven and earth diffus'd
Her new-born light. Soon as th' unresting queen
From her watch-tower the brightening dawn beheld,
The shore deserted, and with equal sails 830
The Trojan fleet at distance; thrice she struck
Her

Her beauteous breast, and tore her golden hair.

O Jove! and shall he thus escape, she cry'd?

A stranger mock my power in my own realms?

Will they not fly to arms? from every gate

835

These fugitives pursue? while others launch

My vessels from the dock. Arise, away,

Bring fire, your canvas spread, bend every oar.

What do I say? where am I? what new rage

Distracts and turns my brain? unhappy queen!

840

Thy wretched fate now first has touch'd thy soul.

It would have then become thee when thy power

Thou blindly didst resign. See now the hand,

The plighted faith, yes, see the pious man

Who with himself, as babbling fame relates,

845

His country gods durst rescue from the flames,

And on his shoulders bore his aged sire!

Ah! could I not have torn him limb from limb,

And strew'd them on the waves? have stabb'd his friends,

His very son too, with my vengeful steel,

850

And serv'd him up a banquet for his fire?

Th' attempt, the dire attempt perhaps had been

Of doubtful issue? grant, it so had prov'd,

Thus fix'd to die, what had I else to fear?

I might have hurl'd my firebrands thro' their camp;

855

Their decks have fill'd with flames; the son, the fire,

With all their race extinguish'd; and at last

Myself have stabb'd upon the bleeding heaps!

All-seeing sun! and mighty Juno! thou

Interpreter, and conscious of my woes;

860

Thou Hecate! whose dreadful name is yell'd

Thro' midnight streets; avenging furies too!

And you, Eliza's tutelary gods!

O hear a dying queen, your power exert

In

- In righteous punishment of guilt, and last 865
Affenting hearken to a wretch's pray'r.
If 'tis decreed this impious man must reach
His destin'd port in safety, if the will
Of Jove has order'd this determin'd end :
Yet curs'd with wars, and harrass'd by the arms 870
Of unsubmitting nations ; banish'd far
From his own realms, torn from the lov'd embrace
Of his Iulus, let him beg for aid,
But beg in vain ; let him behold with dread
The deaths untimely of his fastest friends : 875
And when to terms of an unequal peace
He bends his neck, nor realm, nor heaven's fair light
Let him enjoy, but fall before his hour,
Fall ! and unburied in the dust remain !
This is my wish, and these the latest prayers 880
That now to heav'n I pour out with my blood.
His kindred then, and all his future race,
O Tyrians, with immortal hate pursue,
And to my shade that grateful tribute pay.
May never love, nor league of friendship bind 885
These hostile nations : from my ashes late
Some great avenger of my wrongs arise,
And unrelenting scourge this Trojan race
With fire, with sword, with every plague of war :
Now, and in all times hence, as strength may back 890
Proffer'd occasion, thus I imprecate :
That shores to shores, that seas to feas, and arms
To listed arms, may ever stand engag'd
In mortal opposition : they, and theirs,
In one eternal war be still involv'd ! 895
She said, and roll'd a thousand varying thoughts,
The hated light how soonest to forsake.
Then shortly thus *Sichæus' nurse* bespoke,
Her own the grave had long contain'd. Go, friend,

Call my beloved sister, bid her haste, 900
 And with the limpid current sprinkle o'er
 Her body, then the destin'd victims bring.
 And expiations due. So let her come.
 And you with holy fillets crown your head,
 The sacrifices, which to Stygian Jove. 905
 I have prepar'd, must be accomplish'd now;
 Such is my will, and thus I mean to end
 My tedious cares, and to the flames commit
 The image of the Dardan chief. She said;
 And Barce, with the care of anxious age, 910
 Sped swift along her weak and tott'ring steps.
 But wild, and shivering at her dire design,
 Rolling her blood-streak'd eyes, her quivering cheeks
 Spread horrible with spots, the furious queen,
 Pale with the prospect of impending death, 915
 Ascends the funeral pile, the Dardan sword,
 A present never meant for such an use
 Unsheathes—And here while on the Trojan robe,
 And well-known couch she fix'd her ardent eye,
 Pausing a space, a space dissolv'd in tears, 920
 She threw her body on the bed; and spoke
 These last, these dying words—Ye dear remains,
 While heaven and fate permitted, now receive
 This fleeting life, and free me from my cares.
 Yes; I have liv'd, have finish'd that career 925
 Which fortune had allotted; and my ghost
 Shall now with glory to the shades descend.
 A stately city I have rais'd, and seen
 My walls arise; my husband have reveng'd
 On his perfidious brother—Ah! how blest, 930
 How more than happy, had this Trojan fleet
 Ne'er landed on my shores! She said; and press'd
 Her lips against the conch—And shall we die
 Thus unreveng'd? But let us die! she cried,

Yes

Yes thus, even thus, I seek the shades with joy. 935

Now let the cruel Dardan feast his eyes
From ocean with these flames, and bear along,
Where'er he fails, this omen of my fate.

She said: her struck attendants saw from far
Their mistress fallen, her arms distended wide, 940
And streaming with her blood the fatal sword.

Loud clamours shake the vaulted roofs around:
And fame runs raging thro' th' affrighted town:
With female shrieks and lamentations loud
The houses ring, and Æther wide resounds. 945

As if all Carthage now, or antient Tyre,
A prey to hostile bands, were sunk and lost;
And all the tide of fierce devouring flames
O'er dwellings both of gods and men were roll'd.

Fainting her sister heard the news, and rush'd, 950
With trembling steps, distracted thro' the croud;
Tearing her face, and with repeated blows
Her breast deforming, calling oft by name
On her expiring sister. Did you then
Deceive me thus by meditated fraud? 955

This pyre, these fires and altars, were they then
With such intent prepar'd? Abandon'd thus,
What shall I first complain of? And in death
Couldst thou a sister's fellowship despise?

Hadst thou but call'd me to partake thy fate, 960
One hour, one grief, one steel had sped us both.

O with these hands did I this pile erect,
Invoke our country gods, and then at last,
Inhuman, leave thee in this mortal hour.

Ah sister! by this deed thou hast involv'd 965
Thyself and me, thy people and thy town,
And Tyrian fathers in one common fate.
Bring, bring me, that I yet with living streams
May bath her wounds; and if the latest breath

Yet hovers on her lips, that I with mine
May catch it and expire. She said; she mounts 970
The summit of the pile, within her arms,
Deep-groaning press'd the dying queen, and dry'd
The livid blood officious with her robe.
Her heavy eyelids Dido strove to raise, 975
But died again away: th' imprinted wound
A hissing sound beneath her bosom sends.
Thrice, on her elbow leaning, she assay'd
Herself to raise; thrice fell upon the bed,
And sought with haggard eyes the light of heaven; 981
Found it, and groan'd. Almighty Juno then
In pity to her tedious length of woes,
And painful exit, from high heaven dismiss'd
The faithful Iris, to dissolve at once
The union of her agonising soul 985
And mortal frame; for as she neither fell
By fate's appointment, nor a death deserv'd,
But died untimely by the rage of love,
To madness fir'd, stern Proserpine as yet
Her yellow lock had not cut off, nor doom'd 990
Her head a victim to the Stygian shades.
The dewy Iris then with saffron wing,
And from the adverse sun a thousand gay,
A thousand various colours o'er the sky
Drawing along, flew down, and o'er her head
Stood hovering: and this fatal lock, she said, 995
To Dis devoted, I, as order'd, bear,
And from this body set thee ever free.
Thus having spoke, she sever'd from the head,
With her right-hand, the sacred lock; at once
All vital heat evanish'd into air.



ÆNEID.

BOOK V.

EAN while, Æneas, with the fleet secure
His course continued thro' the bay, and cut
Waves black with northern blasts; oft look-
ing back

Upon the city, shining with the flames
Of miserable Dido; tho' the cause
Lay hid, which such a conflagration rais'd;
Yet desperate grief for violated love,
And what in rage a furious woman dares,
Well known, a melancholy omen thence
The Trojans drew. As soon as the main sea
The navy held, and no where any land
Appear'd, but all around was sea and sky;
A threatening cloud stood o'er his head, with night
And tempests fraught: the gloom more dreadful made
The sea. The pilot from the lofty stern,
Sage Palinurus, cries; ah! wherefore now
Rise in the heavens these scowling storms? or what,

O father Neptune, does thy power intend?
 This said, he gives command to furl the sails,
 And strenuously exert the oars: then turns
 Oblique the canvas to the wind; and says,
 Magnanimous Æneas, not if Jove
 Himself should promise, could I hope to reach,
 With such a sky th' Italian shores; the winds
 Each other fierce oppose, and from the west,
 Gloomy and black, more furious rise; the air
 Is wholly into clouds condens'd. In vain
 We strive against the storm our course to hold.
 Since fortune overcomes let us obey,
 And where she calls our way direct. Not far
 The friendly shores of Eryx, and the ports
 Of Sicily I judge, if I the stars,
 Before observ'd, re-measure right again.

The pious chief replies. That so the winds
 Have long requir'd I see, and that in vain
 You now oppose them, change your course and sails.
 Can any land more grateful be, or where
 I rather would my shatter'd ships refit,
 Than that wherein Acestes holds his sway,
 And in whose bosom rest Anchises' bones?
 This said, they make for port; and favouring winds
 Expand their sails: the fleet is carried swift
 By the consenting waves; the well-known shores
 At length with acclamations they discern.
 But when the coming of the friendly fleet,
 Acestes from the summit of a hill,
 Far off descried, to meet them he proceeds,
 Dress'd in a lion's spoils, with javelins arm'd.
 A Trojan lady to a river god,
 Crimisus, this king bore; but of his friends
 He not unmindful, their return with joy

Con-

Congratulates, and on the homely turf
Receives them, and with friendly aid relieves.

When first with orient ray the next fair morn
The stars had chas'd, Æneas all his friends, 55
Dispers'd along the shores, together call'd,
And, on a mount of turf ascending, spake.
O great Dardanians from celestial blood
Deriv'd, an annual revolution now
Progressive months have ran, since first the bones 60
And sacred relics of my fire we laid
In earth, and here sepulchral altars rais'd.
And now, if I am not deceiv'd, the day
Once more returns, which I shall ever hold,
So fate ordains, most mournful, most rever'd. 65
This day, were I in distant exile sent
To the Getulian Syrtes, or aboard
The Grecian fleet, or in Mycenæ kept
A prisoner, yearly would I celebrate
With vows, and solemn shows, in long array, 70
And heap the altars with oblations due.
Now of our own accord that here we stand,
Before the bones and ashes of my fire,
Which not by chance could happen, but by will
And sacred influence of the gods, that we 75
These friendly ports have enter'd; thereforth come
All cheerful join this sacrifice to make:
Let us from him intreat propitious winds,
And that each year in temples to him rais'd,
Our city built, these rites I may renew. 80
Two oxen to each ship Acestes gives;
Your gods, and those he worships, to your feasts
Invite; and if the ninth returning morn,
To mortals usher in a day serene,

And open by her beams the world to view, 85
 The first essay of skill shall be of ships
 That fleetest sail; next he who, swift of foot,
 Excels, and he, confiding in his strength,
 With more expertness can the javelin dart,
 Or wing the feather'd shaft, or dares to wage 90
 The combat, with the pond'rous Cestus arm'd.
 Let all be present, and expect rewards
 Of prizes well deserv'd. All in applause
 Consenting join, and crown their brows with leaves.
 This said, with myrtle leaves, to Venus dear, 95
 His brows he veil'd, the sage Acastes too,
 With young Ascanius, Helymus, and all
 The youthful train, their heads with myrtle crown'd.
 He from th' assembly to the sepulchre
 Strait went, attended by a band of friends, 100
 Follow'd by thousands: two large goblets there
 With Bacchus pure replete, two with new milk,
 And two with blood of victims, on the ground
 He emptied for libations, with due rites,
 And scatter'd purple flowers, and thus he spake 105
 Hail holy fire! paternal ashes hail!
 In vain restor'd again; and thou, bleis'd shade!
 With thee alas! 'twas not allow'd t' explore
 Th' Italian shores, nor destin'd lands, nor view
 Aufonian Tiber, wheresoe'er it flows. 110
 He scarce had said, when a huge serpent strait
 Seven winding folds, seven ample circles drew
 Out of earth's deep recesses, and the tomb
 Embracing gently o'er the altars slid.
 Bright azure mark'd his back, his burnish'd scales
 A splendor intermix'd with gold, adorn'd. 115
 So in the clouds a thousand various hues

The

The show'ry arch from th' adverse sun receives.
In deep amazement lost, Æneas stood.

The serpent then, to length enormous stretch'd, 120
Gliding among the jars, and polish'd cups,
The viands gently touch'd, and strait again
Down to the bottom of the tomb retir'd
Innoxious, and the tasted altars left.

So much the more the sacrifice begun 125
Æneas joyful hasten'd, tho' in doubt,
Whether it were the genius of the place,
Or else a servant to attend his fire;
Five fleecy lambs of two years old he slew,
As many heifers, black along their chines; 130
As many swine, and pour'd upon the ground
The streaming wine-oblations, and invok'd
The soul of great Anchises, and his shade
Releas'd from Acheron. Nor less his friends
Each in proportion to his substance, bring 135
Gladly their gifts, and heap the sacred shrines;
And slay the heifers: some in order range
The brazen pots, and o'er the smoking fields
The spits with fire supply, and th' entrails roast.

Th' expected day now came, and the ninth morn
The steeds of Phaeton serene brought on. 141
Fame, and Acestes's renown had brought
The neighbouring people; they fill'd all the shore,
In cheerful multitudes, eager to see
The Trojans; part, the prizes to dispute 145
Prepar'd. Amid the circus first the gifts
Appear'd in order rang'd; palms, verdant crowns,
Arms, tripods, purple vests, talents of gold,
And silver; to the victors meet rewards:
And trumpets shrill proclaim the games begun. 150

Four ships selected out of all the fleet,
Equal with heavy oars, the first dispute
Begin. The rapid whale, with rowers brisk
Mnestheus conducts, Italian Mnestheus soon,
First founder of the Memmian family.
The huge Chymæra Gyas bore; the work
Of a whole city, her the Dardan youth
Impel, with rowers plac'd in triple rank:
The oars in triple order gradual rise.
Of the huge centaur was Sergestus chief,
From whence the Sergian house derive their name;
And the green Scylla great Cloanthus bore,
From whom Cluentius, first thy origin
Proceeds. A rock against the foaming shores,
Lies far in sea, beat by the swelling waves,
And sometimes cover'd, when the north-west blasts
Obscure the stars; in times serene unvext;
An ample plain it seems, and to sea-fowl
A place delightful, basking in the sun.
Æneas here, of verdant oak, a mark
Erected for the sailors, as a guide
From whence they should return, and round direct
In long circumference their winding course.
By lot they take their places; on the poops
The chiefs, with purple glittering and with gold
Conspicuous stand, the rest with poplar wreaths
Their temples bind, and shining oil is pour'd
Upon their naked shoulders. On the banks
They take their seats, and with extended arms
Gripe fast their oars; the signal they intent
Await: and eager with the thirst of praise
Their hearts exulting swell; by turns contract
With chilling fear. Now when the trumpet shrill
The signal gave, all from their stations start

With.

Without delay; the naval clamour strikes 185
The vault of heaven: upturn'd by strength of arms
The billows foam; they equal furrows cut;
The sea with oars and prows divided gapes.
Not with such violence from the barriers rush,
Nor so precipitate fly o'er the plain 190
The chariots in the circus; not so keen
The charioteers, shaking the loosen'd reins,
The horses at full speed press on, and hang
Prone o'er the sounding lash. With loud applause,
And clamours of the multitude confus'd, 195
And eagerness of the abettors ring
The woods around; the voices pent within
Roll down the winding shores; struck with the noise
The hills resound. Gyas before the rest,
Amid th' applauses of the shouting croud, 200
Flies o'er the glassy sea. Cloanthus next,
In oars excelling, follows; but the weight
Of his unwieldly ship his course retards.
The Whale and Centaur next ambitious strive
To gain the van; the Whale now foremost steers, 205
And now the Centaur passes her, and both
Together now their equal prows advance,
And with long keels the briny waves divide:
The rock they now approach'd, and reach'd the goal.
When Gyas, first and Victor, in mid sea, 210
Meneetes, pilot of his ship, bespoke
Where to the right so much? This way your course
Direct, nor fly the strand, but row beside
The left-hand rocks with shaving oar, the main
Let others fearful keep. But he afraid 215
Of the hid rocks, declining stood to sea.
Where wandering do you go? Again the rocks,
Gyas exclaim'd aloud, Meneetes seek:

And strait behold Cloanthus pressing close,
Holding the shortest course, behind, he saw :
Betwixt the sounding rocks and Gyas' ship, 220
More inward on the left he shot, and soon
His rival pass'd, then turning from the goal
The safer seas obtain'd. Excessive grief
And anger seiz'd the youth, nor were his cheeks 225
With tears unmoisten'd, and Menœtes flow,
His dignity, and safety of his men
Forgetting, headlong from the healm he threw.
He, pilot, to the steerage went himself,
Himself the master, and the rudder turn'd 230
Direct for shore, encouraging his men.
But now Menœtes, slow with age, at length
With difficulty emerging from the deep,
His vestments dripping wet, swims to the rock,
And on its summit safe repos'd himself. 235
The scoffing Trojans ridicul'd his fall,
His swimming in the flood, and from his breast
The briny draughts discharging. Full of joy,
Here Mnestheus and Sergestus, the two last,
Fresh hopes conceive Gyas to overcome, 240
Retarded thus. Sergestus gets before,
And to the rock approaches : yet not first,
The whole ship's length preceding, part before ;
By the Whale's prow, his rival, part was press'd.
But Mnestheus, walking up and down his ship, 245
The rowers thus encourages : now, now
Hector's companions, whom I chose for mine,
At Troy's last fatal hour, apply your oars ;
Now exercise that strength, those spirits now,
Which you in the Gætulian syrtes shew'd, 250
And in th' Ionian sea, and rapid waves
Of Malea's stormy cape. Now Mnestheus aims

Not

Not to be first, nor strives to overcome:
Altho' O that! —but let those gain the prize
Whom Neptune hath so favour'd. Last of all
255
'Twere shameful to return. This foul disgrace,
Companions hinder and surmount. They strive
With all their might: even to its keel below
The vessel trembles with the thundering strokes:
The distance flies diminish'd. Want of breath
260
Their arid jaws, and limbs convulsive shake.
Sweat flows in rivulets. When chance itself
The wish'd for honour unexpected brought.
For whilst Sergestus furious urges on,
With shortest cut, his prow towards the goal,
265
Steering his course too narrow, on the rocks
Projecting he unhappy stuck: the stones
Were shook, and oars, dash'd on the sharper points.
Crack'd into shivers; and the wounded prow
Suspended hung. The sailors rise, and stop
270
With loud uproar, and iron spikes apply,
And poles with sharpen'd points, and gather up,
Floating upon the surge, the broken oars.
But Mnestheus joyful, and with the success
Itself more eager, with his chosen band
275
Of rowers, every breeze invoking seeks
The placid seas, and fails in th' open main.
As when a dove by sudden noise arous'd
From her repose, whose nest and darling young
In rocky caverns lie, flying escapes
280
Into the fields, and by the sudden fright
Her habitation makes resound with clang
Of fluttering pinions; soon in purer air,
She cuts her liquid way, nor moves her wings.
So Mnestheus, so the whale cleaves in her flight
285
The distant seas; the motion first impress'd

Alone,

Alone, so flying carries her along.
And first he leaves Sergetus, struggling hard
With rocks and shallows, and imploring aid
In vain, and trying how with broken oars 290
To row. Then Gyas in the monster huge
He follows close; she yields because bereft
Of her conductor. Now alone remains
Cloanthus near the goal: him he pursues,
And presses hard, exerting all his might. 295
The shouts redouble, all incite him then
With joyful acclamations, and the air
With the loud noise resounds. Not to retain
Their fair renown and reputation got,
These a most high indignity conceive, 300
And for their fame their lives would gladly yield.
Those are encourag'd by success: they're sure
To overcome, because they deem it sure.
And they, it may be, had with equal prows
Divided the rewards; if to the sea 305
Cloanthus, both his hands extending wide,
Had not devoutly pray'd, and call'd the gods
To aid. Ye gods, who rule the main, whose seas
I sail, before your altars, on this shore,
A milk-white bull I'll place, oblig'd by vow, 310
And cast his entrails on the briny waves,
And copious pour the purest wine. He said,
And under the deep waves the Nereid quire,
And those of Phorcus, and the virgin fair,
Parthenopea, heard him; and himself 315
Father Portunus, with a mighty hand
Impell'd the flying ship: than the north wind,
Or rapid arrow swifter far, she flies
To land, and anchor'd in the spacious port.

Th' assembly summon'd, as in antient times,³²⁰
Æneas then Cloanthus' conqueror
By Herald's voice resounding loud declares,
And crowns his temples with a laurel wreath.
And to the fleet three chosen bulls, and wine
He gives; of silver too a talent great:³²⁵
But on the chiefs more splendid gifts bestow'd.
A golden mantle was the victor's prize,
Round which a double border deeply wav'd
Of Melibæan purple; and the boy,³³⁰
Of royal lineage, in embroidery
Upon the woody top of Ida's mount,
Eager the nimble stags with darts and chase
Pursues; panting he seems; whom, swift of wing,
Jove's thunder-bearer darting down, on high
Snatch'd in his crooked talons, whilst in vain³³⁵
His hoary guardians stretch their arms to heaven,
And dogs with furious barkings rage. To him
Who in desert obtain'd the second place,
A coat of mail, thick sow'd with rings of gold,
Of triple plaited wire, he gave, which he³⁴⁰
In combat from Demoleus won of old,
Near rapid Simois' stream by Ilium high,
An ornament and safeguard; Phegeus scarce,
And Sagaris, his servants, could upheave
The ponderous burthen: but Demoleus arm'd³⁴⁵
Therewith the scatter'd Trojans chas'd in flight.
Two brâzen caldrons wide, and silver cups,
With rising sculpture grac'd, the third reward
He makes. And thus all recompenc'd, and proud
With riches, they in order stately march'd³⁵⁰
Along, their heads with purple fillets crown'd,
When from the pointed rock, with greatest art,
Sergestus, disentangled scarce, with loss

- Of oars, despoil'd of one rank wholly; work'd
His ship, with ridicule and foul disgrace. 355
- As when a serpent unawares is caught
Crossing a road, e'er whom a brazen wheel
Passes oblique; or whom a passenger
With heavy stones half dead and mangled leaves;
Long wreaths in vain he with his body twists 360
- Attempting to escape; part formidable,
With eyes emitting flames, and hissing neck
Sublime erecting; part, lame with the wound,
Weaving intangled circles, and involving
Itself in its own members is detain'd. 365
- With such endeavours slowly mov'd the ship,
Yet sail'd, and with full sails the harbour gain'd.
Howe'er Æneas, that the ship was safe
Rejoicing, and the rowers all return'd,
Sergestus honours with the promis'd gift. 370
- A female slave, and not unskill'd in works
Invented by Minerva's skill, by birth
A Cretan, Pholoe by name, with twins
Yet sucking at her breast, to him is given.
Æneas, this contention ended, goes 375
- Into a verdant plain, with woods inclos'd
And sloping hills; which in the lower vale
A natural cirque theatrical compos'd;
In which the hero ent'ring, in the midst
Of many thousands, took his seat high rais'd. 380
- Here by rewards all those who to contend
In the swift race are willing, he invites,
And the rewards declares. From every part
The Trojans and Sicilians mix'd convene.
Euryalus and Nisus first. For bloom 385
- Of youth, Euryalus, and beauteous form;
- Nisus,

Nisus, for pious friendship to the boy,
Most eminent. Diores follow'd these,
Of Priam's royal lineage; Salius him,
And Patron; he from Acarnania came,
This from Arcadia of Tegæan blood.

Then Elymus and Panopes, two youths
Of Sicily, of old Acestes friends,
And to the hardships of the chase inur'd:
And many more whom fame obscure conceals.

Whom then amidst, Æneas thus bespake.
Careful attend, my purpose joyful hear:

None unrewarded shall from hence depart.
Two Cretan javelins, bright with polish'd steel;

A battle-ax with silver ornaments,
By each competitor shall be receiv'd.

To the three first, rewards besides, and crowns
Of yellow olive shall their temples bind.

The first, a horse with splendid trappings grac'd;
The next an Amazonian quiver, charg'd

With Thracian arrows, from the shoulder hung
By a broad belt of gold, and fasten'd close
By a round gem; the third shall be content
This argive helmet for his part to take.

This said, they take their places; and forthwith
The signal heard, at once they lightly bound
Beyond the barrier, and together start,
Forth rushing like a tempest, all at once
Fixing their eyes upon the distant goal.

First Nisus springs, and far before the rest
Flies, swifter than the winds, or lightning wing'd.
Next him, but next with a long interval,
Salius proceeds: then, a short space between,
Euryalus the third: and Elymus
Follows Euryalus; and after him

Behold

Behold Diores flies, and touches light
His heel with his, incumbent o'er his side;
And had the course been longer would have pass'd,
Or left in ambiguity the claim.
They weary now, almost the utmost space 425
Had reach'd, the goal itself, when Nisus slip'd,
Unhappy, on the blood of oxen slain
By chance for sacrifices, which the ground
And verdant grass had moisten'd. Here the youth
Exulting victor now, his tottering steps 430
Could not assure, but on the filthy slime
And sacred blood, prone to the ground he fell.
Nor of Euryalus, nor of his love
Unmindful was he, but himself oppos'd
To Salius, rising on the slippery ground; 435
He too falls rolling on the greasy soil.
Euryalus springs forward, and obtains
By his friend's aid the foremost place, and mid
The loud applauses of th' assembly flies.
Next Elymus; Diores, Victor third 440
Arrives. But Salius here with clamours tires
All the spectators met in that great vale,
And the grave senators, demanding back
The prize, of which by fraud he was bereft.
Favour, and tears, becoming in distress, 445
And virtue, fairer in a beauteous form,
Protect Euryalus. And loud protests
Diores, who the third reward pretends,
And would be disappointed, if the first
To Salius were adjug'd. Æneas then: 450
O youths, unalterable shall remain
Your prizes, none the order shall disturb;
But of an innocent deserving friend
Let me commiserate the sad mischance.

This

This said; he Salius gave th' enormous hide 455
Of a Gætulian lion, with gold claws
Weighty and shaggy hairs. Then Nisus said;
If to the conquer'd such rewards are given,
And you commiserate the fallen, what gifts,
Worthy of Nisus, will you give to me, 460
Who the first laurel had acquir'd with praise,
If the same adverse fortune had not frown'd
On me, that did on Salius? And with this
He shew'd his limbs, and visage all besmear'd
With the moist slime, The best of princes smil'd, 465
And caus'd a target to be brought, the work
Of Didymaon, taken by the Greeks
From Neptunes sacred porch, and with this gift
Pre-eminent, the youth egregious grac'd.

The races ended, and the gifts dispens'd: 470
Let those whom thirst of honour most inspires.
Advance he said, and brandish high their arms,
With gauntlets firmly bound around their hands,
And for the fight propounded two rewards:
A bull with gilded horns and fillets grac'd, 475
The victor shall receive; a splendid helm,
And trenchant sword, shall ease the loser's grief.
With strength gigantic Dares rises strait,
And shews himself with general applause;
He who was wont alone t' oppose the force 480
Of Paris; and the same, who at the tomb
Where mighty Hector lies interr'd, of bulk
Enormous, Butes struck, who boasted vain
That he descended was from Amycus,
Of race Bebrycian, and him dying laid 485
Extended on the sand. Such Dares rears.
First in the lists, his stature tall, and shews
His shoulders broad, and flourishes his arms

Al-

Alternate, and the passive air affails.

There wanted an antagonist, but none

490

Of all those champions bold the hero dar'd

Confront, or bind the gauntlets round his hands.

He joyful therefore, thinking all the rest

The laurel quitted willing, stood before

Æneas, nor, delaying longer, seiz'd

495

The bullock by the horn, and thus began.

O goddess born! if none the combat dare,

What end of waiting? How long is it meet

That I should be detain'd? command me strait

To bear away the gifts. The Trojans all

500

Murmur assent, and will them to be given.

Acestes here Entellus, fitting near

On the green turf, severely reprimands.

Of heroes formerly in vain the first

Entellus; such rewards will you permit

505

Without contention to be borne away

So patient? Where is Eryx the divine,

So oft commemorated tho' in vain,

Your master? Where your reputation, spread

Thro' all Trinacria, and those trophies hung

510

Upon your walls? Entellus thus reply'd.

Nor is desire of glory, nor of praise,

Extinct within my breast, by fear expell'd:

But creeping age chills in my veins the blood,

And feeble limbs exhausted strength declare.

515

If that, I heretofore possess'd, and which

This man presumptuous with such insolence

Confides in, did I now that strength enjoy,

I would have come, but not by gifts induc'd;

I value not rewards. Thus having said,

520

Two gauntlets of enormous weight he threw

Before them, which bold Eryx wont in fight

Upon

Upon his hands to wear, and round his arms
With thongs of leather hard constricted bind.
Astonish'd the spectators stood; seven hides 525
Of bulls, with iron lin'd and lead between.
Dares himself, more than the rest surpriz'd,
At once rejects them, and Æneas too
Their pond'rous weight assays, and turns from side
To side, of the huge straps the length immense. 530
Entellus then after this manner spake:
How great would your astonishment have been,
Had you the gauntlets and the arms beheld
Of Hercules himself, and bloody fight
On this same fatal plain? These very arms 535
Your brother Eryx bore; with brains and blood
Behold them yet infected; he with these
Oppos'd Alcides great: the same I bore
Whilst youthful blood gave strength, before her snow
Upon my temples envious age had shovr'd. 540
But since that Dares disapproves our arms,
If so Æneas, and Acestes please
Author of this my combat; let us fight
On equal terms: your fear dispel; the arms
Of Eryx I, the Trojan you resign. 545
Then of his garments he despoil'd himself;
His shoulders broad, and muscles large, great bones,
And brawny arms expos'd. Æneas then
Gauntlets of equal weight produc'd, and round
Each champion's hands the like defences tied. 550
Forthwith they both upon their tiptoes stand
Erect, and dauntless lift their arms on high.
Their heads drawn back aloof avoid the strokes;
But hands meet hands, and irritate the fight.
He better for agility of feet, 555
And in his youth confiding; this in bulk
And

And limbs more prevalent : but feeble knees
 Beneath him trembling totter ; his vast trunk
 By respiration difficult is shook.
 Each aims at th' other many a stroke in vain ;
 Redoubled, many on their hollow sides
 Fall thick, and from their breasts resounding bound ;
 And frequent round their ears and temples strays
 The busy hand : under the cruel wound
 Their jaw-bones crackle. Firm Entellus stands,
 In his efforts immovable, and wards
 By change of posture, and observing eye
 Th' impending blow. The other, like to one
 Whose engines shake a city's lofty walls,
 Or by blockade some castle mountainous
 Beleaguers close, now these accesses, those
 Examines now, and by the rules of art
 Considers the whole ground, and tho' in vain
 Oft presses, oft redoubles his assaults.
 Himself Entellus raiseth, his right-hand
 Uplifted high : the other quick discern'd
 Th' impending blow, and swift his body mov'd :
 Entellus pour'd his strength upon the winds ;
 And heavy fell with weight enormous down.
 On Ida's top, or Erymanth so falls
 A hollow pine, with all her roots upturn.
 The Trojan and Sicilian youth arise
 With equal ardour : shouts ascend to heaven.
 And first Acestes runs, and from the ground,
 Pitying, uplifts his friend of equal age.
 But neither by this casual fall dismay'd,
 Nor tardier made, the hero to the fight
 Fiercer returns ; rage wakes his strength, which shame
 And conscious virtue kindle into fire ;
 Then Dares, flying, he o'er all the lists

590

Drove

Drove furious, with his right, his left-hand now
His blows redoubling: no delay, no rest.

As on the roofs of houses in a storm

The hailstones rattle thick; so with each hand

The hero Dares beat, and drove about

595

Incessant with reiterated blows.

But longer space his anger to proceed

Unbounded, raging with such dire effects,

Æneas would not suffer, but an end

Commanded of the combat, and reliev'd

600

The wearied Dares, and with soothing words

Thus spake. What height of madness seiz'd your mind,

Unhappy? Do you not elsewhere perceive

Superior force, and powers averse to you?

Yield to the god. He said, and stop'd the fight. 605

But him his faithful friends, his tottering knees

Dragging along; and tossing to and fro

His head, and from his mouth the clotted gore

Discharging, intermix'd with shatter'd teeth

Lead to the ships: they call'd upon, receive

610

The sword and helmet; but the laurel leave,

And heifer for Entellus as his due.

The victor here elate in spirits, proud

Of his new glory, said, O goddefs born!

And ye Dardanians know, in bloom of youth 615

What strength I could exert, and from what death

Inevitable, Dares you have sav'd.

He spake, and right against the bullocks head

He stood, the recent prize, and drawing back

His right-hand, raising up himself, he struck

620

His cestus hard between the horns, and pierc'd

Into the brain, quite thro' the fractur'd skull.

Trembling and lifeless instant the bull fell;

He standing over him these words pronounc'd:

With

With this oblation, Eryx, nobler far
Than Dares dead, my debt I satisfy;
Here art and cestus victor I resign.

925

Æneas here invites to proof of skill,
Those who may choose, who best the arrow swift
Can in its flight direct, and prizes sets:
And with a mighty arm erects a mast,
Transported from Segestus' ship, and hangs,
Tied by a cord, pass'd thro' upon the top,
A fluttering dove at which their steel should aim.

630

The candidates assembled, all the names
A brazen cask receives: with loud applause
Hippocoon, son of Hyrtacus, the first
Is drawn; whom Mnestheus follows, conqueror
In the late naval contest, Mnestheus, crown'd
With olive wreaths; the third Eurytion,
Thy brother, Pandarus renown'd, who first
The truce commanded to disturb, thy shaft
Amid the Grecians shot. Acestes last,
Who lowest had subsided, he himself
In youthful labours daring to contend.

640

Then with a mighty force their pliant bows
They bend, each for himself, and arrows take
Out of their quivers. First the winged shaft,
The bow-string twanging, of Hippocoon
Cuts thro' the passive air, and in the mast,
Directly in the midst, itself infix'd.

645

The mast stood trembling, and the frighten'd bird
Flutter'd from side to side; shores, vales, and hills
With acclamations loud resounding rung.

Next Mnestheus keen with bow stood ready bent,
And with his eye and level'd arrow aim'd
Directly at the bird, but he alas!
Unhappy, could not with his winged steel

Transfix

- Transfix the dove herself, but cut the knots
And hempen ligaments with which the bird, 660
Tied by the foot, suspended hung on high.
She flying soars amid the dusky clouds.
Enrytion eager then with bow full bent,
And arrow drawn up to the head, long time
Invok'd his brother, and observing close 665
The dove wide ranging thro' the vacant heaven
At large, and joyful clapping with her wings,
Beneath the dusky vapour he transfierc'd.
Lifeless she fell, and mid th' ethereal stars
Breath'd out her spirit, and in falling down 670
Brought back the fatal shaft too deep infixt.
The laurel lost, Acestes last remain'd :
Who ne'er the less into th' ethereal sky
His arrow shot, displaying tho' in years
His skill, besides the goodness of his bow. 675
But here a sudden prodigy appear'd
Before our eyes, some future dire mishap
Presaging, this, the great event itself,
And frighten'd priests too late in vain explain'd.
The reed, swift flying thro' the liquid clouds, 680
Took fire, and mark'd its way with flames, till quite
Consum'd, it vanish'd into air. As oft
Stars falling shoot along the sky, and draw
Flying a trail of light. Astonish'd stood
The Trojans and Sicilians, and devout 685
Pray'd to the gods : nor did th' illustrious chief
Refuse the omen, but Acestes glad
Embracing, honour'd with rich gifts, and said :
Receive, O father ! (for the king supreme
Of Heaven, by such portents his will declares, 690
To have you grac'd with honours, far beyond

Custom or claim) this goblet you shall take,
With figures rare emboss'd, which heretofore
Cisseus of Thrace, as pledge and monument
Of his affection to Anchises gave.

This said, with laurel wreaths his brows he crown'd,
And him chief victor with loud voice declar'd.
Nor did that preference of honour move
With the least envy good Eurytion's breast,
Whose shaft alone had from the clouds brought down
The soaring bird. He next who cut the bands
For his reward advances; last of all,
Who with his flying reed the mast transfix'd.

But good Æneas ere these solemn games
Were ended, Periphas, the governour,
And wise companion of Iulus calls,
And in his faithful ear thus whispering says:
Go to Ascanius quick, and if the bands
Of youth be ready, and to each brigade
Their orders issued, let him march his troops,
And for his grandfire shew himself in arms.
This message bear. He said, and he himself
The croud confus'd commanded to retire
Out of the circus, and th' interior space
Open to leave. The boys pass in review
Before their parents, and on manag'd steeds
High prancing bound along; the multitude,
Sicilian, Trojan, all admiring gaze.
Their hair, with artful uniformity,
In order set, a coronet press'd down:
Each bore two cornel javelins tip'd with steel;
Part, quivers on their shoulders; from their necks
A twisted chain of pliant gold hung down
Upon their chests. In number squadrons three,

And

And over them three chiefs bear full command : 725

Twice six each leader following, in three troops

'They splendid shine with equal officers.

One troop exulting first young Priam led,

Nam'd from his grand sire, thy bright progeny

Polites, and t' increase th' Italian power

730

Hereafter, whom a party-colour'd steed

Of Thracia bore, besprinkled with white spots ;

His right fore-foot was white, with haughty prince

He rais'd his snowy front. Atys the next,

From whom Rome's Attian line their source derive,

Atys, the youth to young Iulus dear.

736

Iulus last, but far surpassing all

In beauty, came, on a Sidonian horse

Superbly mounted, which from Dido fair,

A monument and token of her love,

740

He had receiv'd. Th' inferiour youths on steeds

Sicilian, furnish'd by Acestes, rode.

The Trojans with delight behold the boys

Impatient for applause, and in their looks

The features of their ancestors discern.

745

When on their manag'd steeds they had survey'd

Their parents, and th' assembled multitude,

Strait, Periphas the signal gave aloud

By voice and whip to them prepar'd. At once

In equal numbers different ways they march :

750

Their corps they into separate troops divide :

Another signal given, they wheel; return

By the same way, and aim their hostile darts.

Marches and counter-marches then they make

By different routs, and wheeling round, prevent

755

Flanking by counter-flanking, and in arms

Th' exploits of real warfare represent.

And now by flight they leave their backs expos'd,
Their javelins, turning now, present, and now
Peace made in amity together march. 760

Such by report the labyrinth of old
In lofty Crete, in which were walks perplext
And intricate, with many an alley blind,
And by a thousand ways the fraud conceal'd,
That to return impossible was made, 765

By windings not to be found out, or trac'd.
In such like mazy errors, Teucer's sons
Their military evolutions make,
And battles, and now flights contrive in play.
As Dolphins swimming in Carpathian seas, 770

Or African, and sport along the waves.
This mode of exercise, these battles feign'd,
Ascanius first renew'd, and Latins old
Taught how to celebrate, when he with walls
Long Alba circumscrib'd. In the same way 775

In which the boy himself, the same, in which
The Trojan youth with him, the Albans taught
Their sons. Imperial Rome long after hence
Receiv'd it, and her country-honour kept
Entire, and this diversion now is call'd 780

The Trojan game, the boys the Trojan band.

These solemn sports thus to his fire divine
He celebrated. Fortune changing here
First alter'd her fidelity. For whilst
In various sports they round the tomb contend,
Heaven's mighty Empress Iris sent from heaven 785

To th' Ilian fleet, and with fresh force for speed
The winds inspires; projecting many things,
Nor satiated as yet her antient hate.
Her way the virgin hastening, on her bow
Of thousand colours, seen by none, descends 790

The

The shortest course. The concourse great she saw,
The port and fleet deserted. But far off
The Trojan dames, upon the lonely shore
Retir'd, Anchises lost bewail'd, and all 795
In tears survey'd the deep. What perils still,
Alas ! what space of sea to us remains
Already tir'd. This the complaint of all.
A settlement they beg, fatigues of sea
No longer can they bear. She therefore throws 800
Herself amid them ; and in mischief skill'd,
The garb and figure of the goddess quits.
As Beroe of Thracian Doriclus
The hoary spouse she seems, for race and name,
And progeny, renown'd in former days, 805
And plaintive thus the Trojan dames address'd.
O miserable all, who were not dragg'd
By Grecians hosts to slaughter, in the rage
Of war, beneath the Trojan walls ! to what
New kind of death, O most unhappy race ! 810
Doth fate reserve you yet ? Seven summers now
Have circling roll'd along from Iliœn's fall ;
Since which what lands, what seas have we not pass'd ;
How many barren rocks and various climes,
Whilst Italy, still flying, we pursue 815
Thro' th' ocean large, the sport of winds and waves :
Here Eryx, brother to Æneas reign'd,
And now our host Acestes : what forbids
To raise our walls, and here anew to found
Our city. O my long lost native foil, 820
And household gods, snatch'd from the Greeks in vain !
Say shall no Troy arise ? Shall I alas !
Xanthus and Simois, Hectorean streams,
No where behold ? Come then, at once arise,

And help me these ill-fated ships to burn. 825

For in my sleep the prophetess's shade

Cassandra, seem'd to give me flaming brands.

Look here for Troy, here is your home, she said.

Now is the time t' accomplish this great work.

Nor after such amazing prodigies 830

Can we delay. To Neptune there behold:

Four altars rais'd; the god himself supplies

Torches and courage too. This said, she first

A firebrand snatch'd, and waving it aloft

Threw with exerted might. The Trojan dames, 835

In expectation great, astonish'd stood.

When one, the most advanc'd in years, and nurse

Of many a royal child to Priam born,

Pyrgo exclaim'd; this is not Beroe

The Trojan, nor the wife of Doryclus: 840

Remark the signs of graces all divine,

The lustre of her eyes, what spirits, face,

And tone of voice, and what a gliding step!

Even I myself, but now, left Beroe sick,

Indignant she alone should absent be

From this so great solemnity, nor pay

The honours due t' Anchises' shade: she ceas'd.

The matrons dubious first, the ships beheld

With eyes malign; between th' inglorious love

Of land enjoy'd suspended, and the hope 850

Of realms, to which the fates inviting call'd.

When on pois'd wings the goddess soar'd to heaven,

And cut her ample bow beneath the clouds.

Astonish'd then indeed with such portents,

Work'd up to madness, with a general shriek 855

They run, and from the sacred hearths the fire

Impatient snatch; the altars part despoil;

And

And boughs, shrubs, brands together throw, with rage
Uncheck'd, thro' seats, and oars, and painted decks
Firece Vulcan rushes on: t' Anchises' tomb, 860
And crowds assembled at the theatre,
Eumenus of the burning of the ships
Went messenger, and they themselves beheld
The smoke and ashes flying thick in clouds.

And first Ascanius, as he joyful led 865
His squadron, in that equipage, swift rode
To the distract'd camp, nor could, with fear
Half dead, his tutors stop his course. What new
Fury is this? Ah what, what do you mean,
Unhappy countrywomen? Your own hopes, 870
No hostile camps, nor Grecian tents you burn.
Behold your own Ascanius: at their feet
He threw his empty helmet, with which arm'd,
He battles, representative of true,
Had fought in sport. Æneas, and the croud 875
Of Trojans thither haste. But o'er the shores
The matrons scatter'd fly, dispers'd by fear,
And to the thickest woods, and hollow rocks,
Wherever found, repair: of their attempt,
And light itself assam'd; and chang'd, their friends 880
Acknowlede: Juno from their breast is driven.
But not for this th' unconquerable force
Of the devouring flames surceas'd: the tow
Between the moisten'd planks keeps still alive,
A heavy smoke emitting; and the ships 885
A fervour slow consumes; thro' all their parts
The ruin spreads: nor aught avails the force
Of heroes, nor the floods in vain effus'd.
Æneas tore his garments, and with hands 890
To heaven uprais'd, implor'd the gods for aid.

O Jove omnipotent! without reserve
 If all the Trojans are not under wrath,
 And if thy mercy, manifest of old,
 Yet deigns to look on human sufferings; grant
 Now, father, that the fleet may 'scape the flames, 895
 And from destruction save the Trojan state,
 Reduc'd thus low: or strike the sad remains,
 With thy vindictive thunder, and o'erwhelm
 Me with thine own right-hand if I deserve.
 He scarce had spoke when with uncommon force 900
 A tempest rages, pouring rains profuse,
 And with the thunders roar the mountain tops,
 And vallies tremble; down from all the sky,
 Ey south winds strong condens'd, and black as night,
 Torrents of water rush. The ships run o'er; 905
 The half burnt planks are moisten'd; till at length
 The smoking ceases, and the fleet is sav'd
 From the devouring flames, four only lost.

Æneas struck with this sad accident,
 Revolving weighty cares within his mind, 910
 Now here, now there inclin'd, Sicilian fields
 Whether to choose, forgetful of the fates;
 Or of Italian shores the quest pursue.
 Then aged Nautes, whom Minerva taught,
 Her darling care, and for prophetic skill. 915
 Illustrious, these responses gave; explain'd
 What was by wrath of gods, what fate,
 According to the series of events,
 Ordain'd; and thus Æneas soothed, spake.
 Wherever fate impels us, or repels, 920
 O goddess-born we go: whate'er it be,
 By patience every fortune is o'ercome.
 Here is Acestes sprung of race divine:
 A partner of your counsels him assume,

He will not prove averse : those of the ships
Destroy'd, who now superfluous are ; those tir'd 92
Of this great enterprise, and your fair hopes ;
Those, weary of the sea, of either sex,
Thro' age ; th' infirm ; and all that danger dread,
Select, and to him give, and here permit
That they fatigu'd a city may erect, 930
Which they Acesta, leave obtain'd, shall call.

The Trojan chief, with these advices fir'd
Of his associate old, from thought to thought
Pass'd ruminating, till night gain'd the pole,
Drawn in her chariot by her sable steeds : 935
When down from heaven his fire Anchises shade
Descending, seem'd these mandates to pronounce.
O son, than life more dear, while life remain'd ;
Son, tried severe by Ilion's fates ; by Jove's
Command I hither come, who from your fleet 940
The flames expell'd, and from high heaven at length
Compassion shew'd : the counsels wise obey,
Which antient Nautes gives ; to Italy
The choicest youths, the bravest spirits, bear :
A hardy nation, and of manners rude, 945
And fierce, in Latium you must overcome.
But first you must th' infernal seats approach
Of Pluto, and o'er deep Avernus' flood
An interview with me, my son, attempt :
For me not impious Tartarus receives 950
With wicked shades, but in Elysium pure
I dwell, amid th' assemblies of the just.
The sybil chaste will thither shew the way,
Obtain'd by blood of many a victim black.
Then all your future race, and what retreat 955
Shall be allotted you shall learn. And now

Adieu, for humid night her middle course
Downward directs, and th' unrelenting east
Breathes on me with his horses panting quick.
This said, like smoke he vanish'd into air. 960
Where so precipitate Æneas cries?
Where with such eagerness yourself withdraw?
Whom fliest thou? Or who my strict embrace
Forbids? This saying he the dormant fires
Rekindled, and to the divinities 965
Of hoary Vesta, and his household gods
Sweet incense offer'd, and the holy cake.
Then his companions, but Acestes first
He calls, and Jupiter's commands declares,
The counsels of his fire, and what he now 970
Determin'd in his mind. To his resolves
There's no delay, Acestes acquiesc'd.
The matrons names, and voluntiers design'd
For the new settlement, are in a roll
Inscrib'd; Plebeian souls, of glory's call 975
Regardless. But the rest the seats renew,
And planks half-burnt repair; and oars adapt,
And tackle to the ships; in number small,
But expedite and bold in seats of war.
Mean time Æneas with a plough designs 980
The compass of the city, and by lots
Each edifice distributes: Ilion this,
And places round, like those near Troy he names.
Acestes in his new domain exults,
And establishes judicial courts, and laws 985
With his assembled senators enacts.
A temple then, contiguous to the stars,
Upon the summit of mount Eryx rose
To Venus of Idalia: with a priest
A grove

A grove is added, sacred far around,
T' Anchises' tomb. And now nine days in feasts
The people had employ'd, and honours due
To th' altars paid, when whispering breezes smooth'd
The seas, and from the south a rising gale,
Breathing more fresh, invites again to sea. 995
Along the winding shores forthwith arise
Loud lamentations : in embraces close
They day and night remain. The matrons now
Themselves, and they to whom but late appear'd
Most terrible the prospect of the sea, 1000
And Neptune quite intolerable deem'd,
Would willing go, and every labour bear.
Æneas comforts them with friendly speech,
And weeping to Acestes recommends.
To Eryx then three heifers, and a lamb 1005
He to the tempests offers, and commands
That all the ships in order should unmoor.
He, standing on the poop himself, his head
Crown'd with a wreath of olive thorn, a cup
Holds in his hand, and the fat entrails throws, 1010
And pours the liquid wine into the sea.

The wind increasing follows from the stern
The navy under sail. The rowers plough
The yielding sea, and sweep the foaming waves
With emulation. Venus, labouring then 1015
With anxious cares, addresses Neptune thus,
And from her bosom these complaints outpour'd.
Juno's fell anger, and insatiate hate,
Oblige me to descend to every sort
Of supplication, Neptune ; since nor time, 1020
Nor all the virtues under heaven, can move
Her heart obdurate ; nor by Jove's command,

Nor overcome by fate will she submit.

Waft not enough by her detested hate

To have eras'd the city from amidst'

1025

The Phrygian people, but the residue

With every kind of plague to vex : the bones

And ashes of burnt Ilion she pursues.

She may the cause of so much fury know.

Be witness you yourself on Lybian waves

1030

What mountains suddenly she rais'd. The seas,

She with the heavens together mix'd, in vain

Confiding in Æolian storms : this dar'd

In your dominions. And but now behold,

O wickedness ! she shameless burns their fleet,

1035

The Trojan dames compelling to the deed ;

And forces now their friends, the fleet destroy'd

To leave them helpless on a land unknown.

For what remains, that they may spread their sails

In safety on your element I beg :

1040

And may at length Laurentian Tyber reach :

If only what's allow'd I ask, those walls,

Already promis'd, if the fates decree.

Then Saturn's son, the monarch of the deep,

Made this reply. You may full confidence,

1045

As right requires, in my dominions place,

O Cytherea ! whence you drew your birth ;

And this I have deserv'd : Oft have I quell'd

The rage and fury both of heaven and sea.

Nor of Æneas less my care on earth,

1050

(I Simois and Xanthus can attest)

When fierce Achilles, following to the walls,

The Trojan troops astonish'd drove, and sent

To Pluto many thousand souls ; surcharg'd

The rivers groan'd with bodies, nor his way

1055

Could

Could Xanthus find, nor flow into the sea.
Æneas with Achilles then engag'd,
Neither for strength, nor for assisting gods,
A match, I snatch'd within a cloud, when I
At that time wish'd to have eras'd, tho' built 1060
With my own hands, the walls of perjur'd Troy.
The same good will remains, dispel your fears :
Avernus' port, as you desire, he safe
Shall reach, one only missing, who in seas
Lost he shall seek, one life shall many save. 1065

When thus the fire the goddes had consol'd,
And joyful made, he to his golden car
The horses yok'd, and to repres their rage
Added the foaming bit, and from his hands
Pour'd out the length of reins ; in azure car 1070
Light o'er the surface of the deep he flies.
The waves subside ; the swelling sea is pav'd
Under his sounding wheels with waters smooth,
And tempests chas'd thro' the vast æther fly.
Attendants strait appear of various forms ; 1075
Enormous whales, the train of Glaucus old ;
Palæmon, son of Ino ; Tritons swift ;
And all the host of Phorcus. On the left
Thetis, and Melite, and Panopæa,
In virgin charms ; Spio, Cymodoce, 1080
Nesæe, and Thalia. In suspense
Æneas' mind these flattering joys detain.

Straight to erect the masts, and sails extend
Along the yards he then commands. At once
The navy with a side wind sails ; they now 1085
The left-hand sheets, and now the right at once
Unfurl. To this side, now to that they turn
Of the sail yards the high extremities.

Pro-

Propitious breezes smoothly waft the fleet.
 First Palinurus led before the van, 1090
 Th' united navy: they were order'd all
 By him their course to steer. Now night almost
 Half of her journey had perform'd, and spread
 Beneath their oars, the rowers on their seats
 With pleasing sleep refresh'd their weary limbs. 1095
 When swift descending from th' Æthereal stars,
 The god of sleep dispell'd the dusky air,
 And chas'd the shades of night, in quest of thee
 O Palinure! and melancholy dreams
 Bearing to thee most innocent: in shape 1100
 Of Phorbas, on the lofty poop he sat,
 And these few words pronounc'd. Jasins' son,
 O Palinure! the seas themselves waft on
 The fleet; the zephyrs equal blow; permit
 An hour to rest; recline your head; and steal 1105
 Your weary eyes from labour; I myself
 For you a while your duty will discharge.
 To whom, his eyes scarce rais'ning, Palinure
 Reply'd. The flattering aspect of the sea,
 And gliding waves, do you imagine then 1110
 I should not know? Shall I, deceiv'd so oft
 By fraud of heavens serene, to faithless waves
 Commit, Æneas? I this monster trust?
 He thus reply'd, and clinging fast, the helm
 Embrac'd, with eyes intent upon the stars. 1115
 When o'er his temples, lo! the god a branch,
 Dipt in the stream of Lethe, shook, and sleep
 Compelling by its stygian influence,
 His swimming eyes, in vain resisting, clos'd.
 Scarce had this unexpected sleep began 1120
 His members to relax, when lo! the god

Incumbent o'er, precipitates him down
Headlong into the sea; part of the poop,
And helm, broke off, fall with him; on his friends
Oft calling, tho' in vain. The god on wing 1125
Sustains himself in air. But not the less
The fleet in safety steer'd its course, confirm'd
By father Neptune's promise, bold it sail'd;
And wasted forward, to the Syren's rocks
Approach'd, of difficult access of old, 1130
And with the bones of shipwreck'd wretches white.
The waves incessant beating on the rocks
Far off was heard in murmurs loud: when first
Æneas by the ship's unsteady way
Perceiv'd its wandering course, the pilot lost; 1135
He thro' the waves obscure the ship himself
Directed then, complaining much, and struck
Most deeply with his friends untimely fate.
Too much confiding in a treacherous calm,
O Palinurus! and a sky serene, 1140
You on a shore unknown shall naked lie.

Æ N E I D



ÆNEID.

BOOK VI.

 H U S speaks he, weeping, and allows the fleet
To crowd their sails ; at length he's wafted safe
To the Cumæan shore. Quick to the sea
Their prows they turn : then with tenacious hold
The anchor moors the ships ; and swelling poops 5
Cover the shores. A crowd of ardent youths
Leap on th' Hesperian strand : the seeds of fire,
Hid in the veins of flint, part seek ; and part
Wood from the forest drag ; the close recess
Of savage beasts, or streams discover'd shew.
But to the towers sublime ; o'er which presides 10
Phœbus, the Syl's cell, and cave immense,
Most awful to approach, Æneas hastens ;
Whose ample mind and soul with powers enlarg'd
The Delian god inspires, and to her view 15

Presents

Presents futurity. And now they reach
Diana's sacred grove, and golden fane.

Fame says, that Daedalus, on pinions swift
From Crete escaping, dar'd commit himself
To the superior regions of the sky; 20
And steering northward, by that wond'rous way,
Light upon Chalcis' tower at length he pitch'd.
At his first landing, Phœbus, there, he made,
To thee, an offering of his oary wings;
And rear'd a pile immense. Upon the doors 25
Androgeos' death: th' Athenians then each year
Condemn'd, alas! in punishment to give
Seven of their sons; the chances drawn and urn
Appear. On th' other side the Cretan land,
Rais'd high above the waters, stood oppos'd. 30
Here for the bull Pasiphae's violent love,
And fraudulent prostitution; the mixt kind,
The monstrous birth, the minotaur appear'd,
Sad monument of execrable lust.
The dome stupendous here, and labyrinth 35
Inextricable stood: but Dædalus
Pitying the Royal maid's excessive love,
The crooked windings and deceits disclos'd
To Theseus, guiding by a clue his steps
Uncertain. In so large a work, thou too, 40
Had grief permitted, Icarus, great part
Wouldst have possess'd: Twice he essay'd in gold
To represent thy sad adventure, twice
The father's hands funk down. They had survey'd
The work entire, but that Achates now, 45
Dispatch'd before, return'd; Deiphobè,
Daughter to Glaucus, his companion came,
Apollo's and Diana's priestess, who
The king thus greets: This time admits not now

Of

Of such amusements: From a herd untouched
Seven heifers, and as many chosen ewes,
To sacrifice according to due rites,
Were more expedient. Having thus bespake
Æneas, and her orders quick obey'd,
She to the lofty fane the Trojans calls.
55

Of the Eubœan rock one ample side
Is cut into a cavern broad and deep;
To which an hundred spacious avenues,
A hundred doors conduct; from which rush forth
As many Voices, in responses given:
60
By the prophetic Sibyl. At the gates
When they arriv'd; now is the time t' enquire
Your destiny, the Virgin said: the God!
Behold the God! Whilst yet these words she spake
Before the gates, immediately her looks,
65
And colour often chang'd, nor did her hair
Remain in decent order; but with breath
Panting, her heart impetuous swell'd with rage;
Of stature more enlarg'd she seem'd, her speech
Resounding nought of Mortal, when oppress'd
70
By the Divinity's more near approach.
Your prayers and Vows delay you then, she said?
Trojan Æneas? do you now delay?
For not before of this tremendous Home
The spacious doors will open. Here she ceas'd:
75
Chill fear the Trojans sudden seiz'd. The king
Prayers from the bottom of his breast pour'd forth:
Apollo, who of Troy the labours great
Commiserating always, didst the darts
80
Of Paris, with a certain aim, direct
T' Achilles death, under thy auspices,
What feas, what mighty realms, have I explor'd!
The nations of Masiylin far remote,
And

And lands by quicksands guarded. Now at length
The shores we touch of flying Italy. 85
Thus far the fate of Troy may have prevail'd.
But all ye Gods, and Goddesses, to whom
Troy, and the glory of the Dardan name
Gave umbrage, now it is but just to spare
The Dardan race. And thou, O prophetess 90
Most holy, who canst future things predict,
Grant (since I ask no realms but what the fates
Have promis'd) that the Trojans may secure
Themselves, their Gods, and Household-gods, so long
Wide wandering thro' the world, in Latium seat. 95
To Phœbus, and Diana I'll erect
A Temple then, of solid marble built,
And Games, and solemn Festivals appoint
In honour of Apollo. In our realms
A spacious sanctuary Thee too attends : 100
For there thy Oracles, and secret Fates,
Discover'd to my people, I will place,
And guardians constitute, propitious Maid.
Only your oracles on leaves of trees
Inscribe not now, lest they, of rapid winds 105
The sport, disorder'd fly in air: I beg
That you yourself would sing them. Here he stop'd.

But still the prophetess, not patient yet
Of Phœbus, furious rages thro' the cave;
Endeavouring to expel the mighty God 110
Forth from her breast. So much the more he curbs
Her mouth intractable, her spirit wild
Subdues, and by fatiguing pliant makes.
Now of the dome the hundred ample gates
Fly open of themselves, and wide diffuse 115
The sibyl's Answer thro' the cavern large.

O thou,

O thou, at length escap'd the dangers great
Of seas ! but greater yet by land remain.
Into Lavinian realms the Dardans safe 120
Shall come, dismiss that fear ; but they shall wish
That they had never come. Wars, horrid Wars,
And Tyber foaming with black blood I see.
Xanthus, and Simois, and Greeks in arms
Shall not be wanting : and in Latium now 125
A new Achilles rises ; he too born
Of a celestial Mother : nor will e'er
Juno her enmity to Troy surcease.
What Nations or what Cities, will you not
A suppliant, in such extremes, address ? 130
Of so great ills the cause, a consort new,
Again a foreign Hymen. For these ills
Despair not thou, but bolder still persist,
Than what may seem your fortune to permit.
The first fair Hopes of safety will arise 135
From a Greek City, which you least expect.
These dreadful intricacies, from the part
Most secret of the Temple, in such words
The Sibyl sung, and bellow'd thro' the cave,
Truth veiling with obscurities : the reins 140
O'er her thus raging Phœbus holds, now curbs,
And now excites, and to his will subdues.
Soon as her fury ceas'd, and foaming mouth
Was silent, thus the Trojan hero spoke:
To me no new or unexpected scenes 145
Of labour can arise, O Virgin mild.
I have foreseen them all, and in my mind
Each possible event maturely weigh'd.
One thing I beg, as here, 'tis said, the gate
Stands of th' Infernal kingdom, and the lake 150
Of darkness, from the overflowings form'd
Of

Of Achéron, that to my Father's sight,
And presence I may be allow'd to go ;
That you the Way would shew, and sacred gate
Set open. Him, thro' flames and thousand darts
Snatch'd from amid the hostile troops, I bore 156
Upon these shoulders. He, thro' all the seas,
In all my journeys, my companion dear,
Infirm, of waves and heav'ns the threatnings bore,
Above the power and usage of old age. 160
That to thy shrine, and thee, I should repair
A suppliant, he also strict enjoin'd,
Of son and fire, I pray, compassion take
Propitious Virgin ; you all things command :
By Hecate nor was you nam'd in vain, 165
Chief o'er Avernian groves. If Orpheus could
The manes of Eurydicé recall,
His consort, by the melody of strings,
And Thracian harp ; if Pollux could redeem
His Brother Castor by alternate death, 170
And passes and repasses this same way
So oft; why should I instance Theseus ? why
Great Hercules ? I too from highest Jove
Claim my descent. He praying thus embrac'd
The altars. Then the prophetess reply'd: 175
O Trojan, seed of gods, Anchises' son ;
To dark Avernus easy the descent ;
Grim Pluto's gate stands open day and night :
But to return and up to ré-ascend,
There is the labour, this the rare Emprise. 180
Some few, whom Jove impartial lov'd, or whom
Transcendent virtue, shining lights, to heaven
Exalted, sons of gods, have this atchiev'd.
Impenetrable woods all entrance bar,
And black Cocytus' gliding stream flows round. 185
But

But if so ardent a desire your mind,
 Such passion strong impels, the Stygian lake
 Twice to pass over, Tartarus profound
 To visit twice, and your strange enterprise
 You are determin'd to pursue, then learn
 What you must first accomplish. In a tree
 Wide spread, with leaves and pliant twigs of gold,
 A bough lies hid, and consecrated said
 To Infernal Juno all the grove conceals,
 And shades of vallies deep inclose it round. 190
 But yet to none 'tis given to penetrate
 Into Earth's deep recesses, until he
 From off its tree this golden fruitage pluck.
 This as her favourite gift fair Proserpine
 Ordain'd to be presented. When the first
 Is pluck'd, another golden branch succeeds,
 With leaves of the same metal flourishing.
 Intently therefore search with eyes aloft,
 And gather, when once found, in manner due.
 For it will follow with spontaneous ease,
 If Fate has destin'd you; but otherwise
 No force can conquer it, nor steel divide.
 Besides, there of your friend the Body lies
 Breathless upon the shore (you know it not,
 Alas!) and with his corpse pollutes the Teet. 210
 Whilst heart you linger, and my counsel ask.
 Him to his place first bear, and in his tomb
 Inclose. For your first expiation bring
 Black Victims; then you shall the Stygian groves
 Behold, and kingdoms inaccessible 215
 To living wight. She said, and silent stood.

With visage sorrowful and downcast eyes,
 Leaving the cave, Æneas musing walks,
 Revolving in his mind these dark events;

Faithful

Faithful Achates, and with equal cares
Oppress'd his footsteps follows: Many things
Between themselves on subjects various pass'd;
Who was the friend departed? whose pale corse
To be interr'd, the prophetess design'd.
When come upon the barren strand, they saw
Misenus lost by an unworthy death:
Misenus, son of Æolus, than whom
The troops together by the trumpets sound
To summon, and inspire a martial rage,
None was more dextrous. Of great Hector he
Companion, to the wars with Hector went,
Both for his skill, and warlike feats renown'd.
When him Achilles, victor, had bereav'd
Of Life, the valiant Hero join'd himself
To Æneas, nor a chief inferior chose.
But whilst by chance he made the seas resound
With his sonorous shell, and madly vain,
Challeng'd the gods to equal him in skill,
Him, Triton jealous, sitting on the rocks,
If meriting belief, plung'd in the waves.
With clamours therefore all surround his corse,
Pious Æneas chiefly. Weeping then
Th' injunctions of the Sibyl to fulfil
They hasten; no delay: to rear they strive
The altar of the funeral-pile with trees,
And raise up to the clouds. An ancient wood,
The deep recess of savage beasts, they seek:
Down fall the firs: struck by the ax, the holm
Resounds; the beams of ash and oak are cleft
By wedges: from the mountains tumble down
The beeches tall. Æneas first appears
Amid these labours, with like weapons arm'd,
Encouraging his men. While on these things

Within

Within his own sad breast he mus'd, the wood
Immense beholding, thus he prays aloud:

255

If in this spacious wood that golden bough,
Itself should offer; glittering on its tree;
Since but too true the prophetess hath said,
Misenus, every thing concerning thee.

He scarce had spoke, when suddenly from heaven

A pair of doves descended, within sight 260
Flying, and on the verdant turf repos'd.

The hero then his mother's birds perceives,

And joyful prays, if there be any way,
O you my leaders be, and to the groves 265

Thro' air your course direct, where this rich bough
O'er shades the fertile earth; and thou assist,

O parent-goddess! in this dubious case.

Thus having spoke he stop'd, and watch'd, what signs
They might exhibit, whither bend their flight. 270

They feeding, forward went, only so far

Upon the wing, as they that mark'd, by ken

Might easily discern. Thence when they came,
Of black Avernus to the noisome mouth,

Quick they upsprung, and towards the place desir'd
Again descending, on the branching tree 276

Alighted; whence the splendor of the gold

Discoloured shone amid the branches thick.

As in the woods the mistletoe, tho' not

By its own tree produc'd, in wintry frosts 280
Is wont to flourish with new leaves, and round

The tapering trunks its yellow offspring twine;

The vegetable gold so blooming flam'd

Upon the shady holm, the golden rind

So sounding way'd with every gentle gale. 285

Æneas seizes quick, and greedy plucks

The ling'ring branch, and carries to the grot

Of

Of the prophetic Sibyl. On the shore
The Trojans not the less Misenus wept
Mean time, and to his corse inanimate 290
Due obsequies perform'd. A mighty pile,
Of cloven oaks, and unctuous pine, they first
Upear, whose sides they cover with black leaves,
And in the front the mournful cypris place,
And with resplendent arms the top adorn. 295
Part water, bubling with the flames, prepare
In brazen cauldrons, and his members cold
Wash and anoint. An universal groan
Succeeds: his body then, lamented much,
Upon a couch they place, and o'er it spread 300
The veil accustom'd, quilts of purple dye.
Another part the spacious bier sustain,
Mournful employ, and with averted face,
As wont with lighted torches set on flame.
Viands, and gifts of incense, jars of oil, 305
Together heap'd burn in the general blaze.
The cinders now subsided, and the flame
Extinct, the last remains, and embers dry,
They wash'd with wine, and Corinaeus plac'd,
The bones collected in a brazen urn. 310
A tour thrice round th' assembly then he made,
And with a branch of fertile olive, dipt
In a transparent stream, besprinkling them,
He purify'd the host, and last farewell
Pronounc'd. But here a stately monument 315
Pious Æneas rais'd, and thereon plac'd
The trumpet and the oar, his proper arms,
Under a lofty mountain; which is call'd
Misenus now from him, and shall retain
That name forever, as the ages roll. 320

This done, the Sibyl's orders he with speed
Obeys. There was a cave of depth immense,
And with a vast hiatus gaping wide,
Craggy, defended by a baleful lake,
And gloominess of woods: o'er which no bird 325
Dar'd ever, with impunity, to make
Its way on wing; such a pernicious steam,
From its black jaws exhaling, forth it sent
To th' upper regions of the air, from whence
The Greeks, by name Aornos call'd the place, 330
Here four black heifers first the priestess brought,
And on their foreheads pour'd the sacred wine,
And from between their horns the longest hairs,
She drew, and threw into the fire, the first
Oblation; loud invoking Hecate, 335
Potent in heaven and hell. Others employ
The sacrificing knives, and tepid blood
In vessels broad receive. Of fable fleece
A lamb, Æneas then himself to Night,
The mother of the furies, and to Earth, 340
Her sister deity, smote with his sword;
And, Proserpine, to thee a barren cow.
He then commences to the Stygian king
Nocturnal altars, and for sacrifice
Whole bullocks offer'd, pouring likewise oil 345
Upon the smoking entrails. But behold,
About the dawn of day, and the first rays
Emitted from the sun, the ground began
Under their feet to bellow, and the tops
To tremble of the woods, and dogs are seen, 350
The goddess now approaching near, to howl
Along the shade. Far hence, O ye prophane,
Far hence, the prophetess exclaims aloud,

And

And from the limits of the grove recede :
And you, your journey now begin, and draw 355
Forth from its sheath your sword : Æneas, now
Courage, and resolution firm behoves.
This said, she furious rush'd into the cave,
And measuring step by step he follows bold.

Ye gods, who rule departed souls, ye shades, 360
And Phlegeton and Chaos, places wrap'd
In silence deep, and night profound, permit,
What I have heard I may relate : by leave
Of your divinities, disclose things hid
In utter darkness, and th' abyss below. 365
Alone in gloom, and shades obscure they went,
Thro' Pluto's vacant seats, and empty realms.
Such is the moon's uncertain envious light
In travelling thro' woods, when Jove disturb'd
Covers the heavens with clouds, and fable night 370
The colour of all objects takes away.

Before the threshold, in the first approach
Of hell, Grief, and corroding Cares, their beds
Prepar'd: Distempers pale inhabit there,
Old Age morose, and Fear, and Hunger lean, 375
Prompter of wickedness, and Indigence
Most wretched; Spectres terrible to see!
Labour and Death, and Sleep, brother of Death,
And Joys of evil minds; on th' other side
Destructive War, and of th' Eumenides, 380
The chambers built of iron; Discord mad,
Her viper-hair with bloody fillets bound.

Full in the midst an elm extended wide
Her branches and old arms, in which 'tis said
False dreams their habitation make, and hang 385
Beneath the leaves in clusters. Many more

Appearances besides of monsters, house
Before the portal; Scyllas double shap'd,
And Centaurs, and Briareus earth-born,
With his twice fifty hands, and hissing dire 390
The snake Lernæan and Chimæra arm'd
With flames, Gorgonian terrors, Harpies dire,
And Geryon's triple bodied hideous shade.
Æneas, seiz'd with sudden fear, his sword
Here draws, and its redoubted point presents 395
To them approaching. And, had not his guide
Advertis'd him, that these aerial shapes
Wander'd without a body, under mere
Appearances of form, he had attack'd,
And against ghosts employ'd his sword in vain. 400
From hence to Acheron's Tartarean stream
The way: a turbid gulph, with whirlpool vast,
Boils over here, disgorging all its sand
Into Cocytus. Of this Stygian stream
The waters is committed to the charge 405
Of Charon, nauseous for his horrid filth.
Neglectful lies his long white beard, his eyes
Ardent like fire; down from his shoulders hangs
His sordid garment, fasten'd by a knot.
He with a pole himself the bark impells, 410
And manages the sails, and in his boat
Of iron colour, ferries o'er the ghosts:
Aged the God, yet vigorous in his age.
And green. Here to the banks crouds pouring rush,
Matrons and men, and forms, depriv'd of life, 415
Of Heroes most magnanimous, boys, girls,
In wedlock never join'd, and blooming youths
On funeral piles laid in their parents sight.
As numerous as the leaves that falling drop

At first approaches of autumnal cold
In woods; or fowl that from the northern seas
To land by myriads flock, when frosts intense
Chase them o'er seas, in search of warmer climes.

They stand entreating to pass over first,
And stretch their hands, thro' great desire to gain
The farther shore. But the stern ferryman,
Now these, now those admits; and all the rest
Chases away far distant from the strand.

Æneas mov'd, and wondering at the crowd,
What means this concourse to the stream, he said,
Q virgin tell? What do the souls desire?
Or by what preference do these the banks
Desert, those sweep with oars the livid ford?

To whom the priestess old, in brief reply'd.

Anchises' son, undoubted progeny
Of Gods, Cocytus' waters deep you see,
And Stygian pool, by whose divinity
Gods dread to swear, and violate their oaths.

This multitude you see is all a crowd
Of wretches unintomb'd: that ferryman
Is Charon, and the buried those who cross.

Nor these terrific banks, and waters hoarse
Is it allow'd to pass, before their bones,
Cover'd with earth, repose. An hundred years
They wander hovering round these shores: at length
Admitted, they revisit then the stream

So long desir'd. Anchises' son his steps
Restrain'd, and stood revolving many a thought
Within himself, at their unhappy lot

With deep compassion mov'd. Leucaspis there
And of the Lycian fleet, Orontes, chief,
Mourning he saw, of honours due at death

Depriv'd: whom, sailing thro' tempestuous seas
From Troy, the south wind sunk, together men
And ship with waters whelming. When behold 455
The pilot Palinurus slow advanc'd;
Who in the Libyan navigation late
Whilst he the stars observ'd, fell sudden down,
Plung'd in the deepest waves. Him sorrowful
When scarcely thro' the dismal gloom he knew, 460
First he addresses thus. Which of the gods,
O Palinurus, snatch'd you from your friends,
And buried in mid sea? I pray declare,
For in this single oracle, before 465
Found ever true, has Phœbus me deceiv'd,
Who, that you should the dangers of the deep
Escape, and touch Ausonian shores, foretold.
Behold his promis'd faith? He then reply'd.

Nor was you by Apollo's oracle
Deceiv'd, illustrious chief, nor did a God, 470
Plunge me amid the waves: headlong I fell,
Whilst by the helm, I sat to guide our course,
And drew it with me, torn away by force,
As to it fast I clung. Th' outrageous seas
I call to witness, for myself my fear 475
Was not so strong, as that your ship, despoil'd
Of helm, depriv'd of pilot, should remain
To such tempestuous seas an easy wreck.
Three stormy nights along the deep immense
The boist'rous south wind drove me on the waves;
By the fourth morning's light, on a high surge 481
Uplifted, I descried th' Italian shore;
To land I by degrees advanc'd, and now
Was in security, when climbing up
The craggy summit of a mountain high, 485
With

With grasping hands, when lo! a savage crew
Pell on me with their swords, fatigu'd, oppress'd
With garments wet, esteeming me rich prey,
Thro' ignorance. The deep receives me now,
The sport of winds and tides along the shore. 490
But by the light of heaven, and vital air,
I beg you, by remembrance of your sire,
By hope of young Iulus' rising fame,
Deliver me, O chief invincible,
From all these ills: or cover me with earth, 495
You may, by sailing to the Velian port:
Or if, in possibility, a way
There be, if any has been pointed out
By your celestial mother (for without
Th' assistance of the gods, I cannot deem 500
Such mighty rivers, and the Stygian lake
You would attempt to pass) stretch out your hand
To wretched me, and in your company
Bear cross the river, that at least in death
I may remain in peaceful seats at rest. 505

Thus having spoke, the prophetess began.
O Palinurus, whence this impious wish?
Shall you the Stygian waters and the stream,
Unburied, of the furies see, or gain
The farther shore, the gods not granting leave? 510
Forbear to hope the destinies divine
Can alter'd be by prayers: but what I say
Retain, in solace of your sad mishap.
For all the region, cities far and near,
Forc'd by celestial prodigies, your death 515
Shall expiate, and shall a monument
Erect, and to the monument send gifts,
And Palinurus shall the place be call'd

For ever. With these words his racking cares
Alleviated were, and grief a while
From his afflicted heart was driven away :
He glories in the land to bear his name.

They finish soon the journey then commenc'd
And to the river come. Whom when as soon
The boatman from the Stygian lake descry'd,
Crossing the silent wood, and to the bank
Their steps directing, with these words he first
Attacks, and gladly chides : whoe'er thou art
That to my river com'st in arms, say quick,
What's your intent; and there your steps restrain
Immediately. The region this of ghosts,
Of sleep, and drowsy night. Fate disallows
To bear the living in the Stygian boat.
How dearly I repent that on the lake,
Or great Alcides, or Pirithous,
Or Theseus I receiv'd, altho' from gods
Descent, and strength invincible they claim'd :
He, the Tartarean keeper trembling drag'd
From underneath the King's own throne, and bound
In chains : and these the Queen to take by force
Attempted even from Pluto's bed. To which
Briefly reply'd th' Amphryian prophetess.

Here no such frauds are meant ; repress your wrath;
No force these arms intend : the porter huge
May fright the spirits pale within his den,
And bark for ever ; and chaste Proserpine
May rest secure within her royal dome.
Æneas, Trojan born, for arms renown'd
And piety, down to the lowest shades
Of Erebus descends to meet his fire.
If such an image great of piety

Affect

Affect you little, yet this bough (she then
The bough discloses which her vest conceal'd).
You'll know. His boiling anger fell asswag'd;
Nor more than this. He of the fatal twigs 555
The venerable gift admiring, seen
After so long a tract of time, directs
His livid vessel back, and makes the shore.
Then other souls, which on the benches long
Were sitting, he removes, and clears the way, 560
And great Æneas in the bark receives.
Beneath the weight the crasy vessel groan'd,
And, leaky, large receiv'd the troubled pool.

Beyond the river, on the slimy mud,
And oozy weed, at length he landed safe 565
Both prophetes and hero. Cerberus,
The monster, thro' these realms from triple throat
Howls barking, stretch'd enormous in his den
On th' other side. To whom the Sibyl now,
His neck terrific grown with rising snakes, 570
A cake of honey throws and sleepy drugs;
He snatches as it falls with hungry rage,
Opening his triple jaws; his monstrous chine
Relaxing then, stretch'd on the ground, he lies
Extended huge o're all the kennel wide. 575
The guardian buried thus in sleep, the pass
Æneas seiz'd, and of that stream the bank
Left quick, which pass'd forever bars return.

Shrill voices strait were heard, and wailing loud,
And souls of infants weeping first they saw; 580
Whom, from the breast harsh torn, and of sweet life
Bereav'd, the fatal moment snatch'd, and sunk
In an untimely grave. Next these appear,
They who to death unjustly were condemn'd.

Nor without judge or sentence are these seats
Allotted : Minos shakes the urn ; he calls
To full assembly all the silent ghosts ;
And strict enquires into their lives and crimes.

Next those dejected hold the places, who
With their own hands death to themselves procur'd,
'Tho' free from guilt, yet hating light, their lives
Threw prodigal away : how gladly now
The hardest labours, poverty itself,
Patient would they endure in light above !
'The fates obstruct, with dreary wave the pool
Of deadly hate debars them, Styx abhor'd,
With nine Meanders flowing round, detains.

Nor distant far are shewn, on every side
Spread out, the fields of mourning, by that name
They're call'd ; here those whom cruel love consum'd
By slow disease, walks unsoughted hide,
And round a grove of myrtle close conceals :
Their cares tormenting cease not even in death.
Here Phædra, Procris, and Eriphyle,
Shewing her son's unnatural wound, he saw,
Evadne, and Pasiphae : with these
Goes Laodomia, the constant friend,
And Ceneus, first a woman, then a youth,
By fate return'd into her pristine form.

Among these wander'd thro' the spacious wood
Phænician Dido, recent from her wound :
To whom, soon as the Trojan hero near
Approach'd, and thro' the shade obscure perceiv'd ;
Like one who from behind a cloud the moon
Sees rising after change, or deems he sees ;
He spoke with tender love, and drop'd some tears.
Unhappy Dido ! then too true the news

Re-

Reported of your death, and that with grief
Yourself you had destroy'd ? Was I, alas !

The cause of your destruction ? By the stars, 620

And gods I swear, and if there's any faith

In subterraneous regions here, O Queen,

Reluctant I departed from your shores.

But the commands of gods, which force me now

To travel this profound, thro' doleful shades,

And regions full of horror, drove me on

By their authority ; nor could I think,

That my departure with such desp'rare grief

Could have affected you. But stay your steps,

Nor from my longing eyes yourself withdraw.

Whom fliest thou ? this interview's the last

That cruel fate allows me to enjoy.

Aeneas thus, tears flowing, strove to calm

Her troubled mind, and hate-denouncing looks.

Fixt on the ground her eyes averse she kept,

Nor more was moved, than if a statue stood

Of Parian marble, or Numidian rock.

At last, with enmity declar'd, she flew

Into the shady grove, where her first lord

Sichæus of her cares partakes, and love

Meets equal love. Aeneas not the less

Struck with her wretched fate, pursu'd her far

With weeping eyes, and pitied as she fled.

The way permitted he from hence attempts,

And now the fields most distant they had reach'd, 645

Inclos'd apart, where those renown'd in war

Inhabit. Tydeus meets him here, for arms

Here fam'd Parthenopaeus, and the pale

Adraustus' image. Many Trojans here

In battle slain, lamented much above :

640

650

AENEID.

BOOK VI

Whom in long rank discerning he bewail'd;
Medon and Glaucus, and Thersilochus,
Sons of Antenor, and the sacred priest
Of Ceres, Polyboetes; here he saw
Idæus with his car, and arms prepar'd.
Innumerable ghosts, to right and left,
Inclose him round. Nor to have seen him once
Was it enough, they take delight to stay,
T' approach more near, and of his coming learn
The cause. But th' Argive leaders, and the troops
Of Agamemnon, soon as they beheld
The hero thro' the gloom, known by his arms
Refulgent, trembled with excess of fear.
Part fled, as heretofore when to their ships
They ran, and part their feeble voices raise;
The scream attempted mocks their gaping mouths.

Deiphobus, the son of Priam here,
In all his body mangled, he perceiv'd;
His face disfigur'd cruelly; his face,
And both his hands; his temples of his ears
Despoil'd; and nose with shameful wound impain'd.
He scarcely knew him trembling, and his wounds
Most terrible concealing, and with voice
Familiar long he thus him first accoits.
Potent in arms, Deiphobus, from blood
Of noble Teucer sprung; who could desire
Of thee such punishment to take? To whom
Such power allow'd o'er thee? In that last night
Fame spread abroad, that with vast slaughter tir'd
Of Grecians, you had fallen upon a heap
Of carcases confus'd. Then I uprear'd
An empty tomb on the Rhœtean shore,
And thrice with a loud voice your manes call'd.

You

Your name and arms the place retains. Your corse
My friend, departing, I could no where find, 685
To give you burial in our native land.

To which the son of Priam : nothing's left
By you, my friend, undone; you have discharg'd
All pious duties to Deiphobus, 690
And to his shade. But me my destiny,
And that Laconian woman's wickedness, 695
Detestable, o'erwhelm'd with all these ills
These monuments she left me. How we spent
In Joys delusive that last night you know,
And more than necessary cause remains 700
To keep in mem'ry. When the fatal horse
Leap'd o'er the lofty walls of Pergamus,
And pregnant, in its womb brought warriors arm'd :
To Bacchus she pretending sacrifice, 705
The Phrygian matrons led in dance, around
The sacred vases yelling; she herself
Held in the midst a lighted torch, and gave
The signal to the Greeks. Oppress'd with cares;
With sleep o'ercome, on my unlucky bed 710
I then was laid, and all my senses lock'd
In sleep profound, as in an easy death.
Mean while the arms from every room my spouse
Incomparable had remov'd, and stol'd
From underneath my head my trusty sword: 715
Within the house she Menelaus calls,
And opens wide the doors. A grateful gift
To her fond consort hoping this would prove,
And haply might efface the memory
Of all her former crimes. But why delay? 720
They rush into my chamber: with them join'd
Prompter of wickedness, Ulysses comes.

Ye

Ye gods, if it be lawful to demand
 Just punishments, retaliation due
 Inflict upon the Grecians. But what chance,
 Now in your turn declare, into these realms
 Brought you yet living ? drove by boisterous seas,
 Or by the gods directed do you come ?
 Or what misfortune forces you to seats
 Of heavens blest light depriv'd, and full of grief.

Whilst they discourse, Apollo in his ear
 Had measur'd half the circle of his course
 Ethereal : and perhaps th' allotted time
 They in these vain inquiries had consum'd,
 But his companion interpos'd, and brief
 The Sibyl thus admonish'd. Night hasten's on
 Æneas ; and we weeping spend our time :
 Here into two the road itself divides ;
 The right to Pluto's city leads, by this
 Our way t' Elysium lies ; the left conducts
 To horrid Tartarus, where wicked men
 Their punishment receive. Deiphobus
 Reply'd. Great priestess chide not, I'll depart,
 And stay my destin'd time in darkness here :
 Our glory, go ; go, happier fates attend.
 This as he spake he turn'd his step aside.

Æneas look'd, and saw, beneath a rock
 Upon the left, a city of vast extent,
 With triple walls inclos'd ; which Phlegeton
 With rapid waves of torrent fire surrounds,
 And rolls the rocky fragments thund'ring down. 745
 Large was the gate in front, on pillars rais'd
 Of solid adamant ; so that no strength
 Of men, nor gods themselves, have power to rase
 By force of arms. An iron tower ascends

Up

Up to the clouds, and fell Tyfiphone,
Clad in a bloody robe, fits day and night,
Her eye-lids never clos'd, and th' entrance guards.
Hence groans, and cruel stripes, and dragging chains,
And iron's clanking sound, assault their ears.
Æneas stop'd amaz'd, and catch'd the noise.
What sort of crimes, O virgin, say, are judg'd?
And what the punishments inflicted here?
What loud complaints are these that pierce the sky?

The priestess then began. Great chief of Troy,
To none that's pious is it lawful deem'd
To tread that wicked ground: but Hecate,
When me she nominated to preside
Over th' Avernan groves, inform'd at large
Of every punishment, and every crime,
And led thro' all the melancholy scenes.
This ministry severe is exercis'd
By Cretan Rhadamanthus: he of frauds
Takes cognisance, and penalties inflicts;
And forces all the guilty to confess
Their crimes, which, with dissimulation vain
Delighted, whilst above they had conceal'd,
Too late deferring till their course was run.
Tyfiphone th' avenger, arm'd with whips,
The guilty scourges, with insulting mood,
And worse still threatening, from the serpents grasp'd
In her left hand, her sister furies calls.
Just then, with dreadful sound, on jarring hinge
Th' infernal gates wide open fly. Behold
What watch the threshold guards? What spectre keeps
Th' approaches? And a Hydra fiercer far,
With fifty mouths, most monstrous, gaping wide,
Stables within. Then Targara itself

Opens

Rhadamanthus

Opens into a precipice below,
And to the shades as deep extends itself,
As twice the distance to th' empyreal heaven.
Earth's ancient progeny, Titanian sons,
By thunder-bolts precipitated, lie
Together rolling in the lowest pit.
Enormous in their size, th' Aloian twins
I saw, who heaven attempted to subvert
By strength of hand, and Jove himself expell
From his dominion of the realms above.
Salmoneus suffering cruel pains I saw,
For having dar'd the pointed lightning's flame,
And thunder dread to imitate in vain.
He, in a car drawn by four coursers fleet,
And waving in his hand a lighted torch,
Thro' Grecian states, and Elis' city rode
Triumphant, and the honours, due alone
To the immortal gods, claim'd to himself.
Infensate! who could think to counterfeit
By brass, and prancing steeds with horny hoofs,
Th' inimitable thunder, and heav'n's flame?
But from amid thick clouds th' Almighty fire
Darted his flaming Bolt, no flambeau dim,
Nor torch with smoky light; and him, transfixt,
Hurl'd headlong in a fiery whirlwind down.
There Tityus too, earth's foster son was seen,
All-bearing parent earth, whose body huge
Extended o'er nine acres' space complete;
And his immortal liver with hook'd beak
A monstrous vultur tearing; deep he digs
His entrails, fruitful to new punishment,
For delicacies, and his ample breast
Inhabits, nor is any respite given.

To

To fibres still renew'd to close the wounds;
Why should I mention of Pirithous make,
Ixion, and the Lapithæ? on whom
Th' incumbent rock just ready seems to fall,
Nay seems already falling. Splendid thine 820.
On golden pillars genial beds, and feasts
Before them set with regal luxury:
The Queen of furies hard by lies reclin'd,
And even the tasting bars, and starting up
Holds out her torch, and scares with thundering voice.

Here those who hatred to their Brethren bore 826.
While life remain'd; or disobedient struck
A parent; or their clients to deceive
Had frauds contriv'd; or who intent alone
On heaping up of Rehes, gave no part 830.
To their relations: These most numerous far
And those who for Adultery were slain;
And those who took up impious Arms, and made
No scruple their most solemn Oaths to Break:
All these their punishment await. Ask not of 835.
What pains, what change, or fortune they're to bear.
Some roll a massy stone, some hang on spokes
Of wheels distended. Theseus wretched sits,
And will forever sit: and Phlegyas all
The ghosts exhorts, most miserable he, 840.
And with loud voice thro' all the shades proclaims—
"Learn Justice, and forewarn'd revere the gods."
This man his Country sold, and introduce'd
A Tyrant, Brib'd by gold; and for a price
Enacted laws, and for a price repeal'd. 845
His Daughter's bed, forbidden Nuptials, this
Invaded. Monstrous wickedness all dar'd,
And what they dar'd accomplish'd and enjoy'd.

Not

Not if an hundred tongues, an hundred mouths
Had I, with lungs and voice of iron form'd,
The various scenes of wickedness, could I,
Or different punishments inflicted tell.

Apollo's aged priestess having spoke
To this effect, let us pursue our way,
And finish what we have so well begun,
Let us make haste, she said. The royal walls
Forg'd on Cyclopean anvils, and the gate,
Under that arch directly opposite,
I plainly can discern; where we our gifts
Are to deposit by the God's command.
With equal steps then walking thro' the gloom,
The middle space with rapid speed they clear,
And to the gate approach. Æneas first
Secures the entrance, and with water pure
His body sprinkles o'er, and in the porch
The golden bough suspends high eminent.

Finish'd these rites, to Proserpine her gift
Affix'd, to flowery vales, and verdure sweet
Of most delightful groves, and happy seats
They come. A more extended zether here
Prevails, more splendid light invests the fields,
And their own sun, their proper stars they know.
Part exercise their limbs on the green turf,
Contend in sports, or wrestle on the sand.
Part in the various dances keep just time,
And verses sing. Orpheus in flowing robe
Expresses the seven intervals of sounds
On strings harmonious, and his harp now sweeps
With volant touch, now strikes with ivory quill.
Here Teucer's ancient race, a glorious line,
Illustrious Heroes, born in better days,

Ilus.

Hes, Assaracus, and Dardanus,
Founder of Troy. Their arms and empty cars
At distance rang'd, with wonder he beholds :
Their spears stand fix'd in earth ; their horses feed
At large, unharnel'd o'er the fields. In Arms, 886
And Chariots what delight they living took,
That very passion follows them below.

Others, behold ! to right and left he saw
Feasting upon the grafts, and Pæans glad 890
In concert singing, in a laurel wood
Breathing perfumes, from whence Eridanus
With copious stream rolls thro' the groves beneath.
This band, of those confis'd, who receiv'd
In fighting for their country glorious wounds ; 895
Of those, who while they liv'd, in purity
The sacerdotal office exercis'd ;
Of poets who the Gods rever'd, and sung
Things Worthy of Apollo ; or of those
Who first invented Arts that polish life ; 900
Or who in veneration left their names
By acts Beneficent. All these around
Their brows white fillets bore for ornament.
Whom gather'd round the Sibyl thus address'd,
Musæus chiefly ; him a numerous croud 905
Encircl'd, and his stature tall admir'd,
Superior rising from his shoulders broad.
Say, happy souls, and best of poets say,
In which of these Blest Regions, or what place
Anchises dwells ? on his account we come, 910
And have pass'd over Hell's tremendous streams.
And thus to her the Hero brief reply'd.
To none of us a fixed seat is given ;
Either in shady groves, or on the banks

OF

Of rivers clear, or flowery meads, refresh'd
With rivulets, our residence we choose.
But you, if so your inclination prompts,
Ascend this hill, and by an easy path
I'll bring you to the place. He said, and led us
The way; and from above the shining fields
In prospect shew'd: then they the summit left.

But, in a verdant mead remote, his sire
Anchises was surveying with great care
The separated souls, whose lot it was
The light of heaven to see; and was by chance
Viewing his family, and children dear;
Their fortunes, manners, prowess and their fates.
And he, when he beheld across the field
Æneas coming, joyful both his hands
Stretch'd out; tears flow'd fast down his cheeks; and
thus
He spake. Art thou at length my son, arriv'd?
Thy filial piety, so well approv'd.
The dangers of the journey has o'ercome?
Am I allow'd thy countenance to see?
And well-known accents hear, and render back?
My mind still gave me, reck'ning up the times,
It would be so; nor have I been deceiv'd.
Tost thro' how many seas, how many lands,
Do I receive thee, from what dangers sav'd!
How much did I the dangers threatening you
In Afric dread. Æneas thus replies:

Your shade appearing, Father, to me oft,
Compell'd to visit this tremendous land.
The fleet rides in the Tyrrhene sea. Our hands
Permit to join, O sire! permit, nor fly
From my embraces. Saying this, a flood
20

Of

Of tears pour'd down his cheeks : thrice he assay'd
Around his neck to throw his clasping arms ;
Thrice from his touch the fleeting shadow fled,
Like the light winds, or an unreal dream. 950

Meantime Æneas, in a secret vale,
A lofty wood with humble shrubs discern'd,
By gentle zephyrs fan'd, and Lethe's stream
Before these happy mansions gliding flow :
Innumerable tribes and people keep 955
Hovering about this river. As in meads,
When on the various flowers the bees alight,
In summer's days serene, and spread themselves
Around the milk-white lillies, so the plain
Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings resounds. 960
Æneas shudder'd at the sight, and cause
Demands, not knowing ; what that river is ?
And who the ghosts that in such multitudes
Have fill'd the margins ? Then Anchises thus.
Those souls to whom new bodies are by fate 965
Decreed, at Lethe's stream composing draughts,
And long oblivion drink. Of these long time
I have desir'd to talk with you, and shew
Before you, reck'ning up my progeny, 970
That Latium found, you may yet more rejoice. 970

What then can souls in this exalted state,
O father, can it be conceiv'd, that they
From hence to upper light desire to go,
And bear again the load of mortal flesh ? 975
Can such fond love these wretches prepossess'd
Of light ? Anchises answer made ; my son, I'll tell you, nor perplex'd keep in suspens ;
And every thing in order due explain. 980

First

First Heaven, and Earth, and watry plains, the globe
Resplendent of the sun, the Moon, and stars, 1ne 98e
A spirit nourishes within, a Mind, not air molt point
Infus'd thro' all the parts, the mass entire il ois solid
Pervades, and moves, and with that body vast
Mixes itself. The race of Men and Beasts
Hence spring, the winged ~~Fowls~~, and monsters bred
Beneath the level surface of the Deep: 1ne 986
The seeds a fiery vigour in themselves
Possess, an origin celestial claim; iis mode paravoil
But then by noxious Bodies they're impair'd,
By Earthly limbs, and Mortal Members clog'd.
From hence the passions, Fear, Desire, Grief, Joy:
Nor shut in darkness up, and prison blind,
Can they so much as have a view of heaven.
But with their latest breath when life's extinct,
All their corporeal plagues, and evils felt
Before, do not even then depart entire
From wretched Beings; of necessity
Many, habitual grown, by wond'rous ways,
Inherent must remain. Wherefore with pains
They're exercis'd, and pay the penalties
Of all their ancient crimes. To piercing winds
Some hang expos'd; Others in gulphs profound
All the pollutions of their sins wash out,
Or purge by fire. All suffer punishment,
Each, his own genius, his tormentor finds. 1005
Thence thro' Elysium ample we're dispers'd,
Altho' but few the happy Regions gain:
Until the long expected day arriv'd
By revolutions just of time completey
Th' indented stains effaces, and leaves pure
Th' ethereal essence, fire of light unmix'd.

Those

Those all, when full a thousand years have roll'd
Exact their circles, in a concourse great
To the Lethæan stream,^{the} God conducts : brueo gis. bne ,clisiq U
That they unmindful of whate'er is past, newt 1015
The Higher Regions may revisit safe, alif ,simeon 1
And into bodies, pleas'd, return again. L .sumi tO

Anchises ended; and into the 'midst ta won 'd
Of shades assembled, and the fluttering crowd,
The Sibyl, and his son conducts, and takes 1020
An eminence, from whence he might survey mcwV
All those who fronting stood in long array, and Haf
And might their visages, as they advanc'd, 1021
Distinct discern. Now then what glory waits 1022
Our Dardan progeny, and what descent 1023
From the Italian Nation shall arise; sc. Haf not M
Illustrious souls, and all in time to pass Scund. ludi
Into our Family, I'll brief relate; How sno aidiW
And likewise thy own fate to thee declare. and Endz

That youth, who leans upon a shining spear, 1030
By lot the nearest place to light obtains; or blwoG
Mix'd with Italian Blood, he first shall rise
To the æthereal skies; an Alban name, mcw 1030
Sylvius, of all thy children last: and whom essiq EA
Lavinia shall, thy consort, to thee old 1035
Bring forth, and educate in woods, a king not brA
And fire of kings: from whom our race shall reign
In Alba. Procas next to him succeſſed,
The glory of the Trojans; Capys then; arg. nro. 10
And Numitor; and who will represent C. ariug 1040
Thee by his name, Æneas Sylvius, blon odi mid w
Like you for piety and arms renown'd, guita. al
If e'er the rule of Alba he obtain.
What youths behold! what limbs, heroic built!

Bug

But they, whose temples with the Civic crown
Are bound, Nomentum and Fidene will find favour,
Uprise, and Gabine. On mountains cold
The towers of Collatine they will erect;
Pometia, Bola, Cora, and the fort
Of Inuus. These then will be their names,
Tho' now without a name. And Romulus,
The son of Mars, associate in the throne
With Numitor his grandf're, shall be plac'd:
Whom Hia of Assaracus's blood
Shall bear. Behold you not the double plumes
How on his helm they wave, and Jove himself
With his own splendors marks his fulgent head?
Under his auspices that famous Rome
My son shall rise, whose conquests only earth
Shall bound, with valour equal to the gods;
Within one wall she to herself seven hills
Shall compass round, prolific of a race
Of heroes. Such the goddess Cybele,
Crown'd with high towers, conspicuous in her car,
Thro' Phrygian cities rides, proud of the birth
Of gods, an hundred cherishing, her sons,
All plac'd above, inhabitants of heav'n.
Now hither turn your eyes, this nation see,
And your own Romans. Cæsar here, and all gain'd
Iulus' race, that shall to light emerge,
Under the cope of heaven. The Hero this,
So often promis'd, and expected long,
Augustus Cæsar, progeny of gods.
By him the golden age shall be restor'd
In Latium, thro' the happy fields possess'd
By Saturn old; he shall extend his sway
Beyond the Garamantes, and beyond

The

The Indian realm ; to lands that by the stars
Unlighted lie, out of the circle wide
The sun and year describe, where Atlas turns
The axis round, with sparkling stars enchas'd. 1080
Already all the Caspian kingdoms dread
His coming, by responses of the gods
Foretold ; the nations round Maeotis' pool, 1084
And those upon the mouths of seven-branch'd Nile,
Together croud alarm'd. Such tracts of land
Ne'er did Alcides traverse, tho' he pierc'd
The brazen footed stag, or slew the boar
In Erymanthian woods, and with his bow
Made the Lernæan monster quake for fear. 1090
Nor Bacchus victor, when his tygers rein'd
With twisted vines, o'er Nyfa's top he drove.
And do we then still hesitate t' extend
Our Virtue by our Actions ? or can Fear
Restrain from fixing on th' Ausonian plains ? 1095
But who is he, distinguish'd by a wreath
Of olive at a distance, in his hands
Bearing the sacred utensils ? I know
The Roman king, his silver hairs, and beard. 1100
He first the city shall establish firm
By salutary laws, from Cures small,
And poor estate, to a great Empire call'd.
Tullus shall afterward to him succeed ;
He shall his sleeping country rouse to Arms, 1105
Shake off their indolence, and call them forth
To triumphs long disus'd. Him follows next
Ancus, more haughty, now but too much pleas'd
With popular applause. And would you see
The proud Tarquinian kings, and spirit fierce 1110
Of Brutus the avenger, and the marks

Of power recover'd ? He shall first receive
 The consular command, and ax severe ;
 And his own sons, exciting troubles new,
 Unhappy father ! shall to death condemn,
 In maintenance of liberty divine. 1115

Howe'er posterity this deed receive,
 Love of his country, and immense desire
 Of fame shall overcome. Lo ! farther off,
 The Decii ; Druſi ; with his lifted ax
 Severe, Torquatus ; and Camillus fierce 1120
 The Roman eagles bringing back, regain'd.
 But those two souls, resplendent whom you see
 In equal arms, united now, and while
 They are suppress'd in night ; alas ! what wars,
 What armies, and what slaughter will they raise 1125
 Between themselves, if e'er the light they reach !
 The father from the Alpine fortresses 1130
 Descending, and Monæcus' Tower ; the son
 With all the East in opposition stands.

Ah ! sons, refrain ; to such destructive wars
 Accustom not your minds, nor turn your arms
 Invincible against the yearning bowels
 Of your own Country ! and thou first, thou learn
 To pardon, who from Heaven thy lineage draw'st,
 Throw to the ground thy impious arms, my son ! 1135
 This to the lofty capitol his car 1136
 Shall drive in triumph, Corinth overcome,
 Renown'd for slaughter'd Greeks. That shall o'er-
 throw

Argos, Mycenæ, Agamemnon's realm, 1140
 And from Achilles sprung, Æacides ;
 Having reveng'd his Ancestors of Troy,
 And violation of Minerva's fane.

Who

Who thee, great Cato, would in silence leave? *Cato major*
Or thee, O Cossius? Who the Gracchian race? *1145*
Or the two Scipios, thunder-bolts of war,
The scourge of Libya? And tho' poor, yet great
In power, Fabricius? Or Serranus, thee,
In furrows sowing by thy hands upturn'd?
Where, Fabius, do you hurry me, fatigu'd
Already? Greatest of the Fabian name, *1150*
"Who by ~~delays~~ ^{delays} the commonwealth shall save." *fr. Earius*
Others the breathing Brass may softer mould,
With greater art the living features draw
From Marble; with more Eloquence harangue;
The stars, and heav'nly motions calculate. *1155*
The Nations ~~Thou~~ with awful power to rule
Remember Roman; (these shall be ^{thy} ~~your~~ arts!)
The terms of peace to dictate, and to spare
The suppliant, but the haughty to subdue.
With admiration they Anchises heard, *1160*
Who thus continued: with the Generals spoils
Adorn'd, see how Marcellus, o'er the rest
Towering majestick walks a conqueror.
With cavalry alone, the Roman state,
By insurrections shook, he shall sustain; *1165*
The Carthaginians, and the rebel Gaul
O'ercome; and in the lofty Capitol
The Regal spoils the third time shall affix.
Æneas here, for with him he beheld
A youth most beautiful, in shining arms, *1170*
Tho' in his countenance but little joy
Appear'd, his eyes sunk with dejected looks:
But who is he that with the Hero walks?
His son, or one of his illustrious race?
What confluence of friends! what Majesty *1175*

In his appearance! and how like the first
But round him hovers night with dismal shades.
Anchises then; O son, refrain to know
The greatest grief that ever shall affect
Our family. The Fates will only shew
This youth on earth, and quickly snatch him thence—
The Roman people would too powerful seem,
Yet gods, if such your gifts they could enjoy'd.
What lamentations shall the field of Mars,
And Rome be fill'd with! and what mournful sight
Of funeral pomp shall you, O Tyber, see,
In gliding by his new rais'd Monument!
Nor shall the Latian fires conceive such hopes
Of any Dardan youth; nor Rome e'er boast
Of any of her sons like this. Alas,
What piety! Alas, what ancient Truth!
And how invincible in war! No man
Shall Him encounter with impunity,
When arm'd he marches to attack the foe
On foot, or in his horse's foaming sides
Buries his spurs. O youth! never enough
Lamented, if thy Destiny severe
Thou canst avoid, thou shalt Marcellus be!
By handfuls lillies bring, that may spread
These flowers of splendour white, and with these gifts
Honour at least my grandson's shade, and pay
A duty vain? Thus wander'd they at large
O'er all the Region, and each thing survey'd
Thro' the vast spaces of the Aether sky.
Anchises having every where his son
Conducted, and his mind inflam'd with Hope
Of all these future glories; he foretells
What Wars the Nero shall hereafter wage,

And

And him acquaints with the Laurentian Realms,

And king Latinus' city; by what way

He should avoid each labour, or support.

Two are the gates of sleep, of which the one

'Tis said is made of Horn, to Visions True,

By which an easy issue is allow'd.

With polish'd Ivory the other shines:

But this to th' upper world False Dreams conveys,

Sent by th' Infernal Deities: His son,

Anchises, and the priestess, having brought

Thus far, thro' th' Ivry portal both dismiss'd.

He toward the ships his way with speed pursues,

And his companions joins. Then near the shore

Steers for Cajeta's port: The anchors slip

From every prow; the poops to shore are turn'd.

Lo! unhappy Bard at last!

Poetick Ivory, deluding art

Spoils all the scenes that

Vergil's pains impav-

Liked when he saw

End of the First VOLUME; restore also of

For one end give he then 'tis true

A circular library stamp from the British Museum. The outer ring contains the text "BRITISH MUSEUM LIBRARY" in a circular pattern. The center features a heraldic lion rampant holding a shield, with the Royal Coat of Arms above it.



1940-1941 Academic Year

